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ART. I. *Rambles in Italy ; in the years 1816—17. By an American.* 8vo. pp. 371.
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NEXT to Forsyth, this is one of the most pleasing publications we have been hitherto presented with on the fallen, but still lovely land to which it relates; and certainly, the interest with which we have perused it, has not been diminished by the reflection that it is the offspring of native taste and talent. It is, in truth, honourable both to the American press and character, and well calculated to rescue both from the unfounded and paltry aspersions which have been cast upon them in Europe. As a literary production, its characteristics are considerable facility and elegance of diction, frequently rising into a strain of rich and lofty eloquence, justness of observation on topics connected with the political and moral state of Italy, a great command of the picturesque in description, and a warmth of imagination that envelopes the whole in an atmosphere of dazzling and seductive brilliancy.

As a picture of Italy, if it do not equal the unrivalled performance of Forsyth, it nevertheless furnishes us with correct and glowing delineations of all that came under the author's observation. But what gives it its chief recommendation in our eyes, is the tone of pure and lofty patriotism, and the sound moral feeling that pervade its pages. While the author evinces the warmest sensibility to the claims of Italy upon his admiration—and pays the ungrudging tribute of his veneration to the splendour of her ancient renown,—while

he dwells with almost enthusiastic delight upon the magnificence of her architecture, and the prodigies of genius which embellish her cities and palaces;—while the exquisite softness and beauty of her climate, elicit from him frequent and rapturous acknowledgments, and seem to have shed over his composition, a congenial balminess;—while he is ever ready to pour forth the most lavish praises on the inherent and, as it would seem, unquenchable intellectuality of the Italians;—still, in the midst of all these witching charms and allurements, whether gazing on the marble wonders of Rome and Florence—inhaling the luxurious atmosphere of Naples—or involved in the enchantments of Venice,—still does his heart turn homeward, and comparing with the noble and free institutions of his own country, the degrading and corrupt despotism of Italy—the purity of American principles and manners, with the moral dilapidation of the land of the Scipios—his bosom dilates with a feeling of honourable pride; and in the midst of all his classic recollections and transports, it delights us to witness his ardent and sincere devotion to the land of his birth, and to observe the well-spring of his early and patriotic affections unpolluted by the admixture of tainted waters, and still reflecting from their pure and shining surface, the image of his country's virtues and glory. These admirable feelings—and we so pronounce them from our deep

rooted conviction of the superiority of America in every thing relating to the dignity and happiness, properly understood, of mankind—break forth in the very commencement of the book, and even the scenery of Italy, luxurious as it is, abounding in all the softer beauties, and deriving additional attractions from its association with so many of our earliest and most delightful impressions, only serves to carry his mind back to the richer and more sublime landscape of America—where, if we meet with fewer indications of the great and illustrious in art and genius, we are in no inconsiderable measure recompensed by the unstinted prodigality with which nature has arrayed her surface; and contemplating the majesty and variety of her works in this her latest and favourite creation, it seems impossible to suppose but that regions so vast in their extent, and magnificent in their form and aspect, and tenanted by a population, active, sagacious, brave, and more intelligent, because better educated, than any people on the face of the earth, will in the progress of time, rival and perhaps surpass even the classic shores of Greece and Italy in every thing that confers upon a country the charm of moral interest and dignity; the light of genius and philosophy will diffuse itself over these immense and fertile tracts, time will shed over a thousand delightful spots the spells of traditionary and historical renown, and a structure of society be built up that will exhibit the human character in all its grace and glory.

With respect to the political discussions of the author, as far as they consider the present condition of Italy, they are, as we have already said, the result of much observation and reflection, and with his opinion as to the melancholy consequences of the Austrian government, the uniform testimony of every intelligent traveller compels us to agree:—but upon one topic we must say we do not think he has spoken with his usual candour and consideration—we allude to the influence of the French Revolution, and the sway of Napoleon, on the fortunes of Italy. He conceives them to have operated to her disadvantage, and the necessary inference from all that he advances upon the subject, is, that her present languishing state is almost wholly ascribable to the measures pursued by the imperial government. Now, though we by no means wish to be regarded as the apologists of Napoleon, and though we shall be ever among the foremost in condemn-

ing those acts of wanton violence and oppression which stained his career, we cannot avoid thinking, that to France and Italy, but more particularly the latter, his dominion was productive of benefits of the most substantial description, and that had not ambition, which Pope, however describes, as

“The glorious fault of angels and of gods.”

beset him with her tempting baits, occupied every avenue of his soul, and at length precipitated him to destruction, his reign would have proved eminently prosperous to Italy, and that under his rule, she would have gone far towards the redemption of her former dignity and importance. A few observations on that mighty change in the system of Europe, whose consequences are, perhaps, even now but partially unfolded, will not, we conceive, be considered out of place in treating of a country so deeply concerned in its operations.

The French Revolution, originating in the despair of a people trampled in the dust by the government it rose to destroy, could be maintained only by the energy of extraordinary abilities, acting upon immense physical means, and had not the destinies of France been guided by minds of the first magnitude, had not the change itself in her domestic polity, called forth from the bosom of the people men equal to the most imminent crises, and filled her councils with civil wisdom, while it stationed at the head of her armies the finest military talents of Europe,—in fine, had not the entire administration of the public weal been entrusted to the ablest hands, France must have yielded to the force of her confederated enemies, and nearly thirty years before she was fated to drink so deeply of the cup of calamity, beheld her fields blasted by the fires of invasion, and her cities dismantled and plundered by the friends of her present rulers. Nor was this sudden and wide display of talent confined to the field and the cabinet. The glowing and genial impulse extended itself to all classes and professions, and spread with the velocity of the electric fluid through the whole community, whom it animated with a lofty and exulting spirit of self-defence. The barriers which formerly obstructed the paths to eminence and distinction, being utterly destroyed, and the invitation of the state to its members to come forward in her cause, being universal in its application, not only were her armies incessantly and cheerfully recruited, but every citizen practising a liberal and useful art, felt it his interest, as it was his most im-

perious duty, to labour in his vocation, with a view to the public benefit. And thus the national affairs being conducted in their superior departments by the most distinguished political abilities, who willingly and with alacrity availed themselves of the aid tendered by men of science and genius, the safety of France was ensured by a system which employed and stimulated the whole intellect of the country, and threw over its proceedings a splendour that fascinated even the eyes of its enemies. The sanguinary scenes of domestic horror, produced by a few fierce and unprincipled individuals, we shall always deplore, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the magnanimous spirit that presided in the councils of republican France, or to deny that her mural crown was indebted for no small portion of its lustre to the genius she fostered with a sage generosity. The same system was pursued by the leader whom the exigencies of his adopted country invested with the purple. The generals—the prefects—the civil and military functionaries—of Napoleon were uniformly selected from among the most eminent in merit—the beams of his patronage warmed every department of learning, science, and the arts—and while his throne was environed and supported by the veteran commanders of the republican wars, it was clothed with the reflected light of the talent he encouraged. During five and twenty years was this magnificent spectacle exhibited before our eyes, and it would, indeed, have been strange if a period so rich in all that invites and detains contemplation, had passed away without leaving impressions more durable than those of a theatrical pageant. In truth, since the expulsion of the Bourbons, a spirit had arisen in Europe to which she had ever been a stranger, and which soon extended beyond the limits of the country in which it had its birth;—it passed the waves and valley of the Rhine—it enlivened the marshes of Belgium—it animated the plains of Germany—it crossed the Alps and Appennine, and wakened the dormant energies of Italian souls:—a spirit hostile to all the old political fabrics, and which grew daily more and more inimical to the inveterate defects of the ancient governments—a spirit essentially republican, and at open war with the oppression and prejudices that had so long exercised an undisturbed sway over the mind of Europe. The example of a numerous and powerful people rising with one accord and overturning from its foundations

a government radically corrupt and despotic, stimulated the neighbouring nations to investigate the abuses and mismanagement of their own—and the spirit of inquiry once roused, proceeded with a rapidity that promised the most favourable results. Its first effects were manifested in the almost unresisted progress of the French army wherever they appeared—and so universal at one period, had the dissatisfaction of the people throughout the continent toward their rulers become—so small an interest did they take in a cause in which only the government and its ministers seemed to be concerned—that had the invaders acted with caution and prudence, and shown by their conduct and deportment, that the diffusion of freedom was the real and sole object of their glorious ambition, we do think that a general revolution would have taken place in Europe, and that all those sublime and delightful prospects which the first few moments of the revolution in France appeared to hold out to the philanthropist, might have been realised on an ampler and more magnificent scale, and that long before the present period, there would not have been a single region of the old world to which the blessings of liberty would have been unknown. It was a misfortune that can never be too deeply lamented, that a cause so pure and holy should have fallen into hands morally incompetent to its preservation and triumph—and that so splendid an opportunity for establishing the liberties of man upon a broad and lasting basis, should have been lost through the volatility of the principal agents, and their forgetfulness of the principles upon which, indeed, they professed to act, but which their subsequent conduct but too plainly proved them to regard as mere political pretences. The tyranny and spoliation of the French generals—the wanton insolence with which they treated the people—the affronts offered to national feeling—the overweening arrogance and egotism which was perpetually endeavouring to give a French form to every social as well as political institution of the countries which yielded to their arms—soon disgusted the warmest friends of France, and though her power was still maintained in the conquered provinces, it was upheld rather by fear than by those warm and animated feelings which hailed the first entrance of her armies. The continuance, and perhaps aggravation of this system, under Napoleon, at length entirely weaned the popular mind from his cause, and

the disaffection of his allies waited only a favourable occasion to manifest itself in all its virulence. The result of his Russian expedition presented the desired opportunity, the standard of insurrection was reared in every part of Europe, excepting Italy and Poland, and a new coalition against France was formed, differing in all its features from those which in the first period of her revolution she had overthrown with glory to herself, and, would we could say advantage to the rest of the continent. Then she had to contend only with *kings*, and their slavish, spiritless hirelings, and she rushed to the conflict with an ardour which ensured her triumph. Then she was free—or at least believed herself so—and fought for the preservation of her independence;—she was threatened with the forcible and sanguinary re-establishment of the despotism that for ages had crippled her strength;—the rights, the undoubted rights, and honour of her sons—the chastity of her daughters—were at stake;—her hearths and her altars were menaced with destruction—her soil was stained by the presence of her unprincipled enemies—and her citizens were stimulated by all the most powerful feelings of our nature to the defence—the rescue—of their country. Now, circumstances wore a very different and discouraging aspect. Free she had never been—her revolution, though in many respects productive of infinite advantages to the mass of her people, failed in the establishment of her liberty—to the despotism of the old government had succeeded the tyranny of faction—and the sceptre of the Bourbons was wielded by the Directory and the Emperor. She woke from her dream of freedom—found that it was a vision—and was content to exchange her hopes of pure and perfect liberty—her actual and tumultuary servitude—for the tranquility of a monarchical government. Under the auspices of Napoleon she enjoyed the repose she sighed for, and the energy of his character, the splendour of his achievements, the protection and encouragement which he extended to merit in whatever shape it appeared, the majesty and lustre, in short, which he shed over the name of France, would have fixed him in the hearts of a people fond to excess of external glitter, had he known where to stop in his domestic as well as foreign enterprizes. But the despot grew so fast upon him, he could not endure that the slightest vestige of freedom should remain to his people—he became accustomed to the basest adulation,

his will was law, the legislative bodies were reduced to the condition of automata, the press was chained, and almost every measure of his reign seemed to indicate that he considered himself the absolute sovereign of France. By this haughty deportment, and avarice of power, he gradually declined in the affections of the people, while the enormous sacrifices both of blood and treasure which his schemes of conquest demanded, completed their discontent. The allies came forward with the fairest professions, disavowed any intention of interfering in the internal affairs of France, and the people, weary of war, and disgusted with the arbitrary measures of Napoleon, stood listlessly by, and suffered him to fall, in the persuasion that it was the only event by which a chance would be afforded them of recovering their domestic independence, or of reinstating the country in friendly relations with the powers that were now advancing on their metropolis, at the head of the united forces of Europe. In this crisis, however, Napoleon was not wanting to himself—never was his consummate genius for war more decisively and brilliantly displayed than in the campaign before Paris: for three months he not merely kept his enemies at bay, and with a force scarcely equal to a fourth of that opposed to him, but repeatedly compelled them to fall back; nor should it be forgotten that when the allies received intelligence of the march by which, trusting in the fidelity of Marmont, he left Paris uncovered, they were on the point of commencing their retreat from the French territory. The lion was caught in the toils, but not through the sagacity or courage of his hunters.

It is not our intention to dwell on the consequences of the fall of Napoleon, as affecting France, or Europe generally. Perhaps an inquiry into its results might not be found so favourable to the allies as their admirers would wish. Perhaps such an examination might show that a highly-talented and magnanimous despot has been displaced to make room for a cluster of meaner and base-souled tyrants, men who have cheated their subjects with promises conceived in the spirit of treachery—and whose poor and paltry dread of their late mighty antagonist is constantly evincing itself in the persecution of every one who was attached to his fortunes, or who incautiously betrays in print or speech his sensibility to the great qualities of Napoleon. These questions, as well as the influence of his government, and the revolution generally, on the des-

tinies of Europe at large, we shall leave to the decision of our readers—but we cannot refuse ourselves the occasion afforded by the author before us, of saying a few words on the system of Napoleon as it regarded the fate of Italy—a land

“That *was* the mightiest in her old command,
And is the loveliest.”

In no country have the effects of moral disorganization been more strikingly exhibited than Italy;—on no region has the total neglect—the annihilation—of the domestic virtues brought a deeper degradation. When we wander even in imagination over plains once the abodes of the “lords of humankind,” meeting at every step with the evidences of her former grandeur, and then turn to contemplate the abasement of her present inhabitants, the ardour of classical enthusiasm might almost be excused, if in the warmth and poignancy of its recollections, it breathed a curse on the base descendants of a mighty people. The profound universal licentiousness—the contempt of the marriage vow—the open avowal of criminal affections—the detestable custom of *cicisbeism*—together with the rank superstition, pusillanimity, indolence, and complete want of public spirit, which characterise her population, have for ages rendered Italy despicable in the eyes of other nations. The lustre with which she shone in the middle ages—when the animating influence of freedom and commerce spread life and vigour through her republics—gradually expired with the curtailment of her liberties;—the gloom of despotism, foreign and domestic, gathered over her brow—she sickened beneath the withering breath of slavery—the arts fled from shores where the voice of freedom ceased to be heard, and commerce deserted a land where industry no longer presided. Courage forsook her soul, and strength abandoned her arm. A general langour pervaded her frame, and she sought in the intoxicating cup of luxury the stimulus that had flowed from nobler sources. Deeply she drank—and with every fresh draught imbibed a portion of the poison which at length spread itself through every vein and artery of her system; voluptuousness engendered debility, her powers and energies expired in the miasmata of sensuality, and the moral miasma which infected her soul was daily melting away the few faint traces of those brilliant and illustrious qualities which still lingered amid the waste of her former glory.

Thus was Italy situated—languishing amid the sweets of nature, and the ruins of her pristine greatness—when the French Revolution burst forth upon the world like a tornado, and swept away in the rapidity and fierceness of its progress, the landmarks of so many ancient dominions and institutions. Italy was among the first of the European nations visited by that tremendous but not unsalutary hurricane. Great as were the evils she sustained,—and it is by no means our wish to underrate them—they were, nevertheless, transitory and trivial compared with the deep and unintermitting exhaustion that for centuries had preyed upon the sources of her prosperity. The wars of which her fields became the theatre produced, unquestionably, considerable temporary disaster, but they awakened and stirred her people from the slothful and luxurious apathy in which they were involved. The great military and political drama that was acting among and around them, kindled the dormant powers of thought and reflection in minds long chained from action by the united spells of voluptuousness and superstition. France held out to their hopes the prospect of returning happiness and renown—her proclamations appealed to the shades of the Scipios and the Gracchi—the praises of Camillus and Cato were sounded in the ears of their descendants—the nerve, the long palsied nerve of patriotism was electrified—and the hopes, the affections of the Italians hung upon the triumphs of their invaders. The victories of the republican armies over their Austrian oppressors were hailed as the harbingers of independence, and the license of the French soldiery was regarded with the indulgence exercised toward allies, rather than the asperity raised by the excesses of foreign and hostile troops. The establishment of the Ligurian and Cisalpine republics flattered them with the vision of independence, and the expulsion of their old masters—which of itself was a benefit of unspeakable value to Italy—excited in the bosoms of her sons the liveliest feelings of gratitude toward their conquerors.

Then came Napoleon—the kingdom of Italy was erected—and the Italians beheld all their anticipations of separate and perfect independence vanish in the overpowering blaze of royal dominion. But the rank which that event gave them among the nations of Europe more than compensated the partial disappointment of their wishes. Previous to the institution of the kingdom of Italy, that interesting country had been separated into a

hundred principalities—the expenses of as many courts, each vying with its neighbour in ostentatious pageantry, could be defrayed only by taxes and contributions that drained the means of the people,—and the last spark of public spirit was quenched by the extinction of the national integrity. Napoleon gave her union—he made her again a *country*—he restored her finances—he re-created her martial spirit—he encouraged her agriculture—he re-edified her cities—he patronised her men of genius and science—and Italy was about to rise from her late nothingness when the success of the deliverers of Europe replunged her into her former insignificance and abjectness.

We have extended our observations to a length that forbids us to indulge ourselves longer in speculations as to the future destinies of Italy. The author of the “*Rambles*” now claims our attention, and it is with the liveliest satisfaction that we proceed to lay before our readers a brief view of the contents of this elegant volume.

The two first sections are occupied in discussing the comparative attractions of American and Italian scenery, the character of the modern Italians, and contain also some amusing speculations as to the government best adapted to restore them to respectability and happiness. We extract the commencement of the first.

“To an American whose eye has been uniformly accustomed to the lakes, rivers, and forests of the new world, the general aspect of Italy, at first, is not striking, nor even pleasing. The magnificent features which nature has given to America, cast into the shade the comparatively diminutive beauties of Italian scenery. Vineyards and plantations of olives make but a poor figure when compared with the rich verdure of our interminable forests; and the Tyber and the Arno, though renowned in song, would shrink into rills by the side of the Hudson or the Potomac. He remembers with what an overflowing hand nature has poured out her riches on the soil of the new world; and he is unable to reconcile the general appearance of Tuscany and Romagna, with the idea of a country on which nature has bestowed her gifts with lavish profusion. He contrasts, too, the fallen magnificence and languid air of her cities with that increasing prosperity and promise of future greatness, that is every where visible in America.

“Whilst his mind is wholly occupied with this comparison, he is apt to overlook circumstances in the present condition of Italy, which endear her to the classic mind. He perhaps does not reflect how long this

soil has been trodden down by the foot of man,—how long it has yielded its annual tribute to the labours of the husbandman,—how long it has been fatigued by the toils of glory:—how often armies of barbarians, rushing from its mountains, and more withering in their progress than Alpine blasts, have swept over the surface of this fair peninsula. Every where it exhibits scars of human violence;—every object announces how long it has been the theatre of man’s restless passions;—every thing bears evidence of its complete subjection to his power. The moral and intellectual grandeur of Italy, like that of her architectural monuments, is mutilated and faded. Her civil and political institutions are exhausted and decrepid, and are hastening to their extinction by a rapid declension. Yet in this land, where the works of art and human policy are bowed beneath the weight of years, nature is still as youthful as in the golden age, and, as if she delighted to display her creative energy and her imperishable dominion on the very spot where time has levelled the structures of art; the ruins of palaces and temples are dressed in the choicest offerings of Flora, and the twice blooming rose of Pæstum* glows with undiminished beauty in the midst of scenes of decayed magnificence, and smiles on the brow of desolation.

“Reflections of this kind, when they have their full operation upon the mind, have a tendency to diminish the force of those early impressions which are apt to render an American insensible to the charms of this interesting country. His taste, without losing any of its discriminating power, becomes more vigorous and enlightened; a new species of beauty is unveiled to his perceptions, and a source of refined enjoyment opened as soon as he learns to subdue the influence of early habits and local associations.

“In America, the prodigal fertility of nature, and that colossal greatness by which she has distinguished the features of the new from those of the old continent, divert the attention from her more delicate and concealed charms. Untutored by art, she riots with a juvenile vigour, and plays ‘her virgin fancies’ uncontrolled. She is an artist who, negligent of lesser graces, astonishes even the dullest observer by a creative brilliancy. But there are in the scenery of Italy latent and refined beauties which only the eye of taste can discover.

“Our country is not picturesque. How often in attempting to delineate her inimitable form has the hand of the artist fallen in despair? This, in my opinion, constitutes the principal distinction between our transatlantic scenes, which defy the imitation of the pencil, and those of a country whose natural beauties lie within a narrow compass, are heightened by classical and moral

* “*Biseraque rosaria Pæsti.*”

associations, and have an appearance of being purposely arranged for the canvass.

"A gentleman, for whose judgment and taste I have the highest esteem, told me at Messina, that he could not overcome his dislike to the naked and exposed appearance of Sicily and Calabria, which convinces me how difficult it is for an American to resist the influence of associations formed at a period of life when the sensibilities are unworn, and the heart and the imagination peculiarly susceptible of impressions from external objects. The land of Sicily and Calabria, composed as it is for the greater part of lava, wears, at a distance, an appearance of sterility. But this illusion is corrected upon examining more narrowly the properties of the soil and the rich variety of plants and flowers it spontaneously produces. A drapery more luxuriant would be prejudicial to its beauty; extensive forests would obstruct the view of the outline of the distant mountains, or conceal the surface of a country gracefully diversified by hills and valleys, and dressed by the hand of cultivation. Poussin and Claude Lorraine might here have studied the theory of their art, so harmoniously combined are all its features, and so happily blended are the colours of the sea, the land and the sky, to please the eye and enchant the imagination. Having doubled the southmost point of Calabria, the country of Theocritus presents itself before you. The cerulean* waves that encircle it appear still to be the favourite haunt of sea-gods and syrens, and its enchanting shores still seem to echo with the complaints of the despairing Galatea. The dark luxuriant foliage of the orange, intermixed with the pale verdure of the olive, and the large flowering aloe, which displays its broad leaves upon the summits of the nearest hills, form the principal features of the Sicilian shores, while opposite, Calabria stretches to the foot of the snowy Appenines its rich fields and vineyards, gay with country houses and villages. Contrasted with these scenes of delicious repose, is the busy city of Messina, its port crowded with Levant ships, and its mixed population diversified with Moorish and Asiatic costumes, collected in groups on the quay, or basking in the sun, and as is the custom of the south, alternately relapsing from a state of vigorous exertion into a state of unmanly indolence."

* "To those who have navigated the Mediterranean, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, how much deeper and more vivid its colours are than those of the ocean. In the neighbourhood of Sicily I have seen it of a deep violet colour, and have frequently remarked the same appearance in the Adriatic. Hence, Virgil's '*mare purpureum*,' lord Byron's '*purple of ocean*,' expressions, the beauty and propriety of which, are not easily understood by an inhabitant of the north of Europe.

In this delicious region—

Far from the winters of the west,
By every gale and season blest,

nature appears arrayed in all the charms with which poets have invested the fabled elysium. The landscape is usually marked by features of the softest beauty—graceful, delicate, and undulating;—scenes

————— where gods might rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love,

open upon the eyes of the traveller in varied and ever delightful succession;—the flower of Venus is in perpetual bloom, and her star burns with a warmer and steadier lustre on the land of her reputed offspring—the land of Æneas and of Virgil—than elsewhere it deigns to shed. Flowers of the richest dyes—fruits of unrivalled flavour—the vine, the orange, the purple-flowering clematis, the olive, and the everlasting aloe,—decorate the surface of the soil;—the ruins of antique grandeur—the shrines of paganism, and the palaces of patricians—glitter in the rays of an unclouded sun, or shine with mellowed brilliancy in the beams of his sister luminary. And then the climate—so soft, so pure, that to live, to breathe, in it is a pleasure—an inappreciable luxury! Every thing, in short, exists here in perfection but him for whom all this profusion of nature's choicest gifts has been poured forth:

All, save the spirit of man, is divine,

and the favour of heaven, so lavishly extended to the soil, seems to have been withdrawn from its inhabitants.

The author's concluding remarks on the landscape of Italy and America are written with great eloquence and enthusiasm; and show a warmth of patriotic feeling that cannot fail to recommend him to the approbation of his countrymen.

"Yet I would not be understood in this comparison of Italy with America, to give the preference to the former. Independently of the sacred attachment which must indissolubly bind the heart of every American to the moral and political institutions of his own country, it possesses attractions which cannot be diminished by the longest residence in the most favoured climes of Europe. His moral principles severe and pure,—his taste unvitiated by artificial refinements,—yet delicately alive to the nobler and finer impulses of the soul,—the young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his

native home. His imagination presents to him its untrodden wilds,—its waste fertility, as an image of man unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary-headed prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and superstition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur, she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains, it is because the peaceful vales beneath have never owned the sway of feudal or monastic tyrants. These are inestimable blessings, and incomparably of more value than that empty but fatal splendour for which the price of liberty and happiness must be paid. Some facts alluded to in the ensuing pages will, I flatter myself, place in a strong light the happy condition of this country, compared with that of others, and show

“What makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap.

“America affords a great diversity of soil and climate, and in certain situations we may enjoy gales as pure, and skies as fair as those of Italy.* In proportion, too, as the national taste becomes refined, and as a love for picturesque embellishment increases, the classical beauties of the latter will be gradually transplanted to our soil, and its own grand features, which no art can improve, be intermixed with scenes as soft and as delicate as those of the Alban Lake. The saffron tints of our autumnal skies resemble those of the country I have been describing, and our moon only wants ancient ruins to adorn, to make her the same enchantress of the night she is in Italy.

*“The following is an extract from Mr. Brackenridge's *Views of Louisiana*. One would suppose he was describing the climate of Italy. ‘I confess, that to me, nature never wore an aspect so lovely as on the lonely plains of the west. From their dry and unsheltered surface no damp and unwholesome vapours rise to lessen the elasticity of the air, or dim the brilliant blue of the heavens. So transparent is the atmosphere, that a slight smoke can be discerned at the distance of many miles, which curiously exercises the caution and sagacity of the fearful savage, ever on the watch to destroy or avoid destruction. And then that sublime immensity which surrounds us. The sea in motion is a sublime object, but not to be compared to the varied scenes that here present themselves, and over which the body as well as the imagination is free to expatiate. The beams of the sun appeared to me to have less fierceness, or perhaps this is owing to the cool breezes which continually fan the air, bringing upon their wings the odours of myriads of flowers.’

“I am also ready to subscribe to the opinion, that much of the interest which Italy excites, arises from adventitious causes. As it has been for many ages the theatre of great events, its rivers, its mountains and lakes, possess, independently of their natural beauty, a mighty influence over the imagination. A mind pregnant with the stores of classic literature, derives from the contemplation of these objects enjoyments which cannot be imparted to a person destitute of the rudiments of a liberal education. It is, therefore, unfair to compare with it a country, the events of whose history are yet too few and recent to afford a *stimulus* to the imagination. America, which yet affords few materials for epic and dramatic poetry, sinks by comparison with a country embellished by the charms of fiction, and which is constantly soliciting the attention by the power of those moral associations it awakes in the heart. The impressions produced by her wild beauties and unborrowed charms, are faint by comparison, with the emotions felt in traversing ground ennobled by illustrious events, and heightened by the magical colouring of poetry and tradition. Yet it cannot be denied that objects, in themselves incapable of affording any intellectual pleasure, oftentimes acquire an undue ascendant over the mind by the power of association; and I am apt to believe, in comparing Italy with other countries, the enthusiasm of the scholar has lent a brilliant colouring to this region of classical events, which has sometimes betrayed him into incautious and exaggerated encomiums. I have often been astonished at the powerful impressions I have received from objects, which, had I met them in any other country, I perhaps should have regarded with indifference. Surely, I have frequently exclaimed to myself, these woods, hills and streams which I now behold with feelings that overpower me, yield in beauty and sublimity to our trans-atlantic scenery. From what cause, then, do they derive their extraordinary influence over the imagination?—From their connexion with some of the most eventful periods of time. Here, at every step, we tread on the ruins of a mighty empire! A fractured column,—a dilapidated wall,—a broken architrave,—often produces the most powerful excitement in the imagination, by bringing before it personages and events whose history has left a deep and permanent impression on the sensibilities of childhood. The dazzling exploits of valour,—the heroic sacrifices made to love of country,—to conjugal affection,—to parental duty,—to filial piety,—the high and pleasing examples of moral and intellectual excellence,—heightened by the eloquence of the historian, and the fancy of the poet, are identified with names that one hears daily pronounced by the common people of Italy. ‘*Je demandois l'autre jour,*’ says Corinne, ‘*a une pauvre femme que je rencontrais, ou elle demeurerait?*’ *Alas*

roche Tarpeienne, me répondit-elle ; et ce mot, bien que dépouillé des idées qui jadis y étaient attachées, agit encore sur l'imagination.—On ne prononce pas le nom du Tibre comme celui des fleuves sans gloire; c'est un des plaisirs de Rome que de dire : *Conduisez-moi sur les bords du Tibre ; traversons le Tibre.* Il semble qu'en prononçant ces paroles on évoque l'histoire et qu'on ranime les morts.*

"I can imagine a period equally remote from its origin, when the American nation, looking backward into time, will feel all the moral interest which an Italian now feels, who combines in one view the present and the past, and whose imagination associates with the soil he treads, those visions of glory, which will for ever live in the song of the poet, and the narratives of the historian. Italy, vain of the lustre of her acquired fame, timorous and slothful, in a state of inglorious indolence, contemplates her fading splendour; while America, active and daring, emulous of solid greatness, is vigorously employing all her resources, moral and physical, in the construction of such a fabric of power and of social refinement, as shall surpass every masterpiece of political skill that has hitherto existed; and when the creations of the muse shall have given to every section of our country the same charm which they have bestowed upon Italy, our soil, over which nature has profusely scattered her beauties, will possess an inspiring influence, equal, if not superior to this favoured region, where poetry has gathered her choicest flowers."

The second section opens with a sort of essay on the influence of climate as it respects the moral and intellectual character of nations. We have neither time nor space to enter into the discussion, but shall content ourselves with observing, that notwithstanding the effect of climate upon the human character is, without doubt, considerable, yet its influence may be, and has been, counteracted by moral and political institutions. The climate of Greece and Italy has not changed since the days of Pericles and Fabricius—yet who dreams of comparing the conquerors of Xerxes and Pyrrhus with their degenerate descendants?

The observations on the *Opera Seria* are judicious, and expressed with elegance.

"In introducing the reader to the grand opera of Italy, I must request him to bear in mind, that the person who undertakes to conduct him into this scene of enchantment, is not a *diletante*, professing a knowledge of the refined beauties of the art which here appears in its highest perfection. Superficially acquainted with its elementary

principles, he can estimate its beauties only by their effects, and in determining its merits is guided by no other standard than his own feelings. In a mind not habituated to judge by the rules and principles of art, the pleasures of music are influenced by the state of the imagination, nor is it possible for such a mind to form a very clear conception of those exquisite performances of art, which please only chromatic ears, until it has learned to separate from the real and permanent beauties of melody, those imaginary and perishable charms that are borrowed from casual associations. Yet I am persuaded that the musician's art does not afford to scientific judges those rapturous pleasures it excites in minds which an unmanageable degree of sensibility subjugates by the power of accidental and local impressions, and renders them incapable of distinguishing the refined music of the opera from the simple but rude melodies of nature. I was acquainted with a person who heard with perfect indifference the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers of Italy, who yet listened as if enchanted to the simple song of a Venetian *gondoliere*, heard under a moonlight sky along a silent canal, bordered with ruined palaces, once the gay mansions of splendour and beauty. I do not know that in witnessing the most brilliant concert, or those almost supernatural feats of voice which are exhibited on the Italian stage, I was ever conscious of 'such a sacred and home-felt delight' as I have experienced in listening to the sounds of a midnight serenade, which,

Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes;
And stole upon the air.

Even the warbling of a nightingale in a tree near Petrarch's villa, has more powerfully affected me than the most skilful human artist would have done by bringing to my recollection these beautiful lines of the poet,

"Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde se scende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro inteletto:
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all'ombra
Tutte le notte si lamenta e piange."

"The attractions which music borrows from poetry, and poetry from music, mislead the mind in its judgment respecting the distinct and separate merits of each. How many indifferent airs become popular from their being originally combined with the beauties of poetry, and how often do we see puerility of sentiment and poverty of invention set off by the merit of musical composition. The former, I think, is a general case in England and America, the latter is daily exemplified in Italy. The Italian operas, with a few exceptions, as dramatic compo-

* "Madame de Staël.

* "Son. X.

sitions, are not only tame and languid, but contemptibly puerile. I speak not here of the musical dramas of Metastasio, which have pretensions far above these; but of that vast number of pieces so barren of sentiment and imagery which are continually manufactured for the opera. How gross soever are the faults which the poet may commit, they are varnished over by the art of the musician. Nay, he is often necessitated to vitiate his language and deform his style, in order to humour* the taste of a favourite *cantatrice*. For this reason, in proportion as the music of Italy prospers, her poetry declines, and the greatness of the former may be said to be built on the ruins of the latter.

"Whether poetry and music flourish best together, or whether they arrive at their highest perfection when cultivated exclusively of each other, is a question of some nicety. Modern Greece affords some countenance to the former opinion, while modern Italy furnishes many plausible arguments in support of the latter.

"Since the days of Tasso, but a few of the bards of Italy have inherited any portion of the fire of their great predecessors, and at the present day her breed of original poets appears to be completely extinct. But Italy is to day the land of enchanting music. This may be ascribed in some measure to the harmonious structure of the Italian language, of which Metastasio said, '*e musica stessa*.' It is unquestionably the most musical of all the dialects of modern Europe, and even where the mind is unable to annex any determinate and precise signification to its terms, still it delights the ear with its melodious accents, and, like the sighs of the breeze or the warbling of birds, awakens feelings analogous to those inspired by the charms of nature. Its full and sonorous terminations give it a great advantage over the French language when adapted to the musical accompaniments. The voice, in lengthening out the mute vowels of the latter, produce a barbarous dissonance compared with those round and harmonious closes in which the Italian language is so rich.

"The lyrical drama of France, in elegance and regularity of structure, and refinement

of diction, surpasses that of Italy. A profound knowledge of the principles of the dramatic art, and the unrivalled beauty of their ballet, have enabled the French artists to embellish their opera with all that Apollo and the Graces could bestow. Yet with all these dazzling allurements, it wearies and exhausts the attention of the spectator,* while the *Opera Seria* of Italy recreates and delights him.

"My ears also greatly deceive me, if the musical artists of the former would endure a comparison with those of the latter. An Italian, in witnessing the deafening applauses of a French audience, which were, however, not sufficiently loud to drown the voice of the actress upon the stage, exclaimed '*gli Francesi hanno le orecchie di corno*.' Those who have had their ears wounded by the screaming of *Madame Branchu*, in the character of *Armide*, and have seen *Rinaldo* roused from his voluptuous dream by the stentorian voice of *Derivis*, accompanied with all the cymbals, trumpets and kettle-drums of the orchestra, must have regretted that any thing so offensive should mar the beauty of a performance, which in some measure vindicates, with regard to the French opera, the justness of these beautiful lines of Voltaire,

"Il faut se rendre a ce palais magique,
Où les beaux vers, la danse et la musique,
L'art de charmer les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux di séduire les cœurs,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

The author witnessed at Trieste the performance of the opera of *Jason and Medea*. His description of it is in his happiest manner, and as we wish him to appear to the best advantage, we present it to our readers.

* "The Grand Opera of Paris, although somewhat caricatured in the following description of Rousseau, is even at the present day not wholly free from some of those faults which exposed it to the ridicule of that unsparing satirist. 'On voit les actrices, presque en convulsion, arracher avec violence ces Glapissimens de leurs poulmons les poings fermés, contre la poitrine, la tête en arriere le visage enflammé, les vaisseaux gonflés, l'estomac pantelant; on ne sait lequel est le plus disagreeablement affecté, de l'œil ou de l'oreille, leurs efforts font autant souffrir ceux que les regardent, que leurs chants, ceux que les écoutent;—concevez que cette manière de chanter est employée pour exprimer ce que Quinault a jamais dit de plus galant et de plus tendre. Imaginez les Muses, les Grâces, les Amours, Venus même s'exprimant avec cette délicatesse et jugez de l'effet!—A ces beaux sous aussi justes qu'ils sont doux se marient tres dignement ceux de l'orchestre. Figurez vous un charivari sans fin d'instruments sans melodie; un rouron trainant et perpetuel de basse; chose la plus lugubre, la plus assommante que J'aie entendue de ma vie, et qui Je n'ai jamais pu supporter une demiheure sans gagner un violent mal de tête.'

* "This practice is finally ridiculed in *Madame de Staël's Corinne*. 'Vos musiciens fameux disposent en entier de vos poëtes; l'un lui déclare qu'il ne peut pas chanter s'il n'a dans son ariette le mot *felicità*; le tenor demande la *tomba*; et le troisième chanteur ne peut faire des roulades que sur le mot *cadene*. Il faut que le pauvre poëte arrange ces goûts divers comme il le peut avec la situation dramatique.'

"'Est il étonnant que d'après ces dispositions universelles, on n'ait en Italie qu'un mauvais opéra avec de belle musique; cela doit arriver quand on est passionné pour l'une, et qu'on se soucie peu de l'autre, Voltaire a dit que la musique chez les Italiens avant tué la tragédie et il a dit vrai. *Cours de Littérature, par J. F. La Harpe.*'

"The sounds of the orchestra no sooner struck my ears, than I recognized the exquisite execution of the German artists. The opera, entitled *Gli pretendenti delusi*, opened with a charming duet between the *Prima donna*, and the *Tenore*. The *Primo Buffo* was the first in Italy, and sang the *arias* with inimitable grace and humour. In Italy, it is the fashion to be inattentive to the recitative parts of the opera, but when the orchestra pauses, and the actor comes forward to the front of the stage, and announces to the audience by his looks, that he is going to sing the *aria*, a general silence immediately follows. A similar pause in conversation takes place at the commencement of the ballet, which, as may readily be conceived, has powerful attractions for a people upon whom the spells of beauty and the enchanting power of graceful motion act with an irresistible fascination.

"The subject of the ballet was taken from the story of Jason and Medea. The addition of any novel attractions to a tale, familiar to every school-boy, would at first seem to involve difficulties almost invincible. But the resources of art are unlimited, and the history of the chief of the Argonauts and his spouse, although a hacknied tale, and although degraded from the dignity of the epopee and the drama to a pantomime, appeared with a renovated lustre that instantaneously seized upon the attention of the spectator. The poetry of Euripides does not operate upon the fancy and the heart with a sway more irresistible, than that succession of magical illusions which compose this ballet, and by which the artist reaches through the senses the finer organs and nobler passions of the soul. Terpsichore, on this occasion, shewed herself the rival of Melpomene, or rather the latter, abdicating her dignity, and borrowing the enchanting graces of her sister muse, appeared with no less additional loveliness than Juno, when she shone with all those ineffable attractions conferred upon her person by the possession of the zone of Venus. Looks often dart the contagious fire of poetry more than the most forcible and brilliant composition of words; and the music which unites its ravishing spells to the irresistible enchantments of grace, and heightens the expression of eloquent and living attitudes, is a natural language, in its effect analagous to those passionate and sentimental tones in the human voice, which constitute the charm of declamation. The impassioned character of Medea was beautifully portrayed; the *ballerina* who personated it, gave to it all the effect of which it was susceptible.—The discovery of her husband's passion for the daughter of Creon, and its effect upon her mind, were happily conceived and forcibly expressed by this female artist; while the music of the orchestra painted to the ear the furious agitation of the agonized and distracted mind of Medea.

"Thy numbers jealousy to nought were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering strain was mixed,
And now it courted love, now raving called
on hate.

"The struggles of maternal tenderness in the bosom of Medea, before she executes her horrid purpose, and the grief of Jason for the loss of his murdered children, shone in colours truly dramatic, and might elicit tears. The sorceress's visit to the infernal regions, her countenance pale with jealousy, yet meditating revenge, the terror which seemed to shake her whole frame at the moment she is to invoke the powers of hell to assist her in the execution of her diabolical scheme of vengeance,—the dances of the furies around her, their torches illuminating the scene with a terrific glare, and to crown the whole, Medea borne aloft through the air in her car, drawn by fiery dragons, evinced in the Italian artists, a superiority of skill in the machines and decorations of the stage, which made me recollect the French theatre, where I have sometimes in the like manner suffered my spirits to be borne along by a succession of passive enjoyments, and where, encompassed by the illusions of the ballet, or enchanted by the syren song of the opera, I have feasted to satiety at that banquet where reason resigns her authority, and leaves the fancy to indulge in all the luxury of visionary delight.

"The art of pantomime is carried to a high degree of excellence among a people of a lively and ardent imagination. It is so natural for such a people to employ the language of gesture to express their feelings; and a mode of communication to which men at first were led, by a necessity imposed upon them by the limited stores of language, in the earlier stages of its formation, has been continued from choice, and cultivated as an embellishment.

"The highest degree of perfection attainable in this art, may be looked for among the Italians, who appear to possess, beyond any other people, that muscular flexibility of countenance, by means of which it suddenly and spontaneously reflects the emotions of the heart. The causes which render the human countenance so sensitive and delicate an organ of intellectual communication, and which make it so faithful a mirror of what passes within the mind, are not more to be ascribed to a particular physical conformation, than to the prevalence of taste and mental elegance, arising out of a particular state of society.

"Independent of that forcible and impassioned style of gesture, by which nature has characterized the Italian nation, the classic forms of antiquity which they have continually before their eyes, naturally fashion them to a standard of grace; and, indeed, omitting the consideration of a cultivated taste, the continual presence of these models of the *beau ideal* would lead them insensibly

to acquire a habit of expressing their thoughts and sentiments in the most poetical attitudes. Thus the French and Italian ballets frequently recal to the fancy the fine forms of painting and statuary, which acquire additional interest when heightened by every varying expression, and the fugitive and evanescent charms of the living model. Even the ideal fictions of the muse, when clothed with shape and colour, and exhibited in a visible form to the spectator, produce a more pleasing effect than when presented directly to the mind without the intervention of the senses: the creative power of the imagination being slightly, if at all exerted, while it receives passively its impressions through the organs of external perception."

The favourite species of music with the Italians is precisely what might be supposed agreeable to their soft and voluptuous character; a music addressed to the heart—the passions we should rather say—and calculated to melt the soul by its delicious sweetness and melody. The senses are taken captive—the imagination roves in a labyrinth of song and luxury—and every nobler sentiment and feeling dissolves before the influence of a science that was intended to act as the ally of virtue.

From the *Opera* we gladly turn our attention to the dramatic writers of Italy. The author has given an interesting sketch of the three principal modern literati who have devoted their talents to dramatic composition. We regret that we have only room for the portrait of Alfieri, which we do not hesitate to say is drawn with great vigour and felicity, and deserves to be mentioned as a splendid but just eulogium on one in whose productions the fire of genius was fanned by the wings of freedom.

"But the dramatic poet whom the Italians regard with a veneration bordering upon idolatry, is *Alfieri*. The powerful allurements of Metastasio's poetry, appears to have won for him the privilege of fixing the laws of dramatic composition. He assimilated the genius of tragedy to the softness and languor of pastoral poetry, nor is it difficult to conceive how a people softened by indolence and pleasure, should be inclined to prefer brilliancy of imagination and voluptuousness of sentiment, to depth of feeling and energy of thought. How great then, is the merit of Alfieri, who combated successfully these enchantments, and infused into tragedy her ancient spirit. Since his time the theatre in Italy has been a great school of virtue and moral wisdom. Melpomene no longer appears with her majestic forehead bound with chaplets of flowers and with the voice and smiles of a Siren. Alfieri divested her of these meretricious

charms, restored to her the solemn step, the elevated look, the lofty accent, and clothed her with the flowing majesty of her antique costume.

"But with all his merits, Alfieri does not appear to have seized the justest conception of tragedy. Solicitous chiefly to avoid the effeminacy of Metastasio, he has gone to the opposite extreme. His illustrations and metaphors are employed for sake of strength, more than for ornament, and his aversion to embellishment led him to the adoption of a style harsh and unpoetical. To borrow an illustration from painting, all his pieces are deficient in repose. The mind is kept too continually on the stretch. This tragical uniformity renders his dramas, in spite of their great beauties, heavy and tedious. I cannot conceive why the tragic poet should not be permitted occasionally to step aside to regale his reader with a description or an episode, and why a liberty allowed in epic composition, should be considered inconsistent with the laws of the drama. In the seventh book of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, after a series of sanguinary battles and martial exploits, how refreshing to the imagination is the solitary retreat on the banks of the Jordan, and the adventures of Erminia and the Shepherd among scenes of pastoral innocence and simplicity. 'A beauty of this kind in Shakespeare,' says Dugald Stewart, 'has been finely remarked by sir Joshua Reynolds. After the awful scene in which Macbeth relates to his wife the particulars in his interview with the weird sisters, and where the design is conceived of accomplishing their predictions that very night, by the murder of the king, how grateful is the sweet and tranquil picture presented to the fancy in the dialogue between the king and Banquo before the castle gate:'

"This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and swiftly recommends itself
Unto our general sense.

This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionary, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttress nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

"Although terror and sublimity are the emotions which Shakspeare is most successful in raising, yet as images of horror, when the mind dwells on them too long become painful, the scene from time is shifted, and the gloom of the imagination occasionally relieved by a succession of gay and exhilarating impressions. He knew every secret avenue to the heart, which he alternately pierces with the most poignant anguish, melts with compassion, or convulses with laughter. But the strain of Alfieri is un-

varied. All his dramas are modelled after the same pattern. When you have read his conspiracy of the Pazzi, and his Philip the Second, you appear to have exhausted all the treasures of his fancy. The love of liberty with which some of his pieces are so strongly marked, and which is the predominant sentiment throughout most of them, have acquired for him a great reputation among a people who know nothing of liberty but its false and splendid visions, which are often not more happily suited to the purposes of the dramatic poet, than they are repugnant to the sober realities of life. Nevertheless, with all his defects, he has erected, on a durable basis, a monument over which unceasing honours are destined to accumulate, and the name of Alfieri, when his works shall be better understood abroad, will share with Shakspeare, Racine and Schiller, that universal admiration which the consent of ages and the voice of experience confirms.

"The change which the moral and political principles of his tragedies, have effected in the modes of feeling and thinking throughout Italy, has evidently created a spirit which its present government must be fearful of provoking. They discountenance, as far as they can with policy, the representation of those pieces in which the principles of liberty are forcibly inculcated. His dramas, however, produce their most powerful impression in the closet, as there are few declaimers in Italy capable of conceiving the depth of his sentiments, or of reciting his verses so as to mark the beauties of his forcible and sententious style. Yet he has invigorated the sentiments of the Italian people, and infused into them a portion of their ancient spirit. The bold and fearless manner in which they quote his verses, as applicable to themselves and their present situation, authorize me to believe, that Alfieri has helped to sow the seeds of that restlessness which they discover under the yoke of their present governments, and the sources of which must be extinguished before Italy can enjoy a lasting repose. They feel and act as if nothing was wanting but a resolute chief to lead them to the possession of that liberty which is the object of their sighs.

"Gia in alto stan gli ignudi ferri ; accenna,
Accenna sol : già nei devoti petti,
Piombar gli vedi ; e a liberta dar via.*

"No poet, since the time of Lucan, has worshipped with truer devotion at the shrine of liberty, or painted its effects on the heart with more genuine enthusiasm than Alfieri. If his strains shall not kindle a flame to consume the structures of despotism, they will, however, keep alive the sacred flame on the altar of his country."

At Trieste the author saw the Emperor Francis, who at that period was making

a tour through his recovered dominions of Italy and Dalmatia.

"He was met at a distance from the city by the public functionaries, and escorted through the *corso* or principal street, along the sides of which the military were drawn up. The martial music of the German regiments, which is so noble, and the incessant firing from the fort and harbour, gave no small degree of solemnity to this event. A thousand white handkerchiefs waved by the fair hands of ladies, streamed from the windows under which he passed, and the multitude shouted *viva nostro sovrano*. The front of the exchange, which terminates the *corso*, was decorated with a large transparent painting representing the mixed population of Trieste, with wreaths and presents in their hands, which they offered as a testimony of their gratitude and loyalty to the emperor. Between the imperial residence and the theatre, a beautiful triumphal arch was constructed, bearing this inscription,

"Carri patriæ patri adventum
Læti celebrant Tergestini.*

"Francis witnessed all these expressions of zeal to his house, with the air of a man whose ruling passion was not that of empire and command. He returned the *vivas* of the populace by a quick and awkward inclination of his head, and a mechanical movement of his hand to his hat. As I saw him descend from his carriage, his countenance and person impressed me with the idea of a plain artless man, marked with none of the terrific or captivating traits of superior genius. None of those royal and martial graces which played around the person of Buonaparte, or of Louis the fourteenth. His equipage was plain, he wore a uniform of grey blue, and was decorated with the golden fleece, and the orders of St. Stephen, and Maria Theresa. His hat was three cornered, and ornamented with a bunch of heron's feathers. He was remarkably condescending and familiar with the persons who were presented to him. An American gentleman who had an interview of half an hour with him at Vienna, in which he spoke with much interest on the subject of American commerce, told me that at the end of the conversation, he thanked him, with an air of great cordiality and politeness, for the information he had so kindly communicated. He partook but little in the public amusements that had been got up for his entertainment. The provincial noblesse and the merchants of Trieste, were candidates for his smiles ; the former endeavouring with 'the faded remains of their courtly graces,' to withdraw his attention from the latter, whose immense riches obscured the boast of heraldry. At the public balls and *conversazioni*, the ladies both

* "Congiura de' Pazzi.

* "Tergestum was the ancient name of Trieste.

noble and *bourgeois*, exerted all the power of their wit and charms to draw from him a compliment, or to ensnare some of the young officers in his train, the magic lustre of whose stars and military decorations played among crowds of beauty, and overpowered many a bright eye, and fascinated many an aspiring heart. These *fêtes* were concluded by a magnificent illumination, of which it is scarcely too bold an expression to say, that it restored daylight to the streets of Trieste. The masts and rigging of the ships anchored in the Adriatic, hung with innumerable lamps, looked like another hemisphere of constellations rising from the sea.

"The mind on such occasions is prone to indulge in reflections on the instability of human greatness, and never did I feel more disposed to moralize on the eventful scenes of the great political drama, from the stupefaction and horror of whose bloody catastrophe mankind have scarcely yet recovered. To compare great things with small, I had witnessed at Paris similar honours paid to Napoleon when in the height of his prosperity, and I remembered him in the decline of his glory, in all the array of imperial pageantry, passing down the avenue of the Thuilleries, and entering the palace of the *corps Legislatif*, not like a fugitive, but like a triumphant conqueror, demanding of that body its assent to another conscription to rescue his laurels from disgrace. When I heard him impute the disasters of his army not to human foes, but to the hostility of the elements, there

was an imposing grandeur in the peculiarity of his situation, which appeared to give the stamp of veracity to his assertion. He alone, of all the nation, seemed to stand erect at that desperate crisis, animating her to another contest, transfusing into her his own inextinguishable love of glory, and upholding by the power of his genius the mighty fabric of empire, which was then tottering to its base, and ready to crush him with its ruins."

In this last paragraph we recognise an honest feeling of admiration for great and lofty talents, environed with difficulties that feebler minds, possessed of all the *apparent* resources of Napoleon, would have sunk under, without an effort. The chief resource of that wonderful personage was in himself. In his rise great, but greater in his decline, and in his fall greatest, the mind of Napoleon always soared above the level of his fortunes:—Unmoved, he beheld with equal indifference the desertion of his allies, the malice of his foes, and had he fought like Washington, for liberty, who would not weep over the fall of so mighty a spirit? but he was a despot, and while we execrate the *use* which the allies have made of their success, we regret the fate of Napoleon only, because it has involved so many nations—but temporarily, we trust—in the gloom of a denser and more ignominious tyranny than his own. G.

ART. 2. *The Brownie of Bodsbeck; and other Tales.* By JAMES HOGG, *Author of "The Queen's Wake," "Pilgrims of the Sun," &c. &c.* pp. 220. New-York. Wiley & Co.

TO most of our readers the name and merits of Mr. Hogg are, we presume, sufficiently known. As a poet, his claims to applause are founded principally on the possession of an exuberant and felicitous imagination, and a command of verse that is not exceeded by any of his brother minstrels. His powers of description are considerable—occasionally he is sublime—but his *forte*, we think, lies in the pathetic. He is uniformly chaste in sentiment and diction; intuitively he seems to shrink, with the virgin modesty of unsophisticated nature, from thoughts and expressions which irresistibly besiege the voluptuous genius of many of our modern poets, and he is eminently entitled to the praise of having drawn some of the finest and most glowing pictures that can be presented to the fancy, without mixing up in his descriptions a word or idea that can be construed into a breach of the

most delicately-constituted virtue. He is warm, but he is also pure. The fire he communicates to the imagination of his readers, is borrowed from no *earthly* source—and while he prepares for the heart and the fancy many a delicious banquet, he disdains to flatter and feed the senses by the prostitution of his muse.

It is not our intention to enter at present into a more lengthened exposition of his qualities as a poet, though we hope shortly, to have both opportunity and leisure to gratify our readers with a fuller analysis of Mr. Hogg's poetical talents. The production which now calls for our attention displays him in a new, and we think, very favorable point of view; the subject, taken from the persecution of the old Covenanters of Scotland, under James the second, is full of interest; the characters, more particularly that of the generous, open-hearted farmer, Walter

Laidlaw, and his lovely daughter Katherine, are sketched with no mean hand; the incidents are varied with skill, and the language, both in description and dialogue, is easy, chaste, and not infrequently eloquent. In speaking of the characters, we ought not to have omitted Nanny Elshinder, nor the rough but kindly Roy Macpherson. The first is a fine sketch of a heart and mind of no common order, borne down and distracted by the severest sorrows, and supported only by the hope of meeting in a blissful eternity, the recompence of her earthly sufferings: and Macpherson is an ably-drawn portrait of a man of warm and compassionate feelings, compelled by his situation to act in opposition to his sentiments, and at the same time unable to stem the effusions of a disposition naturally humane and benevolent; and giving vent to his feelings in a dialect pretty nearly as uncouth and rugged as that of Caliban. The supernatural part of the story is managed with extraordinary ability, and it is not till we reach the conclusion of the tale, that we discover the Brownie and his brother spirits to be as human as the superstitious peasantry whom they terrified in their evening and midnight perambulations.

We will now endeavour to give our readers the substance of this interesting story, in as full and particular a manner as our limits will permit, condensing the main part of the narrative, and interweaving with our abstract such passages as appear best adapted to display the author's talents, and those powers of *original* genius with which we have been forcibly struck in the perusal of his book.

Walter Laidlaw, the hero of the tale, is a substantial and even opulent farmer—possessing three thousand head of cattle, sheep, and horses—and considerable property in money, outstanding in loans to the neighbouring farmers, whose incapacity to meet the expenses of their establishments, the benevolence of Laidlaw prompted him to relieve. His family consists of two sons, and a daughter, “lovely as youthful poets dream of,” the idol of her father, possessed of superior abilities, better educated than any of the damsels of the vicinity, graceful and modest in her manners, and endowed with resolution and fortitude beyond that of woman, and surpassing that of nine-tenths of the hardier sex.

The political feelings of Walter are all on the side of the government, and while he is what would now be termed a *liberalist* in matters respecting religion, the name of an old Covenanter is associated in the

mind of the honest farmer with all the hideous ideas of anarchy and rebellion. The natural benevolence of Laidlaw always inducing him to lean toward the side of misfortune, counteracts the strength of his loyalty, and the miseries endured by the persecuted covenanters, excite in his bosom the warmest emotions of compassion for their desolate condition. In one of his excursions he falls in with some of this conscientious and harmless race, whom at first he mistakes for robbers; but discovering them to belong to the sect whose sufferings had so frequently called forth the tribute of his sympathy, and actuated by the warm impulse of a generous heart, he resolves not only to screen them from the cruel vigilance of the government, but to render them every assistance which their wretched state requires. His own account of their meeting is the best that can be given.

“ ‘It was on a mirk misty day in September,’ said Walter, ‘I mind it weel, that I took my plaid about me, and a bit gay steeve aik stick in my hand, and away I sets to turn aff the Winterhopeburn sheep. The wind had been east-about a’ that harst, I hae some sma’ reason ne’er to forget it, and they had amaist gane wi’ a’ the gairs i’ our North Grain. I weel expected I wad find them a’ in the scaithe that dark day, and I was just amind to tak them hame in a drove to Aidie Andison’s door, and say, ‘Here’s yer sheep for ye, lad; ye maun outhier keep them better, or else, gude faith, I’ll keep them for ye.’—I had been crost and put about wi’ them a’ that year, and I was just gaun to bring the screw to the neb o’ the mire-snipe. Weel, off I sets—I had a special dog at my feet, and a bit gay fine stick in my hand, and I was rather cross-natured that day—‘Auld Wat’s no gaun to be o’er-trampit wi’ nane o’ them, for a’ that’s come and gane yet,’ quo’ I to mysel as I gaed up the burn. Weel, I slings aye wi’ a gay lang step; but, by the time that I had won the Forkings, I gat collied amang the mist; sae derk, that fient a spark I could see—Stogs aye on through cleuch and gill, and a’ the gairs that they used to sponge, but, to my great mervel, I can nouthier see a hair of a ewe’s tail, nor can I hear the bleat of a lamb, or the bell of a wether—No ane, outhier of my ain or ither folks!—‘Ay,’ says I to mysel, ‘what can be the meaning o’ this? od, there has been somebody here afore me the day!’ I was just standin looking about me amang the lang hags that lead out frae the head o’ the North Grain, and considering what could be wort of a’ the sheep, when I noticed my dog, Reaver, gaun coursing away forrit as he had been setting a fox. What’s this, thinks I—On he gangs very angry like, cocking his tail, and

setting up his birses, till he wan to the very brink of a deep hag; but when he gat there, my certy, he wasna lang in turning! Back he comes, by me, an' away as the deil had been chasing him; as terrified a beast I saw never—Od, sir, I fand the very hairs o' my head begin to creep, and a prinkling through a' my veins and skin like needles and preens. 'God guide us!' thinks I, 'what can this be?' The day was derk, derk; for I was in the very stamoch o' the cludd, as it were; still it was the day time, an' the e'e of heaven was open. I was as near turned an' run after my tike as ever I'll miss, but I just fand a stound o' manheid gang through my heart, an' forrit I sets wi' a' the vents o' my head open. 'If its flesh an' blude,' thinks I, 'or it get the owrance o' auld Wat Laidlaw, od it sal get strength o' arm for aince.' It was a deep hag, as deep as the wa's o' this house, and a strip o' green sward along the bottom o't; and when I came to the brow, what does I see but twa lang liesh chaps lying sleeping at ither's sides, baith happit wi' the same maud. 'Hallo!' cries I, wi' a stern voice, 'wha hae we here?' If ye had but seen how they lookit when they stertit up; od, ye wad hae thought they were twa scoundrels wakened frae the dead! I never saw twa mair hemp-looking dogs in my life.

"What are ye feared for, lads? Whaten twa blades are ye? Or what are ye seeking in sic a place as this?"

"This is a derk day, gudeman."

"This is a derk day, gudeman! That's sic an answer as I heard never. I wish ye wad tell me something I dinna ken—and that's wha ye are, and what ye're seeking here?"

"We're seeking nought o' yours, friend."

"I dinna believe a word o't—ye're nae folk o' this country—I doubt ye ken o'er weel what stealing o' sheep is—But if ye winna tell me plainly and honestly your business here, the deil be my inmate gin I winna knock your twa heads thegither."

"There is a gude auld say, honest man, *It is best to let sleeping dogs lie, they may rise and bite you.*"

"Bite me, lad!—Rise an' bite me!—I wad like to see a dog on a' the heights o' Chapelhope that wad snarl at me, let be to bite!"

"I had a gay steeve dour aik stick in my hand, an' wi' that I begoud to heave't up, no to strike them, but just to gi'e them a glisk o' the coming-on that was in't. By this time they were baith on their feet; and the ane that was neist me he gi'es the tabie of his jocky-coat a fling back, and out he pu's a braid sword frae aneath it—an' wi' the same blink the ither whups a sma' spear out o' the heart o' his aik stick, 'Here's for ye then, auld camstary,' says they; 'an unlucky fish gets an unlucky bait.' Od sir, I was rather stoundit: I began to look o'er my shouther, but there was naething there but the swathes o' mist. What wad I hae gien

for twa minutes of auld John o' the Muchrah! However, there was nae time to loose—it was come fairly to the neb o' the mire-snipe wi' me. I never was gude when taken by surprise a' my life—gie me a wee time, an' I turn quite foundemental then—sae, to tell the truth, in my hurry I took the flier's part, flang the plaid frae me, and ran off up the hag as fast as my feet could carry me, an' a' the gate the ragamuffian wi' the sword was amaist close at my heels. The bottom o' the hag was very narrow, twa could hardly rin abreast. My very bluid began to rise at being chased by twa skebels, and I thought I heard a voice within me, crying, 'Dinna flee, Wat Laidlaw! dinna flee, auld Wat! ye hae a gude cause by the end!' I wheeled just round in a moment, sir, and drew a desperate straik at the foremost, an' sae little kend the haniel about fencing, that instead o' sweeing aff my downcome wi' his sword, he held up his sword-arm to save his head—I gart his arm just snap like a pipe-stapple, and down fell his bit whittle to the ground, and he on aboon it. The tither, wi' his sma' spear, durstna come on, but ran for it; I followed, and was mettler o' foot than he, but I durstna grip him, for fear he had run his bit spit through my sma'-fairns i' the struggle, for it was as sharp as a lance, but I keepit a little back till I gat the end o' my stick just i' the how o' his neck, and then I gae him a push that soon gart him plew the flow with his nose. On aboon him I gets, and the first thing I did was to fling away his bit twig of a sword—I gart it shine through the air like a fiery dragon—then I took him by the cuff o' the neck, and lugged him back to his neighbour, wha was lying graning in the hag. 'Now, billies, says I, ye shall answer face to face, it wad hae been as good soon as syne: tell me directly wha ye are, and what's your business here, or, d'ye hear me, I'll tye ye thegither like twa tikes, and tak ye to them that will gar ye speak.'

"Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day!" said the wounded man, 'ye're a rash, foolish, passionate man, whaever ye be.'

"Ye're may be no very far wrang there, quo' I; 'but for aince, I trow, I had gude reason. Ye thought to kill me wi' your bits o' shabbles o' swords!"

"In the first place then," said he, 'ken that we wadna hae shed ae drap o' your blood, nor wranged a hair o' your head—all that we wanted was to get quit of ye, to keep ye out o' danger an' scaith. Ye hae made a bonny day's wark on't truly, we had naething in view but your ain safety—but sin' ye will ken ye maun ken; we belang to a poor proscribed remnant, that hae fled from the face of a bloody persecution. We have left all, and lost all, for the cause of our religion, and are driven into this dismal wilderness, the only miserable retreat left us in our native land.'

"Od, sir! he hadna weel begun to speak

till the light o' the truth began to dawn within me like the brek o' the day-sky, an' I grew as red too, for the devil needna hae envied me my feelings at that time. I couldna help saying to mysel, 'Whow, whow, Wat Laidlaw! but ye hae made a bonny job o't this morning!—Here's twa puir creatures, worn out wi' famine and watching, come to seek a last refuge amang your hags and mosses, and ye maun fa' to and be pelting and threshing on them like an incarnate devil as ye are.—Oh, wae's me! wae's me!—Lord, sir, I thought my heart wad burst—there was a kind o' yuke came into my een that I could hardly bruke; but at length the muckle tears wan out wi' a sair faught, and down they came down ower my head, dribble for dribble. The men saw the pliskie that I was in, and there was a kind o' ruefu' benevolence i' their looks, I never saw ony thing like it.

"' Dinna be wae for us, honest man,' said they; 'we hae learned to suffer—we hae kend nought else for this mony a long and bloody year, an' we look for nought else for the wee while we hae to sojourn in this weary world—we hae learned to suffer patiently, and to welcome our sufferings as mercies.'

"' Ye've won a gude length, man,' quo' I; 'but they're mercies that I'm never very fond o'—I wish ye had suffered under ony hand but mine, sin' it be your lot.'

"' Dinna be sorry for us, honest man; there never was an act o' mair justice than this that ye hae inflicted. Last night there were fifteen o' us met at evening worship—we hadna tasted meat for days and nights; to preserve our miserable lives, we stole a sheep, dressed, and ate it; and wi' this very arm that you hae disabled, did I grip and kill that sheep. It was a great sin, nae doubt, but the necessity was also great—I am sae far punished, and I hope the Lord will forgie the rest.'

"' If he dinna,' quo' I, 'he's no what I think him.' Then he began a lang serious harangue about the riches o' free grace, and about the wickedness o' our nature; and said, that we could do naething o' ourselles but sin. I said it was a hard construction, but I couldna argy the point ava wi' him—I never was a dab at these lang-winded stories. Then they cam on about prelacy and heresies, and something they ca'd the act of abjuration. I couldna follow him out at nae rate; but I says, 'I pit nae doubt callants, but ye're right, for ye hae proven to a' the world that ye think sae; and when a man feels conscious that he's right, I never believe he can be far wrang in sic matters. But that's no the point in question; let us consider what can be done for ye e'en now—Poor souls! God kens, my heart's sair for ye; but this land's mine, an' a' the sheep around ye, an' ye're welcome to half-a-dozen o' the best o' them in sic a case.'

"' Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day! If ye be the

gudeman o' the Chapelhope, ye'll rue the day that ever ye saw us. If it's kend that ye countenanced us in word or deed, ye're a ruined man; for the blood-hounds are near at hand, and they'll herry ye out and in, but and ben—Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! in a wee while we may gang and come by the Chapelhope, and nouth see a lum reek nor hear a cock crow; for Clavers is on the one hand and Lag on the other, and they're coming nearer and nearer us every day, and hemming us in sairer and sairer—renounce us and deny us, as ye wish to thrive.'

"' Na, na, lads, let them come—let them come their ways! Gin they should take a' the ewes and kye on the Chapelhope, I can stock it o'er again. I dinna gie a bawbee about your leagues, and covenants, and associations, for think aye there's a good deal o' faction and dourness in them; but or I'll desert a fellow a creature that's oppressed, if he's an honest man, and lippens to me, od, I'll gie them the last drap o' my heart's bluid.'

"' When they heard that, they took me out to the tap of a knowe, and began to whistle like plovers—nae herd alive could hae kend but they were plovers—and or ever I wist, ilka hag, and den, and tod-hole round about, seem'd to be fu' o' plovers, for they fell a' to the whistling an' answering ane another at the same time. I had often been wondering how they staid sae lang on the heights that year, for I heard them aye whewing e'en an' morn; but little trowed I they were a' twa-handed plovers that I heard. In half an hour they had sic a squad gathered together as e'e never glimed on. There ye might hae seen auld gray-bearded ministers, lairds, weavers, and poor binds, a' sharing the same hard fate. They were pale, ragged, and hungry, and several o' them lame and wounded; and they had athegither sic a haggard severity i' their demeaner, Lord forgie me, gin I wasna feared to look at them! There was ane o' them a doctor blade, wha soon set the poor chield's arm; and he said, that after a' it wasna broken, but only dislockit and sair brizzed. That doctor was the gabbiest body ever I met wi'; he spake for them a', and I whiles feared that he scented a wee. He tried a' that he could to make me a Cameronian, but I wadna grip; and when I was coming away to leave him, 'Laidlaw,' quo' he, 'we ken ye to be an honest, honourable man; here you see a remnant of poor, forlorn, misrepresented creatures, who have thrown themselves on your mercy: if ye betray us, it will be the worse for ye both here and hereafter; if you save and protect us, the prayers of the just win their way to Heaven, though fiends should be standing by to oppose them—Ay, there's naething can stop their journey, Laidlaw!—The winds canna blaw them aside, the clouds canna drown them, and the lights o' Heaven canna burn them; and your name will stand at

that bar where there's nae cruel and partial judge—What ye gie to us, ye gie to your Maker, and he will repay you sevenfold.' Od, the body was like to gar me play the bairn and greet even out. Weel, I canna mind the half that he said, but he endit wi' this:—'We have seen our friends all bound, banished, and destroyed; they have died on the field, on the scaffold, and at the stake; but the reek o' their blood shall drive the cruel Stuarts frae the land they have disgraced, and out of it a church of truth and liberty shall spring. There is still a handfu' remaining in Israel that have not yet bowed the kneel to Baal, nor yet kissed him—That remnant has fled here to escape the cruelty of man; but a worse fate threatens us now—we are all of us perishing with famine—For these three days we have tasted nothing but the green moss, save a few wretched trouts, eells, and adders.' 'Ethers, man!' quo' I, 'For the love o' God take care how ye eat the ethers—ye may as weel cut your throats at aince as eat them. Na na, lad, that's meat that will never do.' I said nae mair, but gae just a wave to my dog. 'Reaver,' quo' I, 'yon's away.'—In three minutes he had ten score o' ewes and wedders at my hand. I grippit twa o' the best I could wale, and cut aff their heads wi' my ain knife. 'Now, doctor,' quo' I, 'take these and roast them, and part them amang ye the best way ye can—ye'll find them better than the ethers—Lord, man, it will never do to eat ethers.' "

The savage ferocity with which the Covenanters were pursued by the Stuart government—their patience in sufferings and the unshrinking fortitude they evinced whenever they fell into the hands of their merciless enemies—are too well known to require being dwelt upon. The year 1685, however, the period in which the events recorded in this tale occurred, was distinguished by the more than ordinary cruelty with which, through the southern and western parts of Scotland, they were oppressed. The persecution on religious accounts, rose to its acme in that disastrous year, and a seal of proscription was set upon the Covenanters, and all who were suspected of harbouring them, or rendering the slightest succour to that unfortunate race. Among the agents of this infernal persecution, Graham, viscount of Dundee was the chief. He is more familiarly known by the abhorred name of Clavers or Claverhouse. The character of this man seems to have been more decisively execrable than we usually meet with even among villains, and, armed with power, he exercised it with a ferocious, yet cold blooded brutality of which we recollect scarcely an example, and which not infrequently

revolted those whom he commissioned on his errands of blood and destruction. All who have perused the "*Tales of my Landlord*"—and who is there that has not—must be tolerably conversant with the character of this heartless miscreant, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hogg has set him before us, in a fuller costume than even the very powerful writer to whom we have alluded. A sterner malignity darkens in his eye—the spirit of a direr vengeance compresses or convulses his lip—his derision of the calamities he creates is expressed with a more savage indifference—a more intolerable arrogance accompanies his every word, movement, and gesture—a deeper and more sanguinary misanthropy shades his every feature—and he rushes forth in chase of his victims with a feller animosity;—in short, there is more of the absolute devil in the Clavers of Mr. Hogg than in the same portraiture by the author above referred to, and a completer incorporation of every fiendish attribute is effected by the former, not assuredly by the superiority of his genius, but rather as it appears to us, in consequence of his having more diligently and deeply studied the character whose wild and atrocious features he has so finely painted. Of this man more hereafter. We shall now give our author's description of the district in which the Covenanters of the south and west had taken refuge at the period when Clavers, roused to a pitch of demoniac frenzy by the death, at the hands of the fugitives, of an officious "priest of the kirk" who was about to betray their haunts.

"All the outer parts of the lands of Chapelhope are broken into thousands of deep black ruts, called by the country people *moss huggs*. Each of the largest of these has a green stripe along its bottom; and in this place in particular they are so numerous, so intersected and complex in their lines, that as a hiding-place, they are unequalled—men, foxes, and sheep, may all find there cover with equal safety from being discovered, and may hide for days and nights without being aware of one another. The neighbouring farms to the westward abound with inaccessible rocks, caverns, and ravines. To these mountains, therefore, the shattered remains of the fugitives from the field of Bothwell Bridge, as well as the broken and persecuted whigs from all the western and southern counties, fled as to their last refuge. Being unacquainted, however, with the inhabitants of the country in which they had taken shelter—with their religious principles, or the opinions which they held respecting the measures of government—they durst not trust them with the secret of their

retreat. They had watches set, sounds for signals, and skulked away from one hiding-place to another at the approach of the armed troop, the careless fowler, or the solitary shepherd; yea, such precautions were they obliged to use, that they often fled from the face of one another.

"From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness—from those dark mosses and unfrequented caverns—the prayers of the persecuted race nightly arose to the throne of the Almighty—prayers, as all testified who heard them, fraught with the most simple pathos, as well as the most bold and vehement sublimity. In the solemn gloom of the evening, after the last rays of day had disappeared, and again in the morning before they began to streamer the east, the song of praise was sung to that Being, under whose fatherly chastisement they were patiently suffering. These psalms, always chanted with ardour and wild melody, and borne on the light breezes of the twilight, were often heard at a great distance. The heart of the peasant grew chill, and his hairs stood all on end, as he hastened home to alarm the cottage circle with a tale of horror. Lights were seen moving by night in wilds and caverns where human thing never resided, and where the foot of man seldom had trode.

"The shepherds knew, or thought they knew, that no human being frequented these places; and they believed, as well they might, that whole hordes of spirits had taken possession of their remote and solitary dells. They lived in terror and consternation. Those who had no tie in the country left it, and retreated into the vales, where the habitations of men are numerous, and where the fairy, the brownie, or the walking ghost, is rarely seen. Such as had friends whom they could not leave, or sheep and cattle upon the lands, as the farmers and shepherds had, were obliged to remain, but their astonishment and awe continued to increase. They knew there was but one Being to whom they could apply for protection against these unearthly visitants; family worship was begun both at evening and morning in the farmer's hall and the most remote hamlet; and that age introduced a spirit of devotion into those regions, which one hundred and thirty years continuance of the utmost laxity and indecision in religious principles has not yet been able wholly to eradicate.

"It is likewise necessary to mention here, though perfectly well known, that every corner of that distracted country was furnished with a gowmsman, to instruct the inhabitants in the *mild* and *benignant* principles of prelacy, but chiefly to act as spies upon the detested whigs. In the fulfilment of this last task they were not remiss; they proved the most inveterate and incorrigible enemies that the poor Covenanters had, even though heaven, earth and hell seemed to have combined against them.

"The officiating priest at the kirk of Saint Mary of the Lowes had been particularly active in this part of his commission. The smallest number could not be convened for the purposes of public devotion—two or three stragglers could not be seen crossing the country, but information was instantly sent to Clavers, or some of his officers; and at the same time, these devotional meetings were always described to be of the most atrocious and rebellious nature. The whigs became grievously incensed against this ecclesiastic, for, in the bleakest mountain of their native land, they could not enjoy a lair in common with the foxes and the wild-goats in peace, nor worship their God without annoyance in the dens and caves of the earth. Their conventicles, though held in places ever so remote, were broke in upon and dispersed by armed troops, and their ministers and brethren carried away to prisons, to banishment, and to death. They waxed desperate; and what will not desperate men do? They waylaid, and seized upon one of the priest's emissaries by night, a young female, who was running on a message to Grierson of Lag. Overcome with fear at being in custody of such frightful looking fellows, with their sallow cheeks and long beards, she confessed the whole, and gave up her despatches. They were of the most aggravated nature. Forthwith two or three of the most hardy of the whigs, without the concurrence or knowledge of their brethren, posted straight to the Virgin's chapel that very night, shot the chaplain, and buried him at a small distance from his own little solitary mansion; at the same time giving out to the country, that he was a sorcerer, an adulterer, and a character every way evil. His name has accordingly been handed down to posterity as a most horrid necromancer.

"This was a rash and unpremeditated act; and, as might well have been foreseen, the cure proved worse than the disease. It brought the armed troops upon them both from the east and the west. Dundee came to Traquair, and stationed companies of troops in a line across the country. The Laird of Lag placed a body of men in the narrowest pass of Moffatdale, in the only path by which these mountains are accessible. Thus all communication was cut off between the mountain-men and the western counties; for every one who went or came by that way, these soldiers took prisoner, searched, and examined; and one lad, who was coming from Moffat, carrying more bread than they thought he could well account for, they shot dead on the spot just as he had dropt on his knees to pray.

"A curate, named Clerk, still remained, to keep an eye upon the whigs and pester them. He had the charge of two chapels in that vicinity; the one at a place now called Kirkhope, which was dedicated to Saint Irene, a saint of whom the narrator of this story could give no account. The other

was dedicated to Saint Lawrence; the remains of it are still to be seen at Chapelhope, in a small circular enclosure on the west side of the burn. Clerk was as malevolent to the full against the proscribed party as his late brother, but he wanted the abilities of the deceased; he was ignorant, superstitious, and had assumed a part of the fanaticism in religion of the adverse party, for it was the age and the country of fanaticism, and nothing else would take. By that principally he had gained some influence among his hearers, on whom he tried every stimulant to influence them against the whigs. The goodwife of Chapelhope was particularly attached to him and his tenets; he held her completely in leading-strings: her conscience approved of every thing, or disapproved, merely as he directed; he flattered her for her deep knowledge in true and sound divinity and the Holy Scriptures, although of both she was grossly ignorant. But she had learned from her preceptor a kind of cant—a jargon of religious terms and sentences of Scripture mixed, of which she had great pride but little understanding. She was just such a character as would have been a whig, had she ever had an opportunity of hearing or conversing with any of that sect. Nothing earthly could be so truly ludicrous as some of her exhibitions in a religious style. The family and servants were in general swayed by their mistress, who took a decided part with Clerk in all his schemes against the whigs, and constantly despatched one of her own servants to carry his messages of information to the king's officers. This circumstance soon became known to the mountain-men, and though they were always obliged to take refuge on the lands of Chapelhope by day, they avoided carefully all communication with the family or shepherds (for several of the shepherds on that farm lived in cottages at a great distance from one another and from the farm-house.)

This same Clerk and his opinions are regarded by Walter with equal contempt—his hypocrisy, egotism, and ignorance of the principles he professed, standing in naked deformity before the eyes of the blunt but sagacious farmer, and the priest's influence in the family was, consequently, a matter of sore and serious regret to him. We have previously stated Laidlaw's sentiments respecting the Covenanters—viewing them in the light of bigots and rebels, he was conscientiously their enemy, but while he wished their subjection to the government, he was far, as we have already seen, from desiring either their destruction or persecution. Without being over scrupulous himself, he revered the sincere profession of religion in others—and Walter, notwithstanding the infrequency of his

visits to the kirk, contrived to sustain with his neighbours the character of an upright, honest, active, kind-hearted man.

As soon as he heard of the death of the curate, Clavers dispatched a party of military from Traquair to gain information concerning the event, and to secure the perpetrators, if possible. They proceeded, in the first instance, to the residence of the deceased, and commenced their task with the examination of the girl who bore the chaplain's despatches, and who, when seized by the whigs, heard their contents, as they were imprudently read aloud by one of the party, to his listening comrades. The letter informed Clavers that considerable numbers of the "traitors," as the ecclesiastical satellite called the Covenanters, had sought shelter in the wilds of Loch-Skene, whence they issued to make depredations in the vicinity, where they were also succeeding in making proselytes.—It also informed him that on a particular day, one of the most celebrated of their preachers was to pronounce a discourse at Kirkinhope Linn, and concluding by stating that though they were armed with guns, bludgeons, &c. such was their pusillanimity, that he (the writer) would undertake to clear the country of them with a single company of soldiers—a service for which, his intimate knowledge of their places of refuge, peculiarly adapted him.

Copland, the commandant of the party, now began to think his force inadequate to the business in hand—he determined, however, to scour the wild, and endeavour to make some prisoners, from whom he might gain farther intelligence. Dividing his men into two parties, one he heads himself, and ordering the other upon a different route, with directions to meet him at an appointed spot by noon, he proceeds on his search, accompanied by two guides. All his endeavours, however, fortunately prove unsuccessful. The party he sent out, capture one victim, a weak emaciated youth, whose feebleness rendered him unable to fly, and whom they slaughter with circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity. But in this instance, blood was avenged by blood, for when Copland repaired to his appointed rendezvous, he found only ten of his associates, and when the guide led him through the path by which they ought to have come (a narrow pass in Chapelhope) there he discovered four of his soldiers with their guide "done to death," as they used to say in the older time; and now, tolerably content with his adventures in the wilds of Loch-Skene, and

rather reluctant to tempt the fates, he posted back with all convenient speed to Traquair, to make Clavers acquainted with the result of his expedition. The gentle viscount of Dundee receives the intelligence with his customary *sang froid*, and utters a polished exclamation intimated of his determination, by the help of "the blessed and all Holy Trinity," utterly to extirpate the seed of the d——d whining psalm-singing race from the face of the earth, and expressive of his resolution, "that ere Beltein there should not be as much whig blood in Scotland as would make a dish of soup for a dog." His prudence, however, induced him to conceal the sudden and unaccountable loss of the soldiers from the council, then sitting at Edinburgh.

We must now return to Walter Laidlaw, whom we left in earnest conference with the fugitives in the vicinity of Chapelhope. The benevolence of this rough but noble-hearted fellow, breaking through all the barriers of prejudice and narrow rustic notions, is really refreshing, and there is something positively delightful in the warm and generous gushing of his sympathy towards the lamentable distresses of the persecuted but high-souled opponents to the party with whom he is conscientiously connected,—and then his munificence—not doled out with the cold and scanty hand of ostentatious charity,—no—but lavished with the liberality of a prince!—and the fine careless independence of his character!—we are, to say the truth, so taken with these qualities in honest Walter, that all we have to regret about him is that he should belong in any way, shape, or name, to the faction then in power. To use his own words, the meeting we have related in the language appropriated to him by Mr. Hogg, "cost me twa or three hunder round bannocks, and mae gude ewes and wedders than I'll say; but I never missed them, and I never rued what I did. Folk may say as they like, but I think aye the prayers out amang the hags and rash-bushes that year did me nae ill—It is as good to hae a man's blessing as his curse, let him be what he may."

The good farmer continues to afford to the miserable fugitives all the succour his situation will allow him to bestow. The day succeeding his first interview with them, he visits their retreat, taking with him as much provision as he can carry. His pensioners, of course, entertain for him all those sentiments of gratitude to which his warm and disinterested servi-

ces give him such strong claims. And now, Walter begins to feel some curiosity respecting events that had lately taken place in the vicinity of Chapelhope. The death of the soldiers they unanimously deny to have had the least concern with, but acknowledge that the murder of the meddling priest was perpetrated by a few of their more rash associates, though contrary to the inclinations of the majority. They farther inform him that these men had since retired from their society, and that two of their most distinguished members were now employed in drawing up for the public eye a vindication of their general conduct, containing a particular refutation of the calumnious reports relating to their alleged murder of the soldiers.*

Their candour fails not to make its due impression on the heart of Walter, and he continues to supply them with provisions, and to inform them of the motions of the troops that beset their retreats—of the martyrdom endured by such of their companions as fell into the hands of the

* "This curious protest is still extant, and shows the true spirit of the old Covenanters, or Cameronians, as they have since been called, better than any work remaining. It is called in the title page, '*An informatory Vindication of a poor, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering Anti-popish, Anti-prelatic, Anti-erastian, Anti-sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.*' It is dated at Leadhills, in 1687, and is the conjoint work of Mr. James Renwick, and Mr. Alexander Shiels, author of *The Hind let loose*. The following is an extract from it, p. 107:—

"And in like manner we do hereby disclaim all unwarrantable practices committed by any few persons reputed to be of us, whereby the Lord hath been offended, his cause wronged, and we all made to endure the scourge of tongues; for which things we have desired to make conscience of mourning before the Lord, both in public and private. As the unwarrantable manner of killing that curate at the Corsephearn, though he was a man of death both by the laws of God and man, and the fact not materially murder; it being gone about contrary to our declaration, common or competent consent, (the conclusion and deed being known only to three or four persons,) in a rash and not a Christian manner, and also other offences being committed at the time; which miscarriages have proven a mean to stop and retard lawful, laudable, and warrantable proceeding, both as to matter and manner."

"These other offences committed at the time, unquestionably refer to the slaughter of the Highland soldiers; about which, there was great stir and numerous conjectures in the country; although, owing to the revolution that immediately followed, the perpetrators were never taken, nor the cause tried in a court of justice, nor indeed was the incident ever generally known."

government officers—and every thing that he can gather respecting the state of the country generally. He visits them daily, but secretly, as the vigilance of their enemies, and the severity exercised towards every one discovered to assist or hold communion with them, determine him to keep even from his family the knowledge of his connexion with the persecuted Covenanters. The superstitious credulity of the peasantry, and which, with the exception of his beautiful daughter, was equally prevalent with every member of his household, proves of considerable utility to Walter in his intercourse with his new friends. The belief in the Brownie of Bodsbeck, and of his nightly maraudings among the farms of the district, is universal, and the diurnal disappearance of bread, butter, cheese, cattle, &c. from the premises of Chapelhope, is uniformly attributed to the agency of this powerful and malignant spirit.

It is now time to bring forward this strange and supernatural being. He had been seen by several—at least several insisted they had seen him—and the fears of each had invested him with some new attribute of a frightful and alarming nature. Rarely, however, did their fancy endow him with the faculty of assuming the human form—that was a shape by no means customary with him:—the grave and respectable aspect of the owl—the large prominent eyes of the hare—or the staid and solemn countenance of grimal-kin—such were the usual disguises in which the Brownie presented himself, and generally in the shades of evening, to the intelligent and enlightened inhabitants of Chapelhope and its vicinity. Sometimes he showed himself in a more terrific form, and came in closer contact with the agitated rustics. The adventure of Jasper, one of Laidlaw's occasional assistants, and his rescue from the fiend's unhallowed clutches, is really amusing.

“Jasper, son to old John of the Muchbrah, was the swiftest runner of his time; but of all those whose minds were kept in continual agitation on account of the late inundation of spirits into the country, Jasper was the chief. He was beset by them morning and evening; and even at high noon, if the day was dark, he never considered himself as quite safe. He depended entirely upon his speed in running to avoid their hellish intercourse; he essayed no other means—and many wonderful escapes he effected by this species of exertion alone. He was wont to knit stockings while tending his flock on the mountains; and happening to drop some yarn one evening, it trailed after him in

a long ravelled coil along the sward. It was a little after the sun had gone down that Jasper was coming whistling and singing over the shoulder of the Hermon-Law, when, chancing to cast a casual glance behind him, he espied something in shape of a horrible serpent, with an unequal body, and an enormous length of tail, coming stealing along the bent after him. His heart leapt to his mouth, (as he expressed it,) and his hair bristled so that it thrust the bonnet from his head. He knew that no such monster inhabited these mountains, and it momentarily occurred to him that it was the Brownie of Bodsbeck come to seize him in that most questionable shape. He betook him to his old means of safety in great haste, never doubting that he was well qualified to run from any object that crawled on the ground with its belly; but, after running a considerable way, he perceived his adversary coming at full stretch along the hill after him. His speed was redoubled; and, as he noted now and then that his inveterate pursuer gained no ground on him, his exertion was beyond that of man. There were two shepherds on an opposite hill who saw Jasper running without the plaid and the bonnet, and with a swiftness which they described as quite inconceivable. The cause set conjecture at defiance: but they remarked, that though he grew more and more spent, whenever he glanced behind he exerted himself anew, and strained a little harder. He continued his perseverance to the last, as any man would do who was running for bare life, until he came to a brook called the Ker Cleuch, in the crossing of which he fell down exhausted; he turned on his back to essay a last defence, and, to his joyful astonishment, perceived that the serpent likewise lay still and did not move. The truth was then discovered; but many suspected that Jasper never overcame that heat and that fright as long as he lived.

“Jasper, among many encounters with the fairies and brownies, had another that terminated in a manner not quite so pleasant. The Brownie of Bodsbeck, or the Queen of the Fairies, (he was not sure which of them it was,) came to him one night as he was lying alone, and wide awake, as he conceived, and proffered him many fine things, and wealth and honours in abundance, if he would go along to a very fine country, which Jasper conjectured must have been Fairyland. He resisted all these tempting offers in the most decided manner, until at length the countenance of his visitant changed from the most placid and bewitching beauty to that of a fiend. The horrible form grappled with him, laid hold of both his wrists, and began to drag him off by force; but he struggled with all the energy of a man in despair, and at length, by violent exertion, he disengaged his right hand. The enemy still continuing, however, to haul him off with the other, he

was obliged to have recourse to a desperate expedient. Although quite naked, he reached his clothes with the one hand and drew his knife; but, in endeavouring to cut off those fingers which held his wrist so immoveably fast, he fairly severed a piece of the thumb from his own left hand."

Another rencontre with some of the Brownie's attendant spirits happened to a young man called Kennedy. This youth chanced one evening to be out upon the heath shooting grouse. He imitated the cry of the hen to perfection, and employed this delightful talent to inveigle the heath-fowl. Having taken his station with this intention, he had scarcely commenced to call, ere his voice was drowned in the sudden whistling of innumerable plovers. He ceased, and listened for some time, expecting the termination of this undesired concert. Presently, his ear caught distinctly the sound of voices resembling the human, whispering close by him, and the noise of feet, like those, he afterwards said, of horses—he became convinced that he had fallen in with the fairies, and in mortal terror, crouched closer to the ground; shortly he heard a strain of the softest and sweetest music, rising from the bosom of the earth. Nearly distracted with fear, he rose, and flew away from the unboly spot, but had not proceeded far when he fainted from alarm. In the meanwhile two of Laidlaw's men, who slept in the stable of Chapelhope, close to which this event took place, being waked by a noise without, looked forth from their dormitory, and beheld with inexpressible horror four figures advancing toward that part of the stable where they stood, and supporting a coffin between them. Arrived at the stable, one of them whispered distinctly, "Where shall we lay him?"

"We must leave him in the barn," said another.

"I fear," said a third, "the door of that will be locked:" and they passed on.

Trembling with fear, the men dressed themselves, but to move was beyond their power. In a few minutes, the cries of one in extreme anguish smote upon their ear, and roused the whole family—every one rushed out, and Kennedy was found lying upon the ground close by the stable, in a miserable condition, and absolutely insane. The whole of that night and the next morning he continued in a high fever—gradually he recovered sufficient composure to relate the following miraculous particulars:

"He said, that the time he arose to fly from the sound of the music, the moor was

become extremely dark, and he could not see with any degree of accuracy where he was running, but that he still continued to hear the sounds, which as he thought, came still nigher and nigher behind him. He was, however, mistaken in this conjecture; for in a short space he stumbled on a hole in the heath, into which he sunk at once, and fell into a pit which he described as being at least fifty fathom deep; that he there found himself immediately beside a multitude of hideous beings, with green clothes, and blue faces, who sat in a circle round a golden lamp, gaping and singing with the most eldritch yells. In one instant all became dark, and he felt a weight upon his breast that seemed heavier than a mountain. They then lifted him up, and bore him away through the air for hundreds of miles, amid regions of utter darkness; but on his repeating the name of Jesus three times, they brought him back, and laid him down in an insensible state at the door of Chapelhope."

The poor fugitives of Chapelhope resolve to remain no longer a burden on Walter's hands, and at their next conference acquaint him with their intention of quitting his neighbourhood, and disperse themselves over the country—as their farther stay would infallibly ruin the generous farmer, and if discovered, subject him and his family to the unrelenting rage of their persecutors. Sensible as he is to the truth of their representations, Laidlaw feels, nevertheless, reluctant to part with them, and endeavours to persuade them that by adopting a quiet and peaceable mode of conduct, they might continue in safety in their present asylum, escape the notice of the government, and at length return to their homes in security. But he is hurt to find they consider it as a duty, and one of a most imperious and indispensable kind, *not* to live in peace, but on the contrary, by every means in their power, to labour in diffusing their tenets far and wide, and, spite of persecution and suffering, to publish to the whole world the dreadful grievances brought on the Church of Scotland by her oppressors. All Walter's remonstrances and kindly arguments prove at first ineffectual, and at length when Laidlaw concluded by intimating his hope of the persecution being about to cease,

"A thin spare old man, with gray dishevelled locks and looks, Walter said, as stern as the adders that he had lately been eating, rose up to address him. There was that in his manner which commanded the most intense attention.

"'Dost thou talk of our rulers relaxing?' said he, 'Blind and mistaken man! thou dost not know them. No; they will never

relax till their blood shall be mixed with their sacrifices. That insatiate, gloomy, papistical tyrant and usurper, the Duke of York, and his commissioner, have issued laws and regulations more exterminating than ever. But yesterday we received the woful intelligence, that, within these eight days, one hundred and fifty of our brethren have suffered by death or banishment, and nearly one half of these have been murdered, even without the sham formality of trial or impeachment, nor had they intimation of the fate that awaited them. York hath said in full assembly, 'that neither the realm nor the mother-church can ever be safe, until the south of Scotland is again made a hunting forest;' and his commissioner hath sworn by the living God, 'that never a whig shall again have time or warning to prepare for heaven, for that hell is too good for them.' Can we hope for these men relaxing? No! The detestable and bloody Clavers, that wizard! that eater of toads! that locust of the infernal pit, hems us in closer and closer on one side, and that Muscovite beast on the other! They thirst for our blood; and our death and tortures are to them matter of great sport and amusement. My name is Mackail! I had two brave and beautiful sons, and I had but two; one of these had his brains shot out on the moss of Monyhive without a question, charge, or reply. I gathered up his brains and shattered skull with these hands, tied them in my own napkin, and buried him alone, for no one durst assist me. His murderers stood by and mocked me, cursed me for a dog, and swore if I howled any more that they would send me after him. My eldest son, my beloved Hew, was hung like a dog at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, I conversed with him, I prayed with him in prison, kissed him, and bade him farewell on the scaffold! My brave, my generous, my beautiful son! I tell thee, man, thou who preachest up peace and forbearance with tyrants, should ever the profligate Charles, or his diabolical brother—should ever the murderer Clavers, or any of his hell-hounds of the north, dare set foot in heaven, one look from the calm benignant face of my martyred son would drive them out howling!"

"All this time the old man shed not a tear; his voice was wildly solemn, but his looks were mixed with madness. He had up his hand to swear, to pray, or to prophesy, Walter knew not which, but he was restrained by his associates, and led aside, so that Walter saw no more of him; but he said he could not get him out of his mind for many a day, for sic another desperate auld body he had never seen."

At last finding that their chief inducement to depart arises from their unwillingness to consume the property of their liberal protector, Walter suggests a method by which they may obtain food in suf-

ficient quantity without peculiarly distressing himself, and thus persuades them to remain in Chapelhope. He directs them to an extensive common not far off, called Gemsop, formerly a royal forest, where the flocks of many gentlemen, and wealthy farmers, himself one of them, pastured together. There he advised them to go, and take as many as their wants required. Necessity, he said, justified them—the loss, instead of one, would fall on many—and he was willing to take his chance with the rest. To this proposal they at length reluctantly but gratefully acceded.

We must now revert to the sweet little enchantress, Katharine. Have we not portrayed her as combining in her person and deportment every feminine charm and grace? Alas! yes—but now we have to dwell on the darker side of the picture, and to show all the soft and ethereal glories of this lovely maiden shaded by the untoward aspect of the scenes that surrounded her, and with, and in, which we shall presently behold her intricately connected and earnestly interested. A report had spread abroad of her holding communion with the supernatural beings that were said to haunt the precincts of Chapelhope—her mother, too, had also assured Laidlaw that the rumour was founded on fact, and told her husband some strange stories of his daughter's interviews with spirits, and dwelt with particular earnestness on her conferences with the *Brownie*. Walter, though a sagacious man, was not wholly free from the prejudices of those with whom he was in the daily habit of associating, and, as may be well supposed, was considerably alarmed by his wife's intelligence. Time passes on—and Walter, who next to his God adores his daughter—forgets all that he has heard to her prejudice. One night, however, after sundry alarms from his dog Reaver, he overhears Katharine conversing with some one in her apartment—and this in the dead of night;—his whole household had been thrown into the uttermost confusion by the events of the preceding evening—and all his servants were preparing to depart excepting one Nanny Elshinder, whom we cannot refrain from introducing to our readers.

"She was a character not easily to be comprehended. She spoke much to herself, but little to any other person—worked so hard that she seldom looked up, and all the while sung scraps of old songs and ballads, the import of which it was impossible to understand; but she often chanted these with a pathos that seemed to flow from the

heart, and that never failed to affect the hearer. She wore a russet worsted gown, clouted shoes, and a quoif, or mutch, upon her head, that was crimped and plaited so close around her face that very little of the latter was visible.

A sort of secret understanding begins to grow up between Nanny and her beautiful young mistress. The characters of both are, indeed, not a little singular, and there is almost as much mystery about the conduct of Katharine as that of her strange and unaccountable friend. That she is engaged in some affair that she is fearful of communicating to her parents, we soon discover, but the exquisite purity and sweetness of her character forbids the supposition of any thing criminal attaching itself to her. From her mother she is completely estranged, the good old dame being firmly convinced that her daughter is in league with the infernal spirits that haunt the neighbourhood, and, more dreadful still, holds communion with the terrible and plundering Brownie.

While things are in this state at Chapelhope, the amiable viscount of Dundee makes his appearance there with fifty of his myrmidons, to inquire concerning the sudden and well-deserved fate of the soldiers belonging to the party sent out with Copland, who, with a sir Thomas Livingston, and a captain Bruce, accompanies the ruffian. Walter is absent, and they proceed, in their usual brutal manner, to interrogate poor old Nanny, who, however, outwits and makes them all look very silly. They search—Clavers and Livingston taking one direction, and Bruce and Copland another.

"In the Old Room they found the beautiful witch Katharine, with the train of her snow-white joup drawn over her head, who looked as if taken in some evil act by surprise, and greatly confounded when she saw two gentlemen enter her sanctuary in splendid uniforms. As they approached, she made a slight curtsy, to which they deigned no return; but going straight up to her, Clavers seized her by both wrists. 'And is it, indeed true,' said he, 'my beautiful shepherdess, that we have caught you at your prayers so early this morning?'"

"'And what if you have, sir?' returned she."

"'Why, nothing at all, save that I earnestly desire, and long exceedingly to join with you in your devotional exercises,' laying hold of her in the rudest manner."

"Katharine screamed so loud that in an instant old Nanny was at their side, with revenge gleaming from her half-shaded eyes, and heaving over her shoulder a large green-kale gully, with which she would doubtless have silenced the renowned Dundee for

ever, had not Livingston sprung forward with the utmost celerity, and caught her arm just as the stroke was descending. But Nanny did not spare her voice; she lifted it up with shouts on high, and never suffered one yell to lose hearing of another.

"Walter, having just then returned from the hill, and hearing the hideous uproar in the Old Room, rushed into it forthwith to see what was the matter. Katharine was just sinking, when her father entered, within the grasp of the gentle and virtuous Clavers. The backs of both the knights were towards Walter as he came in, and they were so engaged amid bustle and din that neither of them perceived him, until he was close at their backs. He was at least a foot taller than any of them, and nearly as wide round the chest as them both. In one moment his immense fingers grasped both their slender necks, almost meeting behind each of their windpipes. They were rendered powerless at once—they attempted no more struggling with the women, for so completely had Walter's gripes unnerved them, that they could scarcely lift their arms from their sides; neither could they articulate a word, or utter any other sound than a kind of choaked gasping for breath. Walter wheeled them about to the light, and looked alternately at each of them, without quitting or even slackening his hold."

"'Callants, wha ir ye ava?—or what's the meanin' o' a' this unmenefu' rampaging?'"

"Sir Thomas gave his name in a hoarse and broken voice; but Clavers, whose nape Walter's right hand embraced, and whose rudeness to his daughter had set his mountain-blood a-boiling, could not answer a word. Walter, slackening his hold, somewhat, waited for an answer, but none coming—

"'Wha ir ye, I say, ye bit useless weazel-blawn like urf that ye're?'"

The haughty and insolent Clavers was stung with rage; but seeing no immediate redress was to be had, he endeavoured to pronounce his dreaded name, but it was in a whisper scarcely audible, and stuck in his throat—'Jo—o—o Graham,' said he.

"'Jock Graham do they ca' ye?—Ye're but an unmannerly whalp, man. And ye're baith king's officers too!—Weel, I'll tell ye what it is, my denty clever callants; if it warna for the blood that's i' your master's veins, I wad nite your twa bits o' pows thegither.'"

"He then threw them from him; the one the one way, and the other the other, and lifting his huge oak staff, he strode out at the door, saying, as he left them,—'Heh! are free men to be guidit this gate?—I'll step down to the green to your commander, an' tell him what kind o' chaps he keeps about him to send into fock's houses.—Dirty unmenefu' things!'"

The result of this visit is the seizure of Walter, to take his trial at Edinburgh

for disaffection. The conduct of Clavers and his gang during their stay was marked by every token of the most confirmed and diabolical turpitude. The chief pretext for Walter's imprisonment is furnished by a large quantity of ready-dressed provisions, which had been provided by his directions to entertain Clavers and his men on their expected arrival, but which Dundee insists had been prepared for the objects of his persecution. After many vain endeavours to obtain farther information, torturing a poor old shepherd, almost frightening Walter's sons, both mere children, out of their lives, plundering Laidlaw's house, and committing all sorts of depredations in the neighbourhood, Clavers departs, taking Walter with him. The country is scoured by Dundee in search of the Cameronians, and in this pursuit he displays a keenness and indefatigability worthy a truly infernal nature. Many fell into the villain's hands—and were instantly murdered.

"Four were surprised and taken prisoners on a height called Cer-Cleuch-Ridge, who were brought to Clavers and shortly examined on a little crook in the Erne Cleuch, a little above the old steading at Hopertoudy.

"Macpherson kept the high road, such as it was, with his prisoner; but travelled no faster than just to keep up with the parties that were scouring the hills on each side; and seeing these unfortunate men hunted in from the hill, he rode up with his companions and charge to see the issue, remarking to Walter, that, 'he woold not pe much creat deal te worse of scheeing fwat te Cot t—n'd fwigs would pe getting.'

"How did Walter's heart smite him when he saw that one of them was the sensible, judicious, and honourable fellow with whom he fought, and whose arm he had dislocated by a blow with his stick! It was still hanging in a sling made of a double rash rope.

"They would renounce nothing, confess nothing, nor yield, in the slightest degree, to the threats and insulting questions put by the general. They expected no mercy, and they cringed for none; but seemed all the while to regard him with pity and contempt. Walter often said that he was an ill judge of the cause for which these men suffered; but whatever might be said of it, they were heroes in that cause. Their complexions were sallow, and bore marks of famine and other privations; their beards untrimmed; their apparel all in rags, and their hats slouched down about their ears with sleeping on the hills. All this they had borne with resignation and without a murmur; and, when brought to the last, before the most remorseless of the human race, they showed no

symptoms of flinching or yielding up an item of the cause they had espoused.

"When asked, 'if they would pray for the king?'

"They answered, 'that they would with all their hearts;—they would pray for his forgiveness, in time and place convenient, but not when every profligate bade them, which were a loathful scurrility, and a mockery of God.'

"'Would they acknowledge him as their right and lawful sovereign?'

"'No, that they would never do! He was a bloody and designing papist, and had usurped a prerogative that belonged not to him. To acknowledge the Duke of York for king, would be to acknowledge the divine approbation of tyranny, oppression, usurpation, and all that militates against religion or liberty, as well as justifying the abrogation of our ancient law relating to the succession; and that, besides, he had trampled on every civil and religious right, and was no king for Scotland, or any land where the inhabitants did not choose the most abject and degrading slavery. For their parts, they would never acknowledge him; and though it was but little that their protestations and their blood could avail, they gave them freely. They had but few left to mourn for them, and these few might never know of their fate; but there was *One* who knew their hearts, who saw their sufferings, and in Him they trusted that the days of tyranny and oppression were wearing to a close, and that a race yet to come might acknowledge that they had not shed their blood in vain.'

"Clavers ordered them all to be shot. They craved time to pray, but he objected, sullenly alleging, that he had not time to spare. Mr. Copland said,—'My lord, you had better grant the poor wretches that small indulgence.' On which Clavers took out his watch, and said he would grant them two minutes, provided they did not howl. When the man with the hurt arm turned round to kneel, Walter could not help crying out to him in a voice half stifled with agony—

"'Ah! lak-a-day, man! is it come to this with you, and that so soon? This is a sad sight!'

"The man pretended to put on a strange and astonished look towards his benefactor.

"'Whoever you are,' said he, 'that pities the sufferings of a hapless stranger, I thank you. May God requite you! but think of yourself, and apply for mercy where it is to be found, for you are in the hands of those whose boast it is to despise it.'

"Walter at first thought this was strange, but he soon perceived the policy of it, and wondered at his friend's readiness at such an awful hour, when any acknowledgment of connexion would have been so fatal to himself. They kneeled all down, clasped their hands together, turned their faces to

Heaven, and prayed in a scarce audible whisper. Captain Bruce, in the mean time, knelt behind the files, and prayed in mockery, making a long face, wiping his eyes, and speaking in such a ludicrous whine, that it was impossible for the gravest face to retain its muscles unaltered. He had more to attend to him than the miserable sufferers. When the two minutes were expired, Clavers, who held his watch all the time, made a sign to the dragoons who were drawn up, without giving any intimation to the sufferers, which, perhaps, was merciful, and in a moment all the four were launched into eternity.

"The soldiers, for what reason Walter never understood, stretched the bodies all in a straight line on the brae, with their faces upwards, and about a yard distant from one another, and then rode off as fast as they could to get another hunt, as they called it. These four men were afterwards carried by the fugitives, and some country people, and decently interred in Ettrick church-yard. Their graves are all in a row a few paces from the south-west corner of the present church. The goodman of Chapelhope, some years thereafter, erected a head-stone over the grave of the unfortunate sufferer whose arm he had broken, which, with its rude sculpture, is to be seen to this day. His name was Walter Biggar. A small heap of stones is raised on the place where they were shot."

We shall give but one more instance of the horrible cruelties committed by the government agents at this period. The priest of Tweedsmuir had given information of a meeting of Covenanters at a place called Talle-Lins. Thither a party of military were despatched. The commanding officer, a serjeant Douglas, had been told by this wretched fellow that in a cottage hard by there was an individual whom he suspected to be a Covenanter, and to have attended at the above meeting.

"About the break of day, they went and surrounded a shepherd's cottage belonging to the farm of Corehead, having been led thither by the curate, where they found the shepherd, an old man, his daughter, and one Edward McCane, son to a merchant in Larnarkshire, who was courting this shepherdess, a beautiful young maiden. The curate having got intelligence that a stranger was at that house, immediately suspected him to be one of the wanderers, and on this surmise the information was given. The curate acknowledged the shepherd and his daughter as parishioners, but of McCane, he said, he knew nothing, and had no doubt that he was one of the rebellious whigs. They fell to examine the youth, but they were all affected with the liquor they had drunk over night, and made a mere farce of it, paying no regard to his answers, or, if

they did, it was merely to misconstrue or mock them. He denied having been at the meeting at Talle-Lins, and all acquaintance with the individuals whom they named as having been there present. Finding that they could make nothing of him whereon to ground a charge, Douglas made them search him for arms; for being somewhat drunk, he took it highly amiss that he should have been brought out of his way for nothing. McCane judged himself safe on that score, for he knew that he had neither knife, razor, bodkin, nor edged instrument of any kind about him; but as ill luck would have it, he chanced to have an old gun-flint in his waistcoat pocket. Douglas instantly pronounced this to be sufficient, and ordered him to be shot. McCane was speechless for some time with astonishment, and at length told his errand, and the footing on which he stood with the young girl before them, offering at the same time to bring proofs from his own parish of his loyalty and conformity. He even condescended to kneel to the ruffian, to clasp his knees, and beg and beseech of him to be allowed time for a regular proof; but nothing would move him. He said, the courtship was a very clever excuse, but would not do with him, and forthwith ordered him to be shot. He would not even allow him to sing a psalm with his two friends, but cursed and swore that the devil a psalm he should sing there. He said, 'It would not be singing a few verses of a psalm in a wretched and miserable style that would keep him out of hell; and if he went to heaven, he might then lift as much at psalm-singing as he had a mind.' When the girl, his betrothed sweet-heart, saw the muskets levelled at her lover, she broke through the file, shrieking most piteously, threw herself on him, clasped his neck and kissed him, crying, like one distracted, 'O Edward, take me wi' ye—take me wi' ye; a' the world sauna part us.'

"'Ah! Mary,' said he, 'last night we looked forward to long and happy years—how joyful were our hopes! but they are all blasted at once. Be comforted, my dearest, dearest heart!—God bless you!—Farewell for ever.'

"The soldiers then dragged her backward, mocking her with indelicate remarks, and while she was yet scarcely two paces removed, and still stretching out her hands towards him, six balls were lodged in his heart in a moment, and he fell dead at her feet. Deformed and bloody as he was, she pressed the corpse to her bosom, moaning and sobbing in such a way as if every throb would have been her last, and in that condition the soldiers marched merrily off and left them."

On the way to Edinburgh, Laidlaw has occasion to observe in Roy Macpherson symptoms of a kinder disposition than he supposed him to possess. The blunt sol-

dier soon begins to feel an esteem for Walter, which by degrees ripens into friendship, and before they part, he gives him advice as to his behaviour before the council, which proves of the utmost importance to him, and in all probability saved his life. In the meanwhile Katharine is in the deepest distress for the fate of her father, when she receives a letter from him, directing her to repair with all speed to the Laird of Drummelzier, Walter's landlord, and who held him in high esteem, inform him of the predicament in which he stood, and beseech his advice and good offices in his behalf with the government. In this he followed Macpherson's counsel, Drummelzier being a man of considerable consequence, high rank, powerful connexions, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety. Katharine, on the receipt of this letter, is thrown into considerable perplexity,—on the one hand, her father's danger is too urgent to admit of delay, and on the other circumstances at home, connected with the fate of several worthy and distressed individuals, belonging to the Cameronians, (among them one of their most celebrated preachers,) render it almost equally imperative upon her to remain at Chapelhope; the only means of extricating from this dilemma is to find one capable of officiating for her during her absence, and in whose fidelity she can confide. Among the ignorant and bewildered rustics of the neighbourhood this is impossible—her brothers are too young—and with respect to her mother, the alarm with which the “gudewife” already regards her daughter as the associate of evil spirits, independently of her natural incapacity to keep a secret, makes her just the least proper person in the world to be intrusted with so important a commission. In this situation her thoughts turn to Nanny Elshinder.

“Nothing could be more interesting than her character was now to the bewildered Katharine—it arose to her eyes, and grew on her mind like a vision. She had been led previously to regard her as having been erased from her birth, and her songs and chants to be mere ravings of fancy, strung in rhymes to suit favourite airs, or old scraps of ballads void of meaning, that she had learned in her youth. But there was a wild elegance at times in her manner of thinking and expression—a dash of sublimity that was inconsistent with such an idea. ‘Is it possible,’ (thus reasoned the maiden with herself,) ‘that this demeanor can be the effect of great worldly trouble and loss? Perhaps she is bereft of all those who were near and dear to her in life—is left alone as

it were in this world, and has lost a relish for all its concerns, while her whole hope, heart, and mind, are fixed on a home above, to which all her thoughts, dreams, and even her ravings insensibly turn, and to which the very songs and chants of her youthful days are modelled anew. If such is really her case, how I could sympathise with her in all her feelings!’”

She sounds Nanny—assures her of the deep interest and tender concern she takes in her sorrows—and gradually approaching the subject on which she wishes to consult her, questions her as to her notions concerning spirits and supernatural appearances, and asks her if one of these unearthly beings should appear before her, “Would she be frightened?”

“In my own strength I could not stand it, yet I would stand it.”

“That gives me joy.—Then, Nanny, list to me: You will assuredly see one in my absence; and you must take good heed to my directions, and act precisely as I bid you.”

“Nanny gave up her work, and listened in suspense. ‘Then it is a’ true that the fock says!’ said she, with a long-drawn sigh. ‘His presence be about us!’”

“‘How sensibly you spoke just now! Where is your faith fled already? I tell you there will one appear to you every night in my absence, precisely on the first crowing of the cock, about an hour after midnight, and you must give him every thing that he asks, else it may fare the worse with you, and all about the house.’”

“Nanny's limbs were unable to support her weight—they trembled under her. She sat down on a form, leaned her brow upon both hands, and recited the 63d Psalm from beginning to end in a fervent tone.

“‘I wasna prepared for this,’ said she. ‘I fear, though my faith may stand it, my wits will not. Dear, dear bairn, is there nae way to get aff frae sic a trial?’”

“‘There is only one, which is fraught with danger of another sort; but were I sure that I could trust you with it, all might be well, and you would rest free from any intercourse with that unearthly visitant, of whom it seems you are so much in terror.’”

“‘For my own sake ye may trust me there: Ony thing but a bogle face to face at midnight, an’ me a’ my lane. It is right wonderfu’, though I ken I’ll soon be in a world o’ spirits, an’ that I maun mingle an’ mool wi’ them for ages, how the nature within me revolts at a communion wi’ them here. Dear bairn, gie me your other plan, an’ trust me for my own sake.’”

“‘It is this—but if you adopt it, for your life and soul let no one in this place know of it but yourself:—It is to admit one or two of the fugitive whigs,—these people that skulk and pray about the mountains, privily into the house every night,

until my return. If you will give me any test of your secrecy and truth, I will find ways and means of bringing them to you, which will effectually bar all intrusion of bogle or Brownie on your quiet; or should any such dare to appear, they will deal with it themselves.

"An' can the presence o' ane o' them do this?" said Nanny, starting up and speaking in a loud eldrich voice. "Then heaven and hell acknowledges it, an' the earth maun soon do the same! I knew it!—I knew it!—I knew it!—ha, ha, ha, I knew it!—Ah! John, thou art safe!—Ay! an' mae than thee; an' there will be mae yet! It is but a day! an' dark an' dismal though it be, the change will be the sweeter! Blessed, blessed be the day! None can say of thee that thou died like a fool, for thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters." Then turning close round to Katharine, with an expression of countenance quite indescribable, she added in a quick maddened manner,—"Eh? Thou seekest a test of me, dost thou? Can blood do it?—Can martyrdom do it?—Can bonds, wounds, tortures, and mockery do it?—Can death itself do it? All these have I suffered for that cause in *this same body*, mark that; for there is but one half of my bone and my flesh here. But words are nothing to the misbelieving—mere air mouthed into a sound. Look at this for a test of *my* sincerity and truth." So saying, she gave her hand a wild brandish in the air, darted it at her throat and snapping the tie of her cap that she had always worn over her face, she snatched it off, and turning her cheek round to her young mistress, added, "Look there for your test, and if that is not enough, I will give you more?"

"Katharine was struck dumb with astonishment and horror. She saw that her ears were cut out close to the skull, and a C. R. indented on her cheek with a hot iron, as deep as the jaw-bone. She burst out a crying—clasped the old enthusiast in her arms—kissed the wound and steeped it with her tears, and without one further remark, led her away to the Old Room, that they might converse without interruption."

Katharine now departs for Drummelzier—and informs the Laird of her father's situation. Drummelzier receives the intelligence with great wrath, and regrets that Laidlaw's seizure in a part of the country to which his jurisdiction did not extend, prevents him from setting his tenant at liberty. However, all that he can do, he does. He writes to the council in his behalf, interests several gentlemen of the first character in his favour, and moreover gives Katharine a bond to a high amount, and signed by himself, as security for his appearance in any court—this was to be used only in case Walter should not be conveyed to Edinburgh; if taken to the metropolis

Katharine was to leave the affair entirely to the Laird.

Katharine endeavours, in vain, to find her father, who, as we have already said, has been taken to Edinburgh. There, partly through Drummelzier's intercession, partly through his own firm spirit and adoption of Macpherson's counsel, he fares better than he had reason to expect. He is acquitted, or rather released upon bail, and takes his way back to Chapelhope.

On her return, Katharine finds every thing in confusion—Nanny—and all the family and household flown—and an aspect of desertion spread over the whole establishment. Nanny had seen frightful things while her dear Katharine was away,—but it is here necessary to go back somewhat in our story.—

The curate Clerk,—we have already introduced him to the notice and contempt of our readers—had beheld and been inflamed by the exquisite loveliness of Katharine's person, and the low servile parasite lusted for the possession of her virgin charms. He was a favorite with the credulous and priest-ridden mother—acquainted with all the rumours circulated in the neighbourhood to Katharine's prejudice—and in a conversation with Laidlaw's wife, proposes, after a long conversation upon Katharine's correspondence with infernal spirits, to sit up with her *during the night*, to drive the unholy influence from the sweet damsel. The mother assents with rapture—and the scoundrel takes his station in Katharine's room at midnight—he informs her of the base trick he has played off upon her mother, and after letting her understand that all resistance will be vain, for that he has settled that no interruption is to be made, whatever noises may be heard, unblushingly avows his intentions—Katharine, at first repulses him with astonishment—but on the renewal of his licentious suit, serenely requests him to wait for half an hour, at the end of which, *if his mind changes not*, she will surrender to his wishes; Clerk consents—the allotted time expires—and—but this is a scene that we must give Mr. Hogg the advantage of relating.

"The hour of midnight was now passed,—the sand had nearly run out for the second time since the delay had been acceded to, and Clerk had been for a while tapping the glass on the side, and shaking it, to make it empty its contents the sooner. Katharine likewise began to eye it with looks that manifested some degree of perturbation; she clasped the Bible, and sate still in one position, as if listening attentively for some sound or signal. The worthy curate

at length held the hour glass up between her eye and the burning lamp,—the last lingering pile fell reluctantly out as he shook it in that position,—anxiety and suspense settled more deeply on the lovely and serene face of Katharine; but instead of a flexible timidity, it assumed an air of sternness. At that instant the cock crew,—she started,—heaved a deep sigh, like one that feels a sudden relief from pain, and a beam of joy shed its radiance over her countenance. Clerk was astonished,—he could not divine the source or cause of her emotions, but judging from his own corrupt heart, he judged amiss. True however to his point, he reminded her of her promise, and claimed its fulfilment. She deigned no reply to his threats or promises, but kept her eye steadfastly fixed on another part of the room. He bade her remember that he was not to be mocked, and in spite of her exertions, he lifted her up in his arms, and carried her across the room towards the bed. She uttered a loud scream, and in a moment the outer door that entered from the bank was opened, and a being of such unearthly dimensions entered, as you may never wholly define. It was the Brownie of Bodsbeck, sometimes mentioned before, small of stature, and its whole form utterly misshaped. Its beard was long and gray, while its look, and every lineament of its face, were indicative of agony—its locks were thin, dishevelled, and white, and its back hunched up behind its head. There seemed to be more of the same species of haggard beings lingering behind the door, but this alone advanced with a slow majestic pace. Mass John uttered two involuntary cries, somewhat resembling the shrill bellowings of an angry bull, mixed with inarticulate rumblings,—sunk powerless on the floor, and, with a deep shivering groan, fainted away. Katharine, stretching forth her hands, flew to meet her unearthly guardian;—‘Welcome, my watchful and redoubted Brownie,’ said she; ‘thou art well worthy to be familiar with an empress, rather than an insignificant country maiden.’

‘Brownie’s here, Brownie’s there,
Brownie’s with thee every where,’

said the dwarfish spirit, and led her off in triumph.”

The sequel of this singular adventure is still more extraordinary and satisfactory. After the departure of the lovely Katharine to Drummelzier, Nanny, her dress arranged with greater care than was usual, was sitting by the fire,

“expecting every minute the two covenant-men, whom her young mistress had promised to send to her privily, as her companions and protectors through the dark and silent watches of the night until her return. Still nothing of them appeared; but, confident that they would appear, she stirred the embers of the fire, and continued to keep watch with patient anxiety. When it drew towards midnight, as she judged, she heard a noise without, as of some people entering, or trying to enter, by the outer door of the Old Room. Concluding that it was her expected companions, and alarmed

at the wrong direction they had taken, she ran out, and round the west end of the house, to warn them of their mistake, and bring them in by the kitchen door. As she proceeded, she heard two or three loud and half-stifled howls from the interior of the Old Room. The door was shut, but, perceiving by the seam in the window-shutters that the light within was still burning, she ran to the window, which directly faced the curate’s bed; and there being a small aperture broken in one of the panes, she edged back the shutter, so as to see and hear the most part of what was going on within. She saw four or five figures standing at the bed, resembling human figures in some small degree—their backs towards her; but she saw a half-face of one that held the lamp in its hand, and it was of the hue of a smoked wall. In the midst of them stood the deformed little Brownie, that has often been mentioned and described in the foregoing part of this tale. In his right hand he brandished a weapon, resembling a dirk or carving-knife. The other hand he stretched out, half-raised over the curate’s face, as if to command attention. ‘Peace!’ said he, ‘thou child of the bottomless pit, and minister of unrighteousness; another such sound from these polluted lips of thine, and I plunge this weapon into thy heart. We would shed thy blood without any reluctance—nay, know thou that we would rejoice to do it, as thereby we would render our master acceptable service. Not for that intent or purpose are we now come; yet thy abominations shall not altogether pass unpunished. Thou knowest thy own heart—its hypocrisy and licentiousness—Thou knowest that last night, at this same hour, thou didst attempt, by brutal force, to pollute the purest and most angelic of the human race—we rescued her from thy hellish clutch, for we are her servants, and attend upon her steps. Thou knowest that still thou art cherishing the hope of succeeding in thy cursed scheme. Thou art a stain to thy profession, and a blot upon the cheek of nature, enough to make thy race and thy nation stink in the nose of their Creator!—To what thou deservest, thy doom is a lenient one—but it is fixed and irrevocable!’

“There was something in this misshapen creature’s voice that chilled Nanny’s very soul while it spoke these words, especially its pronunciation of some of them; it sounded like something she had heard before, perhaps in a dream, but it was horrible, and not to be brooked. The rest now laid violent hold of Mass John, and she heard him mumbling in a supplicating voice, but knew not what he said.

“As they stooped forward, the lampshone on the floor, and she saw the appearance of a coffin standing behind them. Nanny was astonished, but not yet overcome; for, cruel were the scenes that she had beheld, and many the trials she had undergone!—but at that instant the deformed and grizzly being

turned round, as if looking for something that it wanted—the lamp shone full on its face, the lineaments of which when Nanny beheld, her eyes at once were darkened, and she saw no more that night.”

Thus was the wretch punished—and we have only occasion to say that for two years nothing was heard of him;—in the famous year 1688, he fell in with a miscreant of another description—the renowned Clavers—to whom he related his wrongs, and received assurance from his brother in iniquity that if ever it fell in his power, he would revenge them.

This event banished all the inhabitants of Chapelhope—The “gudewife” went to her brother’s residence at Gilmanscleugh—and the rest of the inmates fled in various directions.

At length Katharine procures admittance—Walter returns—but not altogether pleased with his daughter, whom events on his way homeward induced him to suspect of still maintaining intercourse with beings of the infernal world. She persuades him, nevertheless, to relate to her the events of his reluctant pilgrimage, and such is the ascendancy of this beautiful girl over her adoring father, that he consents to accompany her to the moor, where she promises to make him acquainted with all her errors, and unveil to him every thing mysterious in her conduct. At first he is rather obstinate—but is soon vanquished by the uncommon powers of his exquisite daughter.

“Katharine’s mein had a tint of majesty in it, but it was naturally serious. She scarcely ever laughed, and but seldom smiled; but when she did so, the whole soul of delight beamed in it. Her face was like a dark summer day, when the clouds are high and majestic, and the lights on the valley mellowed into beauty. Her smile was like a fairy blink of the sun shed through these clouds, than which, there is nothing in nature that I know of so enlivening and beautiful. It was irresistible; and such a smile beamed on her benign countenance, when she heard her father’s wild suspicions expressed in such a blunt and ardent way; but it conquered them all—he went away with her rather abashed, and without uttering another word.”

She takes him over the moor, and through the moss-hags—through paths scarcely ever trodden by mortal—over rocks and precipices—till they reach the top of an acclivity beneath which a burn, or brook, raved with a deafening sound—Walter stands in almost stupid amaze, while Katharine begins to pull a bush of heath that grows between the rocks,

“when instantly a door opened, and showed

a cavern that led into the hill. It was a door wattled with green heath, with the tops turned outward so exactly, that it was impossible for any living to know but that it was a bush of natural heath growing in the interstice. ‘Follow me, my dear father,’ said she, ‘you have still nothing to fear;’ and so saying she entered swiftly in a stooping posture. Walter followed, but his huge size precluded the possibility of his walking otherwise than on all fours, and in that mode he fairly essayed to follow his mysterious child; but the path winded—his daughter was quite gone—and the door closed behind him, for it was so constructed as to fall too of itself, and as Walter expressed it,—‘There was he left gaun boring into the hill like a moudiwort, in utter darkness.’ The consequence of all this was, that Walter’s courage fairly gave way, and, by an awkward retrograde motion, he made all the haste he was able back to the light. He stood on the shelf of the rock at the door for several minutes in confused consternation, saying to himself, ‘What in the wide world is com’d o’ the wench? I believe she is gane away down into the pit bodily, an’ thought to wile me after her; or into the heart o’ the hill, to some enchantit cave, amang her brownies, an’ fairies, an’ hobgoblins. L—d have a care o’ me, gin ever I saw the like o’ this!’ Then losing all patience, he opened the door, set in his head, and bellowed out,—‘Hollo, lassie!—What’s com’d o’ ye? Keatie Laidlaw—Holloa!’ He soon heard footsteps approaching, and took shelter behind the door, with his back leaning to the rock, in case of any sudden surprise, but it was only his daughter, who chided him gently for his timidity and want of confidence in her, and asked how he could be frightened to go where a silly girl, his own child, led the way? adding, that if he desired the mystery that had so long involved her fate and behaviour to be cleared up, he behoved to enter and follow her, or to remain in the dark for ever. Thus admonished, Walter again screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and entered in order to explore this mysterious cave, following close to his daughter, who led him all the way by the collar of the coat as he crept. The entrance was long and irregular, and in one place very narrow, the roof being supported here and there by logs of birch and alder.—They came at length into the body of the cave, but it was so dimly lighted from above, the vent being purposely made among rough heath, which in part overhung and hid it from view without, that Walter was almost in the middle of it ere he was aware, and still creeping on his hands and knees. His daughter at last stopped short, on which he lifted his eyes, and saw indistinctly the boundaries of the cave, and a number of figures standing all around ready to receive him. The light, as I said, entered straight from above, and striking on the caps and bonnets which they

wore on their heads, these shaded their faces, and they appeared to our amazed Goodman so many blackamoors, with long shaggy beards and locks, and their garments as it were falling from their bodies piece-meal. On the one side, right over against him, stood a coffin, raised a little on two stones; and on the other side, on a couch of rushes, lay two bodies that seemed already dead, or just in the last stage of existence; and, at the upper end, on a kind of wicker chair, sat another pale emaciated figure, with his feet and legs wrapped up in flannel, a napkin about his head, and his body wrapped in an old duffel cloak that had once belonged to Walter himself. Walter's vitals were almost frozen up by the sight—he uttered a hollow exclamation, something like the beginning of a prayer, and attempted again to make his escape, but he mistook the entrance, and groped against the dark corner of the cavern."

His daughter implores him to stay, and, addressing the inhabitants of this horrible place, conjures them to address her father, and calm his apprehensions.

" 'That we will do joyfully,' said one, in a strong intelligent voice.

"Walter turned his eyes on the speaker, and who was it but the redoubted Brownie of Bodsbeck, so often mentioned before, in all his native deformity; while the thing in the form of a broad bonnet that he wore on his head, kept his features, gray locks and beard, wholly in the shade; and, as he approached Walter, he appeared a being without any definitive form or feature. The latter was now standing on his feet, with his back leaned against the rock that formed the one side of the cave, and breathing so loud, that every whiff sounded in the caverned arches like the rush of the winter wind whistling through the crevices of the casement."

Walter's fears are somewhat calmed, at length by the assurances of the speaker, (whom we now discover to be the celebrated John Brown, and who, to ensure the safety of himself and companions, had assumed the disguise under which we have hitherto beheld him as the Brownie of Bodsbeck) and recovers in some degree his composure. At the request of Katharine, Brown relates his own and friends' adventures—their sufferings—and their being compelled to take refuge in that miserable place;—

" 'In this great extremity, as a last resource, I watched an opportunity, and laid our deplorable case before that dear maid your daughter—Forgive these tears, sir; you see every eye around fills at mention of her name—She has been our guardian angel—She has, under Almighty Providence, saved the lives of the whole party before

you—has supplied us with food, cordials, and medicines; with beds, and with clothing, all from her own circumscribed resources. For us she has braved every danger, and suffered every privation; the dereliction of her parents, and the obloquy of the whole country. That young man, whom you see sitting on the wicker chair there, is my only surviving son of five—he was past hope when she found him—fast posting to the last goal—her unwearied care and attentions have restored him; he is again in a state of convalescence—O may the Eternal God reward her for what she has done to him and us!

" 'Only one out of all the distressed and hopeless party has perished, he whose body lies in that coffin. He was a brave, noble, and pious youth, and the son of a worthy gentleman. When our dear nurse and physician found your house deserted by all but herself, she took him home to a bed in that house, where she attended him for the last seven days of his life with more than filial care. He expired last night at midnight, amid our prayers and supplications to heaven in his behalf, while that dear saint supported his head in his dying moments, and shed the tear of affliction over his lifeless form. She made the grave clothes from her own scanty stock of linen—tied her best lawn napkin round the head; and'—

"Here Walter could retain himself no longer; he burst out a crying, and sobbed like a child.

" 'An' has my Katie done a' this?' cried he, in a loud broken voice—'Has my woman done a' this, an' yet me to suspect her, an' be harsh till her? I might hae kend her better!' continued he, taking her in his arms, and kissing her cheek again and again. 'But she sall hae ten silk gowns, an' ten satin anes, for the bit linen she has bestowed on sic an occasion, an' a' that she has wared on ye I'll make up to her a hunder an' fifty fauld.'

" 'O my dear father,' said she, 'you know not what I have suffered for fear of having offended you; for I could not forget that their principles, both civil and religious, were the opposite of yours—that they were on the adverse side to you and my mother, as well as the government of the country.'

" 'Deil care what side they war on, Kate!' cried Walter, in the same vehement voice; 'ye hae taen the side o' human nature; the suffering and the humble side, an' the side o' feeling, my woman, that bodes Lest in a young unexperienced thing to tak. It is better than to do like yon bits o' gillflirts about Edinburgh: poor shilly-shally milk-an'-water things! Gin ye but saw how they cock up their noses at a whig, an' thrav their bits o' gabs; an' downa bide to look at aught, or hear tell o' aught, that isna i' the top fashion. Ye hae done very right, my good lassie—od, I wadna gie ye for the hale o' them, an' they war a' hung in astrap like ingans.'

"Then, father, since you approve I am happy. I have no care now save for these two poor fellows on that couch, who are yet far from being out of danger."

"L—d sauf us!" said Walter, turning about, "I thought they had been twa dead corpse. But now, when my een are used to the light o' the place, I see the chaps are living, an' no that unlife-like, as a body may say."

"He went up to them, spoke to them kindly, took their wan bleached sinewy hands in his, and said, he feared they were still very ill?"

"Better than we have been," was the reply—"Better than we have been, goodman. Thanks to you and yours."

"Dear father," said Katharine, "I think if they were removed down to Chapelhope, to dry comfortable lodgings, and had more regular diet, and better attendance, their health might soon be re-established. Now that you deem the danger over, will you suffer me to have them carried down there?"

"Will I no, Kate? My faith, they shall hae the twa best beds i' the house, if Maron an' me should sleep in the barn! An' ye sal hae naething ado but to attend them, an' nurse them late an' airt; an' I'll gar Maron Linton attend them too, an' she'll rhame o'er bladds o' scripture to them, an' they'll soon get aboon this bit dwam. Od, if outhir gude fare or drogs will do it, I'll hae them playin' at the pennystane wi' Davie Tait, an' prayin' wi' him at night, in less than twa weeks."

"Goodman," said old Brown, (for this celebrated Brownie was no other than the noted Mr. John Brown, the goodman of Caldwell)—"Goodman, well may you be proud this day, and well may you be uplifted in heart on account of your daughter. The more I see and hear of her, the more am I struck with admiration; and I am persuaded of this, that, let your past life have been as it may, the Almighty will bless and prosper you on account of that maid. The sedateness of her counsels, and the qualities of her heart, have utterly astonished me—She has all the strength of mind and energy of the bravest of men, blent with all the softness, delicacy, and tenderness of femininity—Neither danger nor distress can overpower her mind for a moment—tenderness does it at once. If ever an angel appeared on earth in the form of a woman, it is in that of your daughter!"

"I wish ye wad haud your tongue," said Walter, who stood hanging his head, and sobbing aloud. The large tears were not now dropping from his eyes—they were trickling in torrents. "I wish ye wad haud your tongue, an' no mak me ower proud o' her. She's weel enough, puir woman—It's a—It's a shame for a great muckle auld fool like me to be booin an' greetin like a bairn this gate! but deil tak the doer gin I can help it! I watna what's ta'en me the day!"

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She's weel enough, puir lassie. I daresay I never learned her ony ill, but I little wat where she has gotten a' the gude qualities ye brag sae muckle o', unless it hae been frae Heaven in gude earnest; for I wat weel, she has been brought up but in a ram-stamplish hamely kind o' way wi' Maron an' me. But come, come! let us hae done wi' this fuffing an' blawing o' noses, an' making o' wry faces. Row the twa puir sick lads weel up, an' bring them down in the bed-claes to my house. An' d'ye hear, callants—gudesake get your beards clippit or shaven a wee, an' be something warld like, come a' down to Chapelhope; I'll kill the best wedder on the Hermon-Law, an' we shall a' dine heartily thegither for ance; I'll get ower Davie Tait to say the grace, an' we'll be as merry as the times will allow."

"They accepted the invitation, with many expressions of gratitude and thankfulness, and the rays of hope once more enlightened the dejected countenances that had so long been overshadowed with the gloom of despair."

"But there's ae thing, callants," said Walter, "that has astonished me, an' I canna help speering. Where got ye the coffin sae readily for the man that died last night?"

"That coffin," said Brown, "was brought here one night by the friends of one of the men whom Clavers caused to be shot on the other side of the ridge there, which you saw. The bodies were buried ere they came; it grew day on them, and they left it; so, for the sake of concealment, we brought it into our cave. It has been useful to us; for when the wretched tinker fell down among us from that gap, while we were at evening worship, we pinioned him in the dark, and carried him in that chest to your door, thinking he had belonged to your family. That led to a bloody business, of which you shall hear anon. And in that coffin, too, we carried off your ungrateful curate so far on his journey, disgraced for ever, to come no more within twenty miles of Chapelhope, on pain of a dreadful death in twenty-four hours thereafter; and I stand warrandice that he shall keep his distance. In it we have now deposited the body of a beloved and virtuous friend, who always foretold this, from its first arrival in our cell. But he rejoiced in the prospect of his dissolution, and died as he had lived, a faithful and true witness; and his memory shall long be revered by all the just and the good."

Such is the tale of the Brownie of Bodsbeck. There are two other stories contained in this very interesting volume, but we have dwelt so long on the superior merits of the first, that we cannot afford to speak of them. We must content ourselves with saying that "The Wool-Gatherer" is a delightful tale of pure and simple love, and that the "Hunt of Eildon" imbodyes in a very striking and pic-

turesque manner, some of the wildest witcheries of a country that for ages has been known and celebrated as the land of romance. The whole volume, in short, does infinite credit to Mr. Hogg, and we

cannot close without expressing our most earnest wish that he will not be long before he presents us with some more of his attractive and beautiful stories.

G.

ART. 3. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Discoveries in Natural History, made during a Journey through the Western Region of the United States, by Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, Esq. Addressed to Samuel L. Mitchell, President, and the other Members of the Lyceum of Natural History, in a Letter dated at Louisville, Falls of Ohio, 20th July, 1818.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you that my discoveries during my journey through the western states, have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, particularly in conchology and ichthyology. I beg leave to hand you a short view of them so far; I am yet in hopes to increase them, and to lay before the Lyceum, on my return, a rich collection of animals, fossils and plants.

1. *Quadrupeds*. I have discovered and described 3 new species: 1. *Musculus leucopus*; 2. *Gerbillus Sylvaticus*; and, 3. *Noctilio mystax*, Raf.

2. *Reptiles*. I have seen already 6 species of turtles, whereof 3 are new: 1. *Testudo bigibbosa*, from the Ohio river; 2. *Testudo chlorops*, a small land turtle from Kentucky; 3. *Trionyx Ohiensis*, or the large soft shell turtle of the Ohio. The *Testudo ferox*, and *T. picta*, are common in the Ohio. I have seen some lizards and snakes which I presume new, among which is a *Lacerta erythrostoma*.

3. *Fishes*. I have pretty nearly explored the ichthyology of the river Ohio, and the following catalogue of its fishes, is complete, with the exception of a very few small nameless species which I have not yet seen. Out of about 32 species, more than 20 are new ones, and I have even discovered a new genus.

Scientific Names.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. <i>Perca Salmonea</i> , Raf. | Salmon. |
| 2. <i>P——chrysops</i> , R. | Rock-fish. |
| 3. <i>Sciega grunniens</i> , R. | White-Perch. |
| 4. <i>S——caprodes</i> , R. | Hog-fish. |
| 5. <i>Bodianus calliurus</i> , R. | Bass. |
| 6. <i>Sparus cyanelus</i> , R. | Sun-fish. |
| 7. <i>Sp——nigropunctatus</i> , R. | Batchelor-fish. |
| 8. <i>Silurus punctatus</i> , R. | Mud Cat-fish. |
| 9. <i>S——elivaris</i> , R. | Yellow Cat-fish. |
| 10. <i>S——ambledon</i> , R. | Black Cat-fish. |

Scientific Names.

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 11. <i>Catostomus bubalus</i> , R. | Buffaloe-fish. |
| 12. <i>C——erythrurus</i> , R. | Red horse. |
| 13. <i>C——macropterus</i> , R. | Carp. |
| 14. <i>C——duquesni</i> , Lesueur. | Sucker. |
| 15. <i>Clupea heterurus</i> , Raf. | Gizzard. |
| 16. <i>Cl——alosoides</i> , R. | Shad. |
| 17. (N. G.) <i>Glossodon harengoides</i> , R. | Spring-herring. |
| 18. <i>Gl——heterurus</i> , R. | Summer-herring. |
| 19. <i>Hydrargyra dinema</i> , R. | Minny. |
| 20. <i>H——notata</i> , R. | Chub. |
| 21. <i>H——amblops</i> , R. | White Chub. |
| 22. <i>Lepisoiteus fluviatilis</i> , Lacep. | Gar-fish. |
| 23. <i>Polyodon folium</i> , Lacep. | Shovel-fish. |
| 24. <i>P——pristis</i> , Raf. | Spade-fish. |
| 25. <i>Accipenser platyrhincho</i> , Raf. | Sturgeon. |
| 26. (Supt.) <i>Silurus pallidus</i> , | White Cat-fish. |
- Not seen yet: Pike, Eels, Lamprey, Black-Perch, Yellow-Perch, Red-Perch, &c.

I shall add the descriptions of some of the most remarkable new species.

N. G. *Glossodon*, R. Body compressed scaly, head without scales, jaws toothless, tongue with large teeth and bony, seven faint rays to the gills, abdominal fins with a large adipose appendage and 7 rays; dorsal fin behind the equilibrium.

1. *Glossodon harengoides*, R. Diameter one-fourth of the length, jaws nearly equal, lateral line straight, tail equal, dorsal fin beginning before the anal, and with 13 rays, anal fin falcated 28 rays.

2. *Glossodon heterurus*, R. Diameter one-fifth of the length, lower jaw longer, lateral line rather bent downwards, tail unequal, lower lobe longer, dorsal fin above the anal, 12 rays, anal fin falcated, 34 rays.

Sp. 1. *Perca Salmonea*, R. Body cylindrical, yellow with brown patches, jaws equal, one spine on the operculum, and one above the pectoral fins, lateral line curved upwards, first dorsal fin with 14 spiny rays, the second with 20 soft rays, anal fin 12, tail forked yellow with brown spots.

Sp. 4. *Sciena caprodes*, Raf. Body cylindrical whitish, with 20 transverse brownish stripes, alternately smaller, a black dot at the base of the tail, tail forked, upper jaw longer, operculum acute, a single spine on it, first dorsal fin 15 spiny rays, second 12 rays, anal fin 12 rays, whereof 2 are spiny.

Sp. 8. *Silurus punctatus*, Raf. Body whitish with gilt shades and many brown unequal dots on the sides, 3 barbs, 4 underneath, 2 lateral long and black, dorsal fin 7 rays, 1 spiny, pectoral fins 6 rays, 1 spiny, anal 27 rays, lateral line a little curved beneath at the base, tail forked unequal, upper lobe longer.

Sp. 9. *Silurus olivaris*, R. Body olivaceous, shaded with brown, 3 whole barbs, 4 beneath, 2 lateral thick brown, dorsal fin with 7 soft rays, pectoral fin 10 soft rays, anal fin 12 rays, tail rounded notched, teeth acute.

Sp. 11. *Catostomus bubalus*, Raf. Body oblong, olivaceous brown, pale beneath, fins blackish, dorsal 28 rays, anal 12 rays, snout thick truncated, lateral line straight, tail whitish bilobate.

Sp. 12. *Catostomus erythrus*, Raf. Body oblong conical, rufous brown above, whitish beneath, scales very large, dorsal fin reddish 12 rays, anal fin yellow 7 rays, snout rounded gibbose, lateral line straight, tail forked and red.

Sp. 15. *Clupea heterurus*, Raf. Diameter one-fifth of total length, entirely silvery, a large brown spot at the base of the lateral line, head obtuse, belly serrate, dorsal fin 15 rays above the abdominal fin, anal fin 40 rays, tail unequal, lower lobe the longest, lateral line straight, scales small.

4. *Conchology or the Shells.* I trust I have discovered likewise the greatest proportion of the shells of the Ohio, having already collected and described over 30 species, the whole of which appear to be new; they consist of 24 bivalve and 8 univalve shells. It is strikingly singular that those shells belong only to 3 genera, that the 24 species of bivalve belong all to a single natural genus; and that those genera are all different from European fluviatile genera, which I have ascertained beyond a doubt by the shells and animals thereof. I shall add the characters of those new genera.

I. POTAMILUS.* Bivalve. Shell equi-valve unequalateral, commonly transverse, rugose transversely, sloping posteriorly, shape variable, margin thickened, two muscular impressions, an epidermis surrounding the margin by a membranaceous brim, connective oblong convex membranaceous. Ligament with two teeth on one side, and a deep furrow on the other, between two carina in the left

shell, while the right shell has two unequal teeth, and two unequal carinas.

Animal with a mantle open and bilobe, branchias as a second interior mantle, body compressed tough, two openings or siphons anterior on each side, not tubular, one foot on each side commonly bilamellose, next to the openings.

1. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, not truncated, thick and without knobs; 1. *Potamitus latissimus*; 2. *P. violacinus*; 3. *P. niger*; 4. *P. fasciolaris*; 5. *P. phaedrus*; 6. *P. ellipticus*; 7. *P. zonatilis*; 8. *P. obliquatus*.

2. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, truncated posteriorly, thick and without knobs. 9. *Potam. retusus*; 10. *P. truncatus*; 11. *P. triquetus*.

3. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, thin, not truncated. 12. *P. alatus*; 13. *P. leptodon*; 14. *P. fragilis*; 15. *P. nervosus*; 16. *P. fasciatus*; 17. *P. auratus*.

4. Sub-genus. Shell transverse, thick, not truncated, knobby or warty. 18. *P. gibbosus*; 19. *P. verrucosus*; 20. *P. tubercularis*; 21. *P. nodosus*.

5. Sub-genus. Shell rounded or longitudinal. 22. *P. pusillus*; 23. *P. subrotundus*; 24. *Potamitus obovalis*. Raf.

II. G. PLEUROCERA. Univalve. Shell variable oboval or conical, mouth diagonal crooked, rhomboidal, obtuse and nearly reflexed at the base, acute above the connection, lip and columelle flexuose entire. Animal, with an operculum membranaceous, head separated from the mantle inserted above it, elongated, one tentaculum on each side at its base, subulate acute, eyes lateral exterior at the base of the tentacula. 6 species. 1. *Pl. retusa*; 2. *Pl. saxatilis*; 3. *Pl. fasciata*; 4. *Pl. coneola*; 5. *Pl. angulata*; 6. *Pl. turricula*. Raf.

III. G. AMBLOXIS. Univalve. Shell thick oboval, mouth oval, rounded at the base, obtuse above with a thick appendage of the lip, columelle flexuose, a small rugose umbilic. 2 Species, 1. *A. eburnea*; 2. *A. ventricosa*. Raf.

5. *Fossil remains of Animals.* These are numberless in the valley of the Ohio, and particularly at the falls; but it is very difficult to ascertain what is new among them, however a great proportion appear to me undescribed. I have already seen or collected about 60 different species, among which are about 12 sp. of Tubiporites, 15 sp. of Madriporites, 2 sp. of Turbites, 12 sp. of Terebratulites, 3 sp. of Gryphistes, 3 sp. of Celleperites, 3 sp. of Encrinites, 1 Eurycephalites, and several unknown shells, besides fossil wood and real petrified walnuts.

* If I remember right this genus is also found in the Hudson river, where 3 or 4 species are to be seen, which have been mistaken for *Mya* or *Cardium*.

6. *Botany*. The vegetation of the Western States has some peculiar features—the most striking is its monotony, a few species being spread by millions over large tracts of country, while but few spots rich in a variety of plants, are to be met with. I have collected, however, a rich herbarium both on the Ohio and in crossing the Alleghany mountains. On those mountains I found the following new species. *Uvulana angulata*, *Streptopus undulatus*, *Viola gibbosa*, *V. nephrodes*, *Prunus cuneatus*, *Trillium lirioides*, *Delphidium flexuosum*, *Dentaria parvifolia*, *Agrestis viridis*, &c. I believe I have altogether already 4 new genera and 35 new species of plants, among which are the following. *Stachry longifolia*, *Podostemon repens*, *Hieracium striatum*, *Plantago compressa*, *Aira compressa*, *Scutellaria parviflora*, *Scutellaria macrophylla*, *Agaricus ellipticus*, *Gratiola cataracta*, *Alyssum gracile*, *Silene miniata*, &c. My new genera are the following:

1. *G. ENDIPLUS*. Calyx 5 parted. Cor. tubular campanulate, 10 angular, 5 fid, a longitudinal oblong bilamellar nectarium under each division. 5 Stamens equal jutting, filaments bearded in the middle. Style long. 2 stigmas. Ovary hairy. Fruit a double capsul, the exterior one monolocular bivalve hairy; the interior one bilocular bivalve 4 seeded, seeds one above the other. This genus has much affinity with *Hydrophyllum*, *Phacelia*, and *Decemium*, it contains only 1 sp. *E. bifidus*. Leaves pinnate, pinules ovate lanceolate entire or divided, glaucous underneath. Flowers purplish blue.

2. *G. TORREYA*. Calyx quadrifid, unequal nearly labiate. Corolla labiate, upper lip concave entire, lower lip trilobe, lobes notched. 4 Stamina didynamous, antheras monolocular mucronate beneath, hairy, connected. Stigma bifid. Four naked seeds. The type of it is the *Torreya grandiflora*, which is perhaps the *Lamium hispidulum* of Michaux, but not a *Lamium*.

3. *G. CYANOTRIS*. Perigone 6 parted persistent, membranaceous. petals equal open linear. spatulate. 6 Stamina, filaments filiform smooth, ovary trigone, style filiform, stigma trifid. Capsul trigone, oblong, trilocular, trivalve, trispermous. One species *Cyanotris scilloides*, with a long raceme of blue flowers, bractes scarious shorter, leaves radical oblong lanceolate. Affinity with *Nolina*.

4. *G. POTARCUS*. A fleshy fluviatile substance, flat, without fibres, with a few

flat cells beneath and inside, covered above with a thick fleshy epidermis. One species found at the falls of the Ohio floating. *Potarcus bicolor*, rounded very flat nearly entire, smooth, dark green above, sienna brown beneath. Next to the genus *Rivularia* of Roth, differing by epidermis only above, &c.

I remain, respectfully, Gentlemen,
Your corresponding member,
C. S. RAFINESQUE.

For the American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review.

Facts concerning the Engrafting of the Spurs of Cocks upon their Combs. By Samuel L. Mitchill. Read to the Lyceum, June 15, 1818.

Capt. Shaw brought from New-Orleans, in May, 1818, to New-York, a Barn-door-Cock (*Phasianus gallus*.) that was reported to bear upon his head a pair of horns.

I was requested to see the bird, and I availed myself of the opportunity to examine the head, in the most satisfactory manner.

There were two excrescences of a horny nature, about three inches long, and of a curved figure. They inclined to the right and left one each way. They did not grow side and side, but one was in front of the other.

They were not attached to the skull, but were merely rooted in the flesh of the comb. In this, however, they had taken firm root, and had derived abundant nourishment from the blood vessels.

I became satisfied that the horns as they were called, and believed by the owner to be, were the spurs of another cock, that had been amputated and transplanted. In their living and bleeding state it is easy to comprehend how the wounded surfaces may have united by the first intention, and the spurs of one cock grow upon the comb of another, as the teeth of one human being may be associated with the jaw of another.

It is worthy of remark in the present case, that the inoculated or transplanted spurs, had received nourishment and acquired growth, in their new situation. They were longer and stouter than the leg-spurs of the individual cock himself; and indeed of any cock I had ever seen. They were also more crooked, and less pointed. Their form and magnitude had both been changed by their translation from the legs to the comb.

The bird was four years old, and perfectly healthy. His appearance was

odd, as he exhibited his horny excrescences.

The appearances were, in all the memorable particulars, exactly like those which I observed in the cock brought last summer, from New-Orleans, by Mr. Giraud, to New-York. In that breed, all the facts and circumstances were substantially the same as in this. The horns were loose in the comb, and had no connection with the cranium. Their size and figure, however, were somewhat changed from spurs. The health was good, and the most striking incident was the whimsical appearance.

It would appear probable from these two cases, that there is an operator in Louisiana, who is very successful in these experiments upon cocks.

On the Mongrel Races of Animals. In a Letter from Dr. Allen, of Onondago, to Dr. Mitchill. Read before the Lyceum, June 15th, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot forbear to give you an account of a singular phenomenon in natural history, well knowing your attachment to every circumstance of philosophical research. Sometime in the spring, now past, a sow, the property of a Mr. Reed, within two miles of this place, was delivered of a litter of animals, the appearance of which, has excited much speculation and surprise. The litter consisted of six in number, one of which was a perfect pig in every respect excepting one of the hind feet, which instead of a hoof, terminated with three claws resembling a dog's.

The other five were perfect dogs, as to feet, tail, hair, shape, &c. to the fore-shoulders which resembled a pig's; the head was short like a dog's, the eyes and nose exactly in appearance like a pig, except as I observed before, rather shorter. They resembled a pig in nothing, except the shape of the nose, the appearance of the eyes, and the shape of the fore-shoulders; they were all born alive, four of them died in fifteen minutes. But the most perfect of the dogs and the pig, lived and sucked until several hours elapsing, were killed by the owner, and to all appearance would have lived to arrive at maturity. The sow was a likely young white animal, this being her first litter, and was put with a male equally well formed and handsome. About the time she went to the male, the owner had a bitch, and the yard was frequented for a number of nights, by numbers of dogs,

these were all the circumstances I now recollect attending.

I regret I was unable to dissect those animals, in order to ascertain their analogy to either class of animal in the viscera. This is a simple statement of the facts, I forbear to comment in the least, mean time I should be happy (should your avocations admit,) to receive your opinion on the subject, so much out of the common order of the nature of the brute creation, and on the union of two animals so dissimilar in their habits and nature. Accept, sir, the assurance of my particular regard and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES MEASE ALLEN, M. D.

S. L. MITCHILL, M. D.

Clintonville, Onondaga County, N. Y.
June 6th, 1818.

Description of a Phoca Vitulina, or Common Seal of the Long-Island and New-York Coast. By Samuel L. Mitchill.

Account of a Seal or Phoca, caught at South-Amboy, near New-York, June 13, 1818.

The length was 5 feet and 6 inches, and the girth around the thorax 4 feet and 4 inches.

There were no external ears, but only orifices for admitting sounds through the air and the water, in which the creature subsisted by turns.

The animal could live more than three minutes under water, without breathing. To enable it to sustain itself in this way, the extremity of the snout was so contracted as to enable the nostrils to be accurately closed at pleasure, and thereby to exclude the liquid element.

The back was of a dusky or iron gray when out of water and dry; though much darker when immersed. Belly whitish gray, or dirty white. Both have an undulated variegation of hue, in a transverse direction. Under the chin and along the throat, the hair is rather longer, and approaches nearer to a cream colour.

Head and face roundish. Neck thick and round, though susceptible of much elongation and contraction. Whiskers stiff, thick and plaited in five or six rows.

Eyes globose, nearly black, and capable of being accurately covered by the lids. Above each eye a patch of about five bristles.

The anterior extremities about ten inches long, and capable of being employed to scratch the head and the side. They are capable of being so expanded as to answer the double purpose of feet

and fins: have on each five distinct white nails, obliquely situated. Resemble the fins of the marine tortoise. The posterior extremities terminal, and webbed like the feet of a water fowl. When at rest, their soles touch each other. There are on each five nails, the middle one of which is situated on a toe shorter than the rest.

Tail flat and tapering, but not more than four inches long.

Mouth capacious, teeth small and sharp. The creature devours herrings with voracity. Two teats on the abdomen, which are retracted within the skin.

There are several varieties, such as that found in the gulf of Bothnia, in lake Baikal of Siberia, in the Caspian sea, and in the ocean, more especially the north Atlantic, and of very different sizes and colours.

ART. 4. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The Progress of the Human Mind from Rudeness to Refinement: exemplified in an Account of the Method pursued by Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, under the Authority of the Government of the United States, to civilize certain Tribes of Savages within their Territory; drawn up by Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. LL. D. &c. &c.

THE war which in 1814 led the inhabitants of Tennessee and Georgia, to destroy, in their own defence, a considerable part of the Creek nation, has been interpreted by some persons as proving the inutility of attempts to civilize savages. This conclusion is incorrect. The Cherokees have been initiated into the arts of improved life as well as the Creeks; and yet the Creeks only have engaged in hostility against the United States. There must therefore have been some other cause than the lessons they have learned from our agents. And this was probably the instigation of our secret and avowed enemies.

Until this exterminating warfare arose, the great problem of civilizing the aborigines was believed by many to have been in a fair way of being solved, or rather that it was already solved in the United States. The subjects of this philanthropic and instructive experiment were the Creeks and Cherokees. The former of these nations of Indians came from the west of the Mississippi. There is a tradition among them, that there are in the fork of Red-River, two mounds of earth, and that at that place the Cussatuls, Cowetuls and Chickasaws found themselves; that being distressed by wars with red-men, their forefathers crossed the Mississippi, and travelling eastward, they passed the falls of Tallapoosa above Tookaubatche, and settled below the rapids of Chatapooche. Hence they spread out to Ocmulgee, Oconee, Savannah, and down the sea coast towards Charleston, where they first saw white people. By

those they were resisted and compelled to retreat to their present settlements.

This nation possessed a tract of country about three hundred miles square. It is for soil and climate, as well as natural advantages in general, not surpassed perhaps by any spot of equal extent, upon the face of the earth. The number of warriors at the last enumeration amounted to about four thousand. Their settlements have been surrounded for many years by the Americans, the French, Spaniards and English. They were tempted in various ways to be concerned in the leagues and stratagems of their neighbours, who wished to get possession of their lands. They, however, generally conducted themselves with remarkable prudence, and avoided such alliances as might implicate them in depopulating wars. Accordingly, they preserved their national existence, and at the commencement of our federative government, attracted a large and early attention.

The greatness of their numbers, the value of their lands, and their contiguity to the colonies of the enterprising nations of Europe, made it necessary to have a seasonable and full explanation with them. At that time George Washington was President of the United States; and the Creeks were in an hostile mood. Congress was sitting in the city of New-York; and the principal subject then under consideration was, whether they should be treated by forcible and warlike operations, or by gentle and pacific means. The considerate statesmen of the United States were divided in opinion on these points. Some were in favour of the exterminating, and others of the conciliatory plan. Among the latter was Benjamin Hawkins, then a Senator in Congress from North Carolina, who dissuaded in strong terms the project of hostile operations against the Creeks. By his interference a military expedition was withheld until a negotiator could be sent

into the nation, and invite them to a peaceful parley. The man selected for this service was Marinus Willet. He was employed in preference to a clergyman whom it was originally intended to send. Willet penetrated their country, obtained a hearing, and brought with him M'Gillivray, and a deputation of the nation to New-York. Here a treaty was held, and a peace established in the year 1794.

The meditated war having thus failed, the next thing to be done was to regulate trade and intercourse between the red men and the white. For this purpose Congress passed a law directing the manner of dealing with them, delineated the boundaries, and appointed an agent to superintend the department of Indian affairs south of the river Ohio. This was during the administration of Mr. Adams. Mr. Hawkins was appointed the manager of this business. He had previously acted a distinguished part in several negotiations with the natives, and had acquired much knowledge of their situation, their wants, and the mode of doing business with them. Accepting the commission, this gentleman left the Senate, quitted polished society, and entered upon the arduous work of protecting and civilizing the Indians.

An undertaking of this sort has of late been deemed chimerical or impossible. The labours of the zealous Jesuits and the industrious Moravians had so frequently proved abortive, that few even of the well wishers of the experiment entertained much expectation of its success. The agent however was sanguine in the cause, and the government seconded his views. In the course of about ten years, he succeeded in advancing some of these people from the state of hunters to those of herdsmen, cultivators of the soil, and manufacturers; and the changes in their moral, intellectual and social disposition, have been effected without the assistance of other missionaries, and of scholastic or collegiate education. Indeed Mr. Hawkins entertained an opinion that an introduction to the mysteries of religion, and an acquaintance with the intricacies of literature, ought to follow, and not precede, an initiation into the more useful and necessary arts, such, for example, as those of procuring food and clothes.

This active reformer did not commence his undertakings by teaching his pupils the shapes and sounds of letters in the alphabet, nor the dogmas and doctrines in the catechism. He omitted these things altogether; or rather he studiously forbade their introduction. He adhered to

a rule of interdiction against all preachers of every sect, from holding converse with the Creeks, but treated members of the church with great politeness, in other respects, whenever they visited the agent at the factory; and for several years, the alarms of the natives were not excited by the discipline and lessons of schoolmasters. When Mr. H. first presented himself among the Indians, and talked to the assembled chiefs on his project of civilizing them, they replied to him in the most insulting terms, reprobated his scheme with great bitterness; and concluded by uttering sounds of the most contemptuous signification around the circle.

After their disgust and merriment had in some measure subsided, he told them in a mild and frank discourse, that he was now done with *the men*; but that, as he was by no means discouraged, he should quit them, and address himself to the other sex. This he soon found means to accomplish; and by soothing arts, by kind treatment, and by assuring them that he could teach them how to procure plenty of provisions and clothes with their own hands, he gained the confidence of several girls and women. To them he imparted the arts of *carding*, *spinning* and *wearing*; and to these they became soon attached, because petticoats, jackets and other articles of dress could thereby be easily procured.

But it was not possible to make all the females spinsters. Some for want of inclination or opportunity, and others through lack of machinery, could not practise those domestic employments. They still laboured, after the manner of Indian women; and among other occupations tended a little patch of maize for subsistence. Finding that sometimes, the women had a surplus of corn, the agent's next point was to teach them to exchange it for something to make petticoats, and other raiment. With this view he instructed them in the use of measures, and these he reduced to an intelligible value in money. A bushel of corn, for example, was valued at a quarter of a dollar; and where this precise coin was not at hand, the sign of it was a single white mark, called a *chalk*. This word thence became a nominal coin, or rate of value; and as a *chalk of corn* denoted a "bushel," so a *chalk of calico*, *tobacco*, or any thing else would signify as much of either of these articles as could be bought by a quarter of a dollar, the estimated value of a bushel of corn.

While this agent was proceeding by these means to improve and enlarge the

minds of the Creeks, he was not neglectful of the use and application of *weights*. He made figures to illustrate the construction of steelyards, on a piece of paper. He explained this to one woman, and after making her comprehend it, handed it to another. And by ascertaining the weight of hogs, and other things, which used always to be sold by tale, and reducing them to *chalks* or quarter dollars, he made his learners understand that a heavy hog was worth more than a light one; and by actually paying them in proportion to the weight, demonstrated to them the difference in value between things heretofore rated alike. This gave them great satisfaction, and made them more careful to fat their hogs. The like happened in respect to corn. This was formerly sold by the varying quantity of a basket full, till Mr. H. instructed them in the use of an established and unvarying measure, the half bushel; taught them to reduce such a measure to a certain weight by the steelyard; and then again to calculate this weight in *chalks* or quarter dollars.

At the same time, as much pains was taken as possible to instruct the boys and girls about the agent's house, and in his family, in the practice of the English tongue. In like manner the Indian children who lived with his negroes, were taught to speak our tongue. But all this was accomplished by rote, and without the sight or mention of a book.

Progressing in these ways, the spinning and weaving of cotton increased rapidly. There were in 1805, *twenty* looms in the lower, and *ten* among the upper towns. Of the former, twelve were wrought by Indians, and eight of them were constructed by Indians. Of the latter, three were worked by natives, and three were built by them. Three of the looms in the upper towns were kept agoing by white women for a toll which was fixed at every fifth yard. The women on the Flint river had then applied for fifty additional spinning wheels. And such was the power of example prompted by interest, that some old men and boys learned to spin and seemed to take pleasure in the exercise. In the upper towns there was at that time a demand for five more looms and one hundred and fifty more spinning wheels. Several men of the half breed, had both constructed looms and wove cloth in them, with their own hands.

Encouraged by these prospects and successes, the women appointed a time and solicited a talk with the agent. They appointed one of their venerable matrons

to deliver the talk to him in their behalf. He met them, and in the assembly of the women, was thus addressed: "Father, we women are poor and foolish; but you, as our great father, will excuse our poverty, and pardon our folly. When white men have come into our nation, they have never studied the good of the women, nor endeavoured to better their oppressed condition. All they have hitherto done is to make our situation more wretched. They have employed every art to raise and shorten our petticoats, and have thereby left us more exposed and naked than they found us. But you, father, commiserate our condition; you pity our nakedness and weakness; you say you will instruct us to cover ourselves, and be decent and warm; you will enable us to support ourselves, so that we and our children shall be in no danger of starving in the swamps. You come to lengthen our petticoats, and extend them over us from the hips to the ancles. Father, we will follow your advice: speak and we will obey."

He by degrees encouraged them to split rails, to make fences of them, to inclose their fields, and to till them with their own hands; himself showing them how, and by his example, convincing them that it was at once respectable and useful. Among the Creeks there was a peculiar difficulty in overcoming the aversion of the men to labour. Inured alternately to hunting, indolence and war, they threw all the toil of domestic affairs, the carrying of burthens and the drudgery of life upon their females. It was therefore a hard lesson to make the men work at all; and particularly to assist the women in their laborious occupations. The men, however, had learned by this time, that as game grew scarce in the forests, the employments of the women and girls turned to much better account than their own, and that with their pigs, maize and cotton, the females had already rendered themselves in a good degree independent of the men. It was now that the agent advised the young women to refuse favors to their sweethearts, and the married women to repel the caresses of their husbands, unless they would associate with them, and assist them in their daily labours. This expedient though perhaps not rigidly enforced, nor in all cases adhered to, was however not without its effect in breaking the ferocity of the masculine temper, and reducing it to a milder and softer tone.

To enforce the necessity of industry, Mr. H. availed himself of the scantiness

of provisions to give them an exhortation. Some instances had been reported of children dying of hunger, and particularly, of two little girls, as he was on his way to a conference with the chiefs. At the conference, the subject was mentioned by Mr. Cornells the interpreter, and after some observations made by the chiefs, Mr. H. stated that these events had made a serious impression upon his mind, and on the way to the conference he had put the question to himself, who killed these little girls? This answer immediately obtruded itself; "You Mr. Hawkins, you murdered these little girls. You Efau Haiyo, Oche Haiyo, and Tushinmeggee Tellico, you murdered these little girls. You chiefs and rulers of the nation, you murdered these little girls. In all countries it is the business of the rulers to direct the labour of the community so as to support the people, and if they neglect to do it, they are answerable for the consequences. If a bear, or any man, red or white, had attempted to murder these little girls you would have risked your lives individually or collectively to save theirs. And yet you would not exert yourselves to destroy this enemy called *hunger*."

The presenting the subject in this dress caused some serious conversations among the Indians, and the result was that they would sow wheat, and exert themselves to destroy the enemy called hunger. Preparent to this they had in 1804, committed to the earth one hundred and seventy-six bushels of seed; this afforded an excellent crop, and was instrumental in saving several lives. The agent furnished the seed from his own stock. The wheat crop is ripe in May. And the corn crop, which in favourable seasons is also exceedingly good, comes to maturity in June.

The speaker of the nation has his farm in good fence, staked and ridged. He cultivates his whole crop with the plough. Last year he planted about one hundred and fifty peach trees, and sowed three bushels of wheat. He had also begun the culture of cotton, and had a fine field of it; likewise a promising show of corn, potatoes, pumpkins, ground peas and beans. He had nine females of his family employed in spinning, and a loom in his house with a spring shuttle. The like was done by several other of the most considerable men, who employed the plough in agriculture, and clothed themselves in homespun.

Neat cattle were owned in large numbers by the Indians. Several of them have herds amounting to 100, 500, 1000,

and even 2000 heads. They had become very much attached to this kind of stock, and took great pains to procure them. These creatures are computed to double their numbers every three years. Their owners exchange them with the Georgians for cloths. Butter and cheese have been made at more than an hundred places. In 1804, these arts were rapidly increasing. The men had also become acquainted with the tanning of hides into leather; and the making of the latter into saddles.

They also had negro slaves to work for them. The African temperament which bends to servitude under the dominion of the black and white man, submits also to the sovereignty of the red-man. Several of the more wealthy Indians hold a number of such domestics. They were rapidly acquiring a knowledge of *real* estates, and of the utility of holding their lands and improvements in severalty. In evidence of which, it may be mentioned that a number of them were growing solicitous about deeds and titles.

One remarkable fact concerning their progress in calculation is well worthy of notice. In teaching them the use of the steelyard, they necessarily became acquainted with arithmetical cyphers. By a little practice, not more than other persons are obliged to take, they learned the use of these signs in adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing numbers, and became ready and correct calculators. And this they accomplished without being able to read a single letter. The symbols of numbers being signs of ideas, were acquired with equal ease by persons of all languages, while letters or alphabetical characters being signs of simple sounds, can be comprehended by the persons only who are conversant in the tongue which they are intended to explain. A Muskegee Indian therefore, is exactly in this state of advancement; he can sum up an invoice, or bill of parcels, by virtue of his knowledge of *figures*, but he cannot read a word nor line of the writing on account of his total ignorance of *letters*.

Thus they begin to find the usefulness, and suffer the want of literature. The inconveniences and disadvantages of this situation rendered the older class, and especially those who had property, desirous of procuring a better education for their children. And under the operation of this conviction, they begun to admit schoolmasters, to make their idle and vagrant boys submit to restraint, and to receive regular instruction in reading and writing the English language.

Great solicitude however, was expressed on this subject by the chiefs. Several of their young men had been educated from home, among and by the white people, and had returned into the nation, completely ruined for all the purposes of usefulness at home. They had acquired such a contempt for the Indian life and manners, that they violated the customs of their forefathers, and disobeyed the rulers. Losing public confidence in this manner, they were suffered to wander and prowl through the nation, without being taken notice of, or suffered to have a share in its government. There was no small analogy between these youths, and those of our own nation who go to Europe for instruction. They but too often acquire foreign manners and habits, conceive a dislike for their country, its inhabitants and institutions, and oftentimes mar their own happiness, and turn out useless to the public. So an Indian lad, educated among white people, has never in any instance been known to say one word in recommendation of the wheel, the loom or the plough, of useful arts, or domestic manufactures, or, in short, of any thing conducive to the general welfare. On the contrary, their discourse principally turns on the extravagance in which they lived, and the dissipations in which they shared; but they utter not a sentence on the condition of the greater part of their species, and of the human race who are doomed to live by labour. But education in their own country, of the kind which their state of society requires, and to the degree called for by their actual need, will gradually creep in and be followed by the most salutary changes in their situation.

In many of the villages, particularly of the Lower Creeks, the natives had already made considerable progress in the silver-smith's business. Ornaments of silver, such as spurs, broaches, rings, silver beads, ornaments for the ears and nose, armbands and wristbands were manufactured to a considerable extent.

Considerable steps had also been taken in the gun-smith's art, particularly in stocking the pieces, and doing some of the work about the locks.

These are some of the leading features of Mr. Hawkins' mode of treating these uncivilized tribes, and leading them on from rudeness toward refinement. Indeed, the business of civilizing Indians, however problematical it may once have seemed, was deemed to have been in a train of successful progress. There came in 1805 a deputation of eighteen

Cherokees to the seat of the national government; they were all men of property, and lived, when at home, on enclosed and cultivated farms. They were clad after our manner, in homespun cloth of their own spinning, dyeing and weaving. And several of them speak our tongue. I have seen letters written by Cherokee girls of the half-breed, as well expressed, and in as good a hand as our young females write.

I might relate to you what other measures had been adopted to instil into the minds of these people more correct notions and practises of civil and criminal law, than the barbarous and bloody policy they formerly pursued. The agent had progressed so far as to take punishment out of the hands of the irritated individual, and inflict it upon the offender by the public arm. And he had instituted a court of law, where substantial justice was speedily obtained by a trial upon the naked merits of the case.

The influence of music was tried with remarkable benefit among the Cherokees. The young women had clothed themselves handsomely, after our manner, in cotton fabrics of their own manufacture. They then were qualified to dance to the times of the violin. Care was taken to teach the steps, figures and gestures of the white people. They soon became active and graceful dancers. This had a surprising effect upon the young men. For they were excluded from the company, unless they would dress themselves in a decent manner. The attire and the occasion obliged them to behave themselves properly. And thus were their manners softened and refined.

On surveying the efforts of theological missionaries ever since the settlement of our country, it is truly lamentable that they have done so little. Generally speaking, their labours, even those of the early and zealous Jesuits, have been lost or misapplied. Many of our considerate and contemplative men have altogether despaired of either civilizing or christianizing the savages. It now appears what is the cause of so many and such lamentable failures. We discern wherefore, with such mighty efforts, so small an amount of good has been done.

Missionary individuals and societies have begun the work at the wrong end. They have attempted to instil the doctrines of a sublime religion, before they introduced arts and manufactures, and before they tamed man, and made him a settled and domestic animal. And while they proceeded in this way, they either

totally failed, or made but trifling progress—whereas, if they would employ the same amount of capital, and zeal, and talent in humanizing the wild hunters of the forest, their condition would instantly improve; their tribes be preserved from extinction; by degrees the useful arts of agriculture and manufacture would gain an establishment; and upon this foundation every kind of improvement might be erected.

Sketch of a Journey to Paris in the Autumn of 1802, during the Peace of Amiens; in a series of Original Letters, written from memory, by a Lady, in 1810.

DEAR II.

We left Dover at about twelve o'clock, on Thursday morning, the 26th of August, 1802, and, in less than two hours, arrived in sight of the harbour of Calais, but were not able to land until eleven at night, on account of the deficiency of water. The sea was extremely rough, and the beating against wind and tide rendered our voyage tedious and unpleasant; although, I must confess, I was much amused with the different characters in the vessel, the greater part of whom, were going to see *France*, and judge of the *French*, by a few hours ramble round Calais, when (if I judge not too harshly,) their astonishment at every thing different from what they had met with in England, must have precluded all possibility of impartial judgment and observation. When our vessel, which was named the *True Briton*, made the harbour, we were obliged to cross a great number of others before we could land; this effected, we were surrounded by waiters from the different inns, with lanterns, each soliciting us to go to their master's house. Some officers of the customs also requested our attendance, and we entered a miserable place, somewhat resembling a barn, near the pier; here our names were written in a book, and our small parcels examined, and we were desired to attend again on the following morning, to be present at the opening of our trunks. I should here observe, that the weather was extremely unfavourable, the night was dark, the streets dirty, and it rained very fast; the inhabitants had sought shelter in their respective homes, and the town appeared deserted and gloomy. We at last arrived at the great gate, at which we knocked, and were asked on the other side, "who we were," and "what was our business?" Having received satisfactory answers, we were

permitted to enter, and again our names were written, and also from whence we came. These trifling matters arranged, we were conducted by our guides to the City of London Inn; the refreshment offered to us was soups. To English tea-drinkers, this appeared rather unseasonable, but we had made up our minds to conform to every custom, and not to make trifles difficulties. The accommodation was very good—a night's rest refreshed us after the fatigues of our voyage, and we were anxious to see every thing worthy of notice in Calais. The first place we went to was the custom-house, where we were treated very politely; (as this is not often the case, I thought fit to observe it,) we afterwards went to the police office, where our passports were signed. The day being uncommonly serene, we were advised to visit the Tour de Guet, a high building, similar to the monument in London, from which we clearly observed the white cliffs of old England, and though the pleasure arising from novelty had made me leave it without a single regret, yet the reflections that a few days would take me still farther from my native land, rather depressed my spirits: but new objects which attracted my attention every moment, soon made me forget my sorrows, and almost that such a place existed. The town of Calais is not extensive, but strongly fortified. The form I conceive to be somewhat triangular; the citadel is large, and secured by fosses filled by the sea. The population appeared great, and it is a pity that destructive war should so much have diminished the commerce of a place, which seems so well situated for its purposes. The houses are tolerable, some very good, the streets wide but badly formed. Many of the buildings have suffered much from the revolution, and some of the inhabitants themselves were sinking under the evils it had caused them. The beautiful edifice of *Notre Dame*, still remains, notwithstanding the various changes it underwent at that period. In one part, religious ceremonies were performed, and in another was erected a temple to reason. On every public building was the motto of "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité." I should now imagine, l'Empereur Français, would be the only inscription, as Liberté and Egalité are unknown to Buonaparte, such a motto must be as inconsistent as the inscription which was printed at the head of their official papers when I was at Paris, viz. "Buonaparte Empereur de la République Français." When we returned to

our inn, we were informed that dinner was ready, and we were placed at a long table called the table d'hôte. To each person was placed a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, and a piece of bread, which I thought alone sufficient for a reasonable person's dinner. The first course consisted of soups, the second of roast and boiled, the third of made dishes, and the fourth of vegetables, which are never eaten with the meat. We had afterwards an elegant dessert, and music was playing during our repast in an adjoining room; the charge was three livres, or two shillings and sixpence English money, for each person. I observed in the inn-yard, after dinner, a curious carriage, on which was written Paris—*Diligence*, though from its appearance, it ought rather to have borne any other name. I exclaimed "I am glad I am not forced to ride in such an one," when a gentleman who was with us, said "that is the coach in which you will proceed, so pray do not condemn it." It was necessary to mount a ladder in order to get into it, thus you can easily judge of its height, the width is in proportion, and there are only two small panes of glass, called windows. Disgusted with the appearance of this vehicle, I dreaded the next day's journey. After having paid a few visits to some persons, for whom we had letters, we returned to the inn, and retired at an early hour, that we might be ready to depart at four o'clock the next morning.

L. M. B.

Suppose us seated in the Paris *Diligence*—having just left the inn-yard, where we had nearly been stunned with the repeated cries of "bon voyage! heureux voyage." Our party consisted of my mother, myself, the lady to whose house we were going; a daughter of Mr. Smith the artist, a lively little girl, who, to make use of a French expression had *beaucoup d'esprit*; and an Italian gentleman, who really was a most sensible and agreeable companion, and having frequently travelled from England to Paris, was enabled to point out to our notice, many things which we might otherwise have passed without observing. Next, was an inanimate English lady, whose faculties seemed absorbed in apathy; and lastly, a lady who talked incessantly, but I must add, though I do not wish to be thought severe, her conversation was neither edifying nor agreeable. In the *Cabriolet* were three gentlemen. On the roof was the guide—the horses were harnessed with thick ropes.

The first place we arrived at worthy of particular attention was Bologne, from whence we had a delightful sea view. There was a small fleet of flat bottomed boats in the harbour. It was market day and the town was extremely gay. We remained there near two hours, and observed several buildings which had been much injured by cannon balls during the time of Nelson's command off Bologne. The dress of the market and inferior class of women throughout Picardy, is very strange. They wear large caps, short jackets, and wooden shoes, and a very large gold cross, suspended from the neck. This last they consider as a necessary appendage to their dress, and would make the greatest sacrifice, in order to obtain so valuable and indispensable an ornament. Hunger had made us rather anxious to return to the inn, and after having taken a farewell of the English cliffs, which, from the clearness of the weather, we could plainly discern, and having received a summons from our smart postillion, with his immense jack-boots, we re-ascended the *Diligence*, which contrary to the name it bore, proceeded but slowly.

We were told at Abbeville, that this town was formerly well fortified and carried on a great trade, but that the revolution had reduced it from its former state of opulence to poverty, and that the inhabitants were sinking fast under the misery which oppressed them. We only remained at this place till the horses were changed, therefore, I can give but a very imperfect account of it. We stopped three hours at Amiens. I was much pleased with this town—it has a cathedral, the gothic architecture of which, has been very generally admired. The city is large and tolerably clean, the streets are wide, and I observed one or two good squares: I was told there were several. The inns and attendance were much better here than at Abbeville. I cannot compare the villages of France to those in England; instead of that air of cleanliness and comfort so frequently seen among the English cottagers, the dire effects of the revolutionary horrors are too visibly manifested. These scenes could not afford us any pleasure, and pity was, at last, all we could offer, for our charity was supplicated as continually as we passed through them, while each tale of woe seemed more affecting than the last, and though they extolled the liberality of *notre lord Anglois*, had our purses been ever so long and abundantly filled, they must have been exhausted long before every petitioner could have been

relieved. Some parts of the country, from Amiens to Chantilly, are very beautiful, others much the reverse, and as few places between the former and latter afford much to amuse or edify us, I shall lead you to the palace of Chantilly, which belonged to the *ci-devant* prince de Condé. I have heard much of the outrages committed by a desperate mob on this venerable palace. I have also heard that, previously to these ravages, its architecture was greatly admired. The gardens are spacious and very elegant. There is also a Ménagerie, and magnificent stables. But the noble statues as well as most of the works of art now lie in scattered fragments. So much for human grandeur!

L. M. B.

I shall suppose myself just quitting Chantilly, after having received a summons to proceed, and having re-entered the Diligence, and seated myself in due form and order, the first thing that struck my notice after an agreeable ride, through a pleasant country, was St. Denys, about two leagues, or two leagues and a half from the illustrious city of Paris. It is almost unnecessary to inform you that St. Denys was formerly the burial place of the royal family, and has, I believe, been much spoken of in the history of *France*. The abbey called the Benedictine is still held in great veneration by the more rational part of the Parisians, and they say that the gothic architecture of this structure must ever be highly esteemed, though now in a ruined state. The revolutionists attacked this place with great fury, and according to their plan of abolishing *royalty*, and every thing royal, they greatly defaced it, but their attention having been drawn to another quarter, it was not entirely demolished, and I should think it more than probable, that his *imperial majesty* may cause it to be repaired, as he possibly, "ere his hour shall come," will select some *royal* spot for his august remains.

Having left St. Denys, in about an hour and a half we entered Paris. The day was extremely hot, the hour of our arrival twelve. It was the market day at the Porte St. Denys, and the novel appearance of one street, with immense umbrellas, covered with red canvass, ranged on each side, and the noise of all the market women, speaking, or more correctly, bawling at the same time, struck us with surprise, but I cannot say it was a pleasing one; and we thought Paris was not very agreeable. Yet, as a convincing

proof, that hasty judgments seldom prove correct, I very quickly changed my opinion, and when our elegant vehicle turned out of the Rue St. Denys we were gratified with a sight of the Boulevards, and a partial view of those elegant buildings with which Paris abounds. I then could only express myself by exclamations of "Oh mamma, did you see such a place? Did you see such a building?" The arrival of the Diligence at its place of destination put a stop to our remarks; and when we alighted we were led to an inner apartment, where we were obliged to sign our names, present our passports, and give a *good account of ourselves*. Here we were met by Mr. Haines, the gentleman to whose house we were going. When all our business with police officers, custom-house officers, officers du bureau des Diligence de Londres à Paris, was settled, our luggage was removed into a *fiacre*, or hackney coach, and we drove through a number of streets ere we arrived at the Fauxbourg St. Honore, but having passed the Barrier, we at last observed the name of the street Rue-Cisalpine, which we had been so earnestly looking for: as the fatigue of a long journey, over paved roads, during two days and two nights, added to the excessive heat of the weather, had made us anxious for a few hours repose. After the necessary introduction, and answers to "what sort of a journey have you had?" we were conducted to our respective apartments; when, notwithstanding our surprise at finding, instead of carpets, a luxury the English are used to, red brick floors, we enjoyed some hours rest, and were quite refreshed when we were summoned to dinner. I thought it was now time to look about me and see in what part of the city I was situated, and in opening the window, I observed a beautiful park, called le parade Monceau, or la folie de Charteres. It belonged, formerly, to the Duke of Orleans, who had every tree, stone, plant, and shrub brought from England, also the furniture of the palace; and as most of the materials and other articles were prohibited, and the difficulty of getting them to Paris consequently great, as well as the heavy duty charged on those which were permitted to pass, the Duke's fortune was nearly exhausted, and the establishment has borne the name of *La folie* ever since. The palace, at the time of the revolution, was converted into a house of entertainment, and the Park into a public walk; the different objects contained in the latter, could not fail to excite some interest. In one

place are the remains of a beautiful temple, in another the ruins of an amphitheatre, in other parts caverns, and rude specimens of gothic architecture; in a word, every thing which fancy could invent or whim devise. I have taken many pleasant walks in the park; the novelty of which greatly pleased me, although reflection convinced me that the design was ridiculous. During my six month's stay at Monceau, I went out frequently, and consequently saw many parts of Paris. A friend of our's (Mr. Priestly, nephew to the celebrated Dr. Priestly) who had been some time in Paris, accompanied us to those places most worthy of attention. The Thuilleries was the first we went to; The gardens are handsome and extensive; the great walk, facing the palace, has two fountains, the water of which is constantly playing; on each side is a range of orange trees, one entrance is in the Champs élysées, or Elysian fields; and the other by the Louvre. On the right, and on the left of this walk, is a terrace, and a great number of statues; there are also a number of seats for the accommodation of the public. The gardens of the Thuilleries form as fashionable a promenade as Hyde-park in London, and the greatest order presides. All persons enter at one gate and quit the gardens at another. Thus, on any particular occasion, such as the fête of Buonaparte, when the palace is elegantly and brilliantly illuminated, and the trees covered with lights, and the concourse of people almost incredible, still there is no crowding at the gates, and it is possible to walk without fear of personal injury, or of having pockets picked. The police of Paris is certainly very good, and might occasionally be of service in London. The sobriety too of the lower orders adds greatly to tranquility on all public festivities. The palace is a dirty heavy building (I should have said *was*; as it has been greatly beautified and adorned since I left France) at least, I thought it so; but this opinion might have been formed for want of judgment and of taste, I shall therefore leave the decision to better judges than myself. Behind the Thuilleries, is the *Place Carrousel*, where, Buonaparte reviewed his troops, to the number of 15,000, on the 15th of every month. Here, I have very often had the honour of viewing this wonderful hero of modern times. I wish it were in my power to give you a description of the triumphal arch now erected near the grand entrance to the palace; but I have only had an imperfect account of it myself,

and must therefore confine my detail to what I have really seen.

As the Louvre is situated so near to the Thuilleries, I cannot avoid speaking of it, ere I shall conclude this long epistle. This celebrated palace is now the appointed receptacle for the national collection of statues and pictures. In the long gallery of the palace are arranged some of those master pieces of painting, brought from Italy, and other subjugated nations; as well as those of the French artists. In the hall of Apollo are many beautiful statues. It is fitted up in an elegant style, and so indeed are most of the apartments. Strangers, and particularly the English, must feel delighted and astonished when they enter this palace. Over the entrance is written the "Central Museum of Arts." I paid it many visits, and always felt regret on quitting it. There are several paintings of battles, in which his Majesty shone conspicuous, previously to his being made first Consul. In some, there is a very striking likeness of himself. But flattery, where majesty is concerned, generally guides the pencil of the artist, and in almost all the others the resemblance is but small. L. M. B.

I think I left you at the Louvre in my last. I am almost at a loss to know which place I shall first carry your attention to. The council chamber of five hundred held in the Palais de Bourbon, so called in the reign of Louis the XVI. and named at the time of the revolution, Palais de liberte, during the consulship, attracted our observation. The chamber was fitted up very elegantly. There were three chairs more elevated than the rest, which were occupied, on particular occasions, by Buonaparte, Cambaceres, and Le Brun—I had the honour (if so it may be considered) of placing myself in each of these chairs. Yet believe me, I did not envy one of the above mentioned gentlemen their titles nor their magnificence. The cap of liberty was suspended over the chairs; but all this must long since have been abolished, and the palace, I should suppose, have changed its name. We next proceeded to the Hotel des Invalides. This is a beautiful building, the dome of which is magnificent. Around it are placed the flags taken from different nations, and our guide had particular pleasure in drawing our attention to some English colours, observing at the same time, "Vous voyez, Mesdames, la gloire et la Bravoure Française." There is a beautiful chapel and very good library. The invalids appeared comfortable,

contented, and happy. This institution is as honorable to the French nation, as the hospitals of Chelsea and Greenwich are to the English.

The Jardin des plantes, in which is situated the national museum of natural history, was one of those places which interested me the most. In this spacious garden are hot-houses and green-houses, containing all the trees, plants and shrubs that could be procured from various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and a charming room for botanical students. At another part of the garden is the national menagerie, where beasts enjoy much more liberty and a better air than they can possibly have in the tower of London. Each animal has a spacious apartment, and the collection is very good. There is also a great variety of curious birds. In another spot is a monument erected to the memory of Rousseau. The museum consists of a spacious room and two smaller apartments, in which are arranged, with the greatest taste, natural curiosities of every description. A botanical student whom we met by chance in the garden, observing we were strangers, kindly devoted an hour or two to explain to us every thing most worthy of attention. "*La politesse Française!*"

The manufactory of tapestry is well worth seeing. It is said to require the practice of twenty years to become proficient in the work, and the smallest piece there had occupied seven men nine years to bring it to completion; but when done, the beauty is exquisite. The artists work at the back of the frame, while the subject is traced on the front. I saw the judgment of Solomon completed; also, the miracle of the fishes, and Esther appearing before the king in behalf of Mordecai; also some representations of ancient battles. At that time they were employed, about a piece for the Thuilleries; the subject was the death of Dessaix.

The national library can scarcely be seen in two or three visits. There is a suite of rooms, very spacious, filled with valuable manuscripts, and ancient and modern publications in all languages. There are two immense globes, which occupy two stories (the intermediate floor being pierced to receive them), of which I dare say you have heard frequent mention. There are public lectures twice a week on geography and astronomy. And persons, free of expense, are admitted into the library to read and study. A privilege, I believe rather difficult to be obtained in London, on such a liberal

plan. It is certainly a great pity this valuable building should be situated immediately opposite the opera house, which has been already twice burnt, and the books and edifice, I have understood, were saved almost by a miracle. And now I am so near the opera, and having given you, in an unconnected manner, an account of those places which I recollect, I shall observe that I was much entertained with the performances at the opera, and being in a language I could understand (French) I was as much gratified as I ever should be at a theatre, because I am not extremely partial to public places. The dancing, in which the French are known to excel, was really wonderful, and the effect of the stage splendid, though a spacious house must naturally look dismal from the lights being so disposed as to reflect only on the stage and performers. I approve of this plan, for surely that ought to be the attracting object, any other place might do as well for the purpose of gazing, or being gazed at, a fashion much adopted by the English at their places of entertainment. I will confess I have also received peculiar pleasure in seeing the tragedies of Racine, in which Talma and Made-moiselle Duchésnois were very great. The Theatres Comiques, did not interest me greatly, in most of their ludicrous pieces a John Bull was introduced, the character was always rendered either extremely ridiculous, or otherwise derogatory to the English, and however I may take the part of the French, I always felt hurt when my countrymen were represented in an unfavorable light.

I went one morning with Mr. Priestly to the Pantheon; there were many monuments to the memory of illustrious characters, but most of them so much destroyed, and the place then in such confusion, that I retain but an imperfect idea of the whole. In a letter which I received some time since from Paris, they say "I wish we could now take you to many of these places, the sight of which afforded you pleasure when with us, they would now greatly delight you, as all are arranged in the most perfect order."

The character of the French has been too often portrayed by competent judges of human nature, for me to presume to offer more than my real opinion of them, not desiring that others should form from that any decided idea of their character, which I consider to be (notwithstanding you affirm that I think them superior to every other nation) a compound of contradiction. They are mean, yet extravagant. Polite, yet rude. Fearful of offending,

yet apt to wound the feelings. They welcome strangers, and yet are themselves strangers to the true rites of hospitality. Premature and warm in their friendship, yet not generally to be confided in. It would be ingratitude in me, were I not loudly to proclaim, there are Parisians, who, understanding the sacred title of friend, are justly entitled to bear it. Their feelings are easily roused, and a tale of woe generally meets an ear of pity; yet, when offended, they are revengeful in the extreme. Not content with punishing the object who has offended them, they will extend their malice towards the several branches of a deserving family. The ladies are graceful and fascinating, nevertheless, in some points vulgar and inelegant; the slaves of pleasure, more perhaps from the effect of education and custom than of choice; but when a French lady (which is frequently the case) possesses some of the more solid feminine virtues, I think she shines superior to an English woman, inasmuch as her natural *naviété*, tempered by prudence, renders her a lively and agreeable companion; unlike the English, always inclined to view the brighter side of events, her temper is more equal, her several duties are performed with ease and cheerfulness, and, I think I may add, she approaches as near perfection as human nature can hope to attain. Paris may boast several charitable institutions, but poverty and misery are very general. External grandeur is sought by most with avidity. Comfort seems here a secondary consideration with all. To the honour of the nation they are very sober. To the dishonour of the nation they are great gamblers. They, like all other people, have many virtues and many failings; much to be admired, much to be condemned. They are the professed lovers of liberty, and the victims of slavery. Such is my opinion of the French. Their principles I do not generally admire, nor wish to imitate, but their merits, I think, are far more numerous than the English would willingly allow them.

L. M. B.

The following communication is inserted that both parties may be placed on an equal footing as far as respects the Magazine.

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

In the last number of your Magazine, Mr. Busby thought proper, by a post-

script to some of his remarks on propulsion, to give *at least a hint*, that the whole subject matter contained in my Essay, published in the July number, was not only visionary and futile, but wholly borrowed. It is in fact a copy of what he published in a daily paper, and which would never have been replied to, but by the earnest solicitation of my friends, and if my reply was severe, as he supposes it to have been, it was so by necessity;—he called it forth by the unqualified nature of his positions. A subsequent and short communication of his, through the same public print, has excited feelings on this occasion quite different from what otherwise might have been indulged. I can never wound a “fallen foe”—and should not now make any reply if it was not that yours is a *standard work*, where the pros and the cons should all appear together. My Essay, though *drawn up* in haste, was not drawn from *hasty deductions*—the subject was familiar to me, and I gave it to the public open to fair and candid animadversion. I claimed no originality, other than a *new* application of *known* principles. To have received, therefore, an impartial criticism from learned men, would have been pleasing, and no doubt, in some respects, might have been advantageous;—but I never did, and I never will, attempt to establish any plan of mine by derogating from the merit of others. What Mr. Busby means by saying (in the last communication in the public paper) that “the point had been abandoned and now taken up again in despair,” is to me inexplicable—I must consider it, however, I suppose, as a “*ruse de guerre*” to draw off attention and make a *safe retreat*. If Mr. Busby thinks that the communications in the public prints, signed “*A friend to merit*,” came from me, he is mistaken, and the publisher of the paper may satisfy him of that fact.

Now, in return, if Mr. Busby wishes his work to be examined with a candour which I court towards mine, I will undertake to point out some *supposed* imperfections in his arrangement—particularly as regards the *action of the syphon*, and perhaps may do him some essential service.

The following is the answer alluded to in the beginning of these remarks, nearly in the words in which it appeared in the “Commercial Advertiser.”

“*Messrs. Lewis and Hall,*

“In your paper of the 7th inst. your correspondent, Mr. Busby, has made an effort to impress the public mind with the

idea of the fallacy of my system for propelling vessels, by the power of fixed air, as published in the current number of the American Monthly Magazine.

Although this really merits no serious reply, and I have hitherto thought it wholly superfluous to make any, yet I have so far yielded to the advice of my friends, as to endeavour to place Mr. Busby and his authorities in a proper point of view. And till I have time to give ocular demonstration, I trust the following will serve to remove doubts imbibed by those who may have but partially considered the subject. The following are the particulars of his first reference :

Extract from Dr. Franklin's letter to Mr. Ley Roy, dated Paris, Dec. 22, 1785.

" Among the various means of giving motion to a boat, that of M. Bernoulli appears one of the most singular, which was to have fixed in the boat a tube in the form of an L, the upright part to have a funnel kind of opening at top, convenient for filling the tube with water, which descending and passing through the lower horizontal part, and issuing in the middle of the stern, but under the surface of the river, should push the boat forward. There is no doubt that the force of the descending water would have a considerable effect, greater in proportion to the height from which it descended, but then it is to be considered that every bucket-full pumped or dipped up into the boat, from its side or through its bottom, must have its *vis inertiae* overcome so as to receive the motion of the boat, before it can come to give motion by its descent — 'To remedy this I would propose the addition of another side L pipe, and that they shall stand back to back in the boat, the forward one being worked as a pump, and sucking in the water at the head of the boat, would draw it forward, while pushed in the same direction by the force of the stern.' 'And after all it should be calculated whether the labour of pumping would be less than that of rowing.—Perhaps this labour of raising water might be spared, and the whole force of a man applied to the moving of a boat by the use of air instead of water;—suppose the boat constructed on this form—a tube, round or square, of two feet diameter, in which a piston may be moved up and down, the piston to have valves in it opening inward to admit air when the piston rises, and shutting when it is forced down, and let the air pass out, which, striking forcibly against the water abaft, must push the boat forward.' "

VOL. III.—No. v.

Extract from the specification of James Linaker, Master Millwright of the Dock-yard at Portsmouth.

" First method, consists in applying a bucket similar to the bucket of a lifting pump, to be moved by any sufficient power backwards and forwards in a tube attached to said vessel, in a direction parallel or nearly so to the direction of the intended motion of said vessel, which is to be moved forward upon the water by the effect of this bucket drawing in the water at one end of this tube and delivering it out at the other in a direction of the motion of the said vessel; for this purpose the bucket and tube must be provided with valves, after the manner of a lifting pump. Second method consists of an improvement upon a method where a forcing pump has been used for the same purpose, but in lieu of admitting or drawing in the water by the piston of the forcing pump perpendicular to the direction of the intended motion of the vessel, I admit or draw in the water by the said piston of the forcing pump in a direction parallel or nearly so, but *contrary* to the direction of the intended motion of the vessel, through a tube attached thereto, by this means combining the effect of admitting or drawing the water in, along with the effect of forcing the water out in the best direction for giving the intended motion or impulse to the vessel."

It is now necessary to show the difference between these theories and mine. It will be observed, that the means described by Doctor Franklin, as employed by Mr. Bernoulli, to give motion to his boat, are very simple, merely by the weight of the water which was poured into the top of the funnel part of a tube; and by its pressure on the water, *under* the surface of the stern, to push the boat forward. This idea of Mr. Bernoulli, is good as far as it goes, but does not resemble either of the methods exhibited in my Essay. Dr. Franklin's suggested improvements on Mr. Bernoulli's plan, are intended to facilitate its operation and increase its effects; and his proposition of substituting air for water, seems intended to save the labour of raising the water—but, in this respect, he appears not to have given the subject all that attention he was accustomed to bestow on philosophical researches. The doctor's idea of bringing the water in at the *bows* of the boat, to supply the pump, certainly exhibits the "negative" principle of applying power, and shows, though in an imperfect manner, *one* of the three operations of my plan. His application of

the water thus obtained, is by the operation of its *gravity below* the surface under the stern of the vessel; whereas, in mine, the water is discharged at the stern, on the *surface*, and produces propulsion by the combination of the three following operations:—

1st. By the effect produced by *removing from the bows of the boat the pressure* of a part of the water displaced by the gravity of the vessel.

2d. By increasing that *pressure* by the *weight* of the water discharged on the surface at the stern.

3d. By the *re-action* of the water when *discharging*, on the *side* of the trunk opposite to the discharging orifice.

The union of these three forces gives motion to the vessel, and her speed will be in proportion to the quantity of water raised, and the velocity with which that operation is performed.—Thus it appears that the venerable Franklin was the *first* to originate this “*negative*” principle of the application of power, and the “*rejection* of its *immediate* use,” as applied to navigation and the “*opening* of a new era in one of the most important arts yet practised by mankind,” (vide, Mr. Busby’s Essay, page 14,) commenced in the decline of his long and highly useful life. “It would be impossible (continues Mr. Busby,) for me to detail the successive gradations of idea that led to the conception of a discovery, great in its consequences. Impeded by mental inertia, it came slowly at first, and with reluctance, but once in motion, it advanced with the accelerated impetus of truth, and bore conviction before it.”—Astonishing! A Yankee with a “*Catalogue of Schemes*” before him, would not have taken half the trouble.

Again, (page 16,) “Every attempt, therefore, not excepting my own, has heretofore been made on a false basis—namely, that of operating upon the water, with a view to benefit from the resistance of its inertia.”

Again, (page 20,) “It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that the idea of this ‘*negative*’ application of power seems never to have suggested itself either to the ancients or moderns; the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, had their biremes and triremes, &c. all moving by operation against the inertia of the water. The Italian gondolas are still navigated on a similar principle,” &c. &c. Why not tell us plainly the important truth that the ancients did, and the moderns do—**ROW THEIR BOATS.**

I will next notice Mr. Linaker:—He, in attempting to realize the doctor’s ideas, exhibits a want of talent seldom found in a good practical mechanic. His experiments appear to me to be a series of blunders; his first method is precisely the one recommended by Dr. Franklin, and, as far as it goes, resembles mine. But instead of confining the water as I do, in a *set* of trunks *adapted to that purpose*, in such quantity as to make it equal to a *solid substance*, and then cause the engine to push *inclined* plungers *against it*, as *firmly* as a boatman would push against a *wharf* or *pier-head*, when putting off, and causing the vessel to *recede* from the water, as the boat does from the *wharf*, with a velocity equal to the whole force of the engine, a desideratum *hitherto* not deemed *attainable*. Mr. Linaker operates upon the water as a *yielding* substance, by “drawing it in at one end of a tube and delivering it out of the other, by means of a lifting pump working horizontally.” Thus, besides the loss of power sustained by the *yielding* of the water, in Mr. L’s. experiment, the progress of the boat was impeded by the *resistance* of the *water ahead*, into which the boat was advancing, operating *against the bucket frame*, in its *forward* motion, in proportion to its *resisting surface*, and the *speed* of the vessel—a sufficient cause for not “pursuing this method any further.”

In his second method he proposes, as an *improvement*, to draw the water in at the *stern* instead of the *bows* of the boat, by means of a forcing pump in a *perpendicular* position, (an inclined one would have been better,) and by some arrangement of his valves, he has given Mr. Busby an opportunity to say, very truly, that it had “an effectual tendency to impede the boat’s progress.” What else could have been expected!

If Mr. Linaker had, in this last operation, employed more than *one* pump, of suitable dimensions, and placed in an *inclined* instead of *perpendicular* position, drawing in the water from the *bows* instead of the *stern*, and exhibited a method of operating on this water as on solid columns, in rotation, with the *full force* of the engine, I confess there would have been a strong analogy between such a plan and my *direct application* of power. How could Mr. Busby, who professes so much discernment, confound two plans so evidently different!

I could go into many particulars, to show the difference between my plans, and those which Mr. Busby chooses to call analogous; but it would too much

swell this article for an ordinary communication—those who may feel desirous to investigate the subject, can examine my essay, and draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Busby has also referred to the Repository of Arts, of 1815, for a description of an "Air Engine patented about four years since in England." Although I have searched diligently that volume, and others that immediately preceded and followed it, I find no other allusion to the subject than an account of experiments made with *condensed air*, but not *rarefied*, which did not succeed for reasons already given in my essay. But as he says, the "ingenious Mr. Murray, of Leeds, England," was engaged, for many years in *similar pursuits*, I take it for granted that the "Air Engine" alluded to, was like Mr. Murray's, and I find in Dr. Rees' Cyclopaedia, under the article *Steam Engine* that this gentleman has obtained a patent for a new air pump, but (says the writer of the article) "as the ingenious inventor does not adopt it in the steam engines which he makes, we may presume it is not of great importance." Hence it clearly appears, that Mr. Murray's air pump was only intended as an improved auxiliary to the steam engine, and not an "Air Engine" as "*a primum mobile*," which Mr. Busby appears to consider it.

Mr. Busby further states, that "many expensive experiments (some of which he witnessed) have been made in England under the superintendence of the first mathematicians and mechanics, but finally the idea was abandoned." Now I hold him in candour bound to state, whether these were *aerial* experiments, with a view to improvements in *aerostation*, as the aeronaut M. Montgolfier seems to have been concerned in them, or such as relates *particularly to my system*. I want to know *what kind of air* these great men experimented with, whether common atmospherical air in its *natural, compressed or rarefied* state, and if condensed, *how many* atmospheres; if gases were employed, *what kind*, and under what *peculiar* circumstances; whether these gases were *condensed or rarefied*, when used, and whether they were *expended*; as in the case of steam, or alternately expanded and contracted, and not *expended*; and also, *what kind of instruments or engines* were employed, and what were the *peculiar* results. He witnessed them, probably recorded them, and doubtless possesses sufficient knowledge to unfold them. I must, however, give Mr. Busby credit for referring me to

the "matters of record" alluded to, for I confess myself to have been a total stranger to them, and if he can give some others from his "*Catalogue*," particularly if they can touch or be assimilated to my plans, he will in this respect confer an additional favour—the "zeal" of my friends cannot half so much help me.

By the preceding account it would appear that the "negative" method suggested by Dr. Franklin, has not, hitherto, been put in practice; that my two "negative" modes of propulsion are *similar in principle* to his, though more *perfect in their application*, and made without having any *previous* knowledge of his suggestions; that Mr. Busby's method being similar to *one* of mine, though not *quite as perfect*, is of course precisely the same application of the doctor's principle, and was effected *subsequent to his* knowledge of this *important fact*, and that the wheel which I now employ, is a *simple* instrument, having found by experience that the *compound* wheel, such as Mr. Busby uses, was *too bulky*, and that according to a well known axiom in mechanics, that whatever was *gained by its complication*, *one-third* of it was *lost by mere friction*. Hence my present wheel having only *six* paddles instead of *eight*, the usual number, and being so *circumstanced* in its inclined position, as to admit the motion of the vessel to be *reversed* or suspended at pleasure, without stopping the engine, has an advantage *his wheel* does not appear to possess. As it respects my *second* and most *perfect* application of the "negative" principle, by means of instruments denominated *plungers*, operating upon the combined principles of the *lifting* and *forcing* pump, Mr. Busby has observed a profound silence. How far and with what justice he has by this procedure, denied *this* application of the *doctor's principle*, the surprising advantage he has ascribed to his *own* imperfect method, will, I trust, appear on reference to his essay; and with that intention, I am constrained to say to him, that "out of thy own mouth I will judge thee,"—Luke. "By the removal of the water from within the raceway, (says Mr. B.) the *resistance* (to the boat's motion) has been entirely removed, while the external *pressure* beneath the inclined plane of the raceway remaining unimpaired, urges it forward," page 17. Again, "the object is *now* obviously to *remove* the water from within the raceway as *freely* as possible—the action of the water wheel will then *reduce* the resistance ahead, while the pressure astern remains *undiminished*,

motion must ensue," page 19. Again, "the application of this principle is simple and expeditious. Suppose it were required to make any vessel, say the Chancellor Livingston, travel fifteen miles per hour, ascertain what power applied from the land would be necessary to produce the desired effect; then make the raceway and paddles of such dimensions as to operate upon a column of water, whose lateral pressure against the paddles would be equal to that power, and the object is immediately attained," page 20. Again, "supported as I am, by the fundamental laws of nature, tested by experiment, will I venture to call public attention to a matter fraught with consequences of high importance," page 21.—Now I would simply ask Mr. Busby what kind of difference it would make, whether the water was removed from the bows of a vessel by a *simple* or *compound* wheel, or by a pair of *suitable pumps*? *Pumps*, we know, are generally preferred to all

other instruments for raising water—they are more simple, less expensive, and not liable to be put out of order when *properly constructed*; and in respect to their *bulk* and the *quantity* of water that may be raised by them in the *same time* and under the *same circumstances*, I am of opinion there is a vast difference in their favour, and that the speed of the boat would be in proportion to the quantity of water raised by them, and the velocity with which that operation was performed. Hence I prefer "*my plungers*," even to *my own simple water wheel*. "These reflections, once originated, (I presume) require no aid of argument, or deductions of logic for their enforcement,—leaving them, therefore, to operate (on the mind of Mr. Busby) by the spontaneous impulse of their intrinsic gravity," I take my leave of him, and am, gentlemen, very respectfully, yours,

JOHN I. STAPLES.

Flushing, July 29th, 1813.

ART. 5. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THERE has recently been established in this city, a new society which promises to render itself of great public utility. It is entitled "*the New-York Corresponding Association, for the promotion of Internal Improvements.*" The objects of the institution are thus stated:—

"This association has for its object the acquisition and diffusion of all useful intelligence connected with the inland trade and navigation of the country. Its founders have indulged the hope, that by opening an extensive correspondence with gentlemen of the first distinction throughout the union, and by embodying and sending forth, in a comprehensive form, the information which might be thus acquired, great and permanent benefit could be rendered to the American people, and much incitement given to that noble and munificent spirit of enterprise, in relation to internal improvements which now distinguishes every quarter of the United States.

Officers of the Association.

De Witt Clinton, *President.*

Samuel L. Mitchill, and Cadwallader D. Colden, *Vice-Presidents.*

Committee of Correspondence and Publication.

Thomas Eddy, *Chairman*; William Bayard, Theodorus Bailey, Sylvanus Mil-

ler, James Tallmadge, jun. Robert Bogardus, Pierre C. Van Wyck, John Pintard, James L. Bell, John McKesson, R. H. Bowne.

Charles G. Haines, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Henry Post, jun. *Treasurer.*"

The following are the queries contained in the circular issued by the society:—

"1. What roads or canals have been opened in your county, or in your state, to encourage internal trade and navigation?"

"2. What roads and canals are now opening?"

"3. What roads or canals are contemplated?"

"4. What roads or canals might be opened to promote internal trade and navigation, and to what probable extent would any such improvements effect these two sources of industry and wealth?"

"5. What is the extent, character, and course of trade in your immediate vicinity?"

The following is the circular of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the state of New-York.

City of New-York, August 13th, 1813.

Inquiries being frequently made, by persons resident at a distance, relative to the course of studies and requisites for graduation, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of New-

York, as also concerning other matters interesting to the students who resort to this school of medicine, the trustees of the college, with a view of removing the inconvenience of answering so many individual applications, and of gratifying those whom it may concern, have ordered the present *Circular* to be published for general information.

The College opens, annually, on the first Monday in November, and the several courses begin, successively that week, after the introductory lectures of the respective professors. The session closes the last day of February.

Lectures in the Forenoon.

Theory and Practice of Physic, by Dr. Hosack, from nine to ten o'clock, daily.

Principles and Practice of Surgery, by Dr. Mott, from ten to eleven, daily.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, by Dr. Post, from eleven to twelve, daily.

Lectures in the Afternoon.

Natural History, including Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology, by Dr. Mitchill, from one to two, daily.

Chemistry and Materia Medica, by Dr. McNeven, from five to six, daily.

Obstetrics, and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Dr. Hosack, from four to five, on Mondays and Thursdays.

Clinical Practice of Medicine, by Dr. Hamersley, from four to five, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Institutes of Medicine, and Forensic Medicine, by Dr. Francis, from four to five, on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Graduation.

It is expected that a candidate for graduation shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

On or before the first of February, the candidate shall make known his name and intention to one of the professors, by whom he will be informed of the time and place of examination. This first examination is by the board of professors only; it is private and confidential.

A second examination is held before the board of trustees, to whom, on this occasion an appeal lies, and before whom there is offered an opportunity of redress, if a candidate thinks himself in any wise aggrieved.

The names of those who have been approved by the trustees are forwarded to the regents of the University, who return an equal number of diplomas, under the signature of the chancellor. They are afterwards signed by the president of the College and the professors.

By the 20th of March, the candidate shall deliver to one of the professors a

dissertation on some medical subject. He is publicly examined on the same, in the College Hall, the first Monday in April, and may publish, with the approbation of one of the professors, either in the English, French, or Latin languages. The degrees are conferred by the president the next day, at a public Commencement.

From the provision thus made, it will be seen that the various courses of lectures delivered in the College are so arranged, as to constitute a complete system of medical education. The board of trustees, however, think it incumbent on them to state, that it has been their unremitted endeavour to increase, as far as practicable, the means of instruction, and to render the advantages enjoyed by the College, at least equal to those of any other similar establishment in the United States. The anatomical museum, of large extent, has been augmented by some rare and valuable preparations, and very important additions have been made to the chemical apparatus and laboratory. The cabinet of natural history has also been greatly enriched by numerous specimens, native and foreign; and in the illustrations of the geology and mineralogy of the American states, is peculiarly rich. Measures have recently been adopted by the trustees in order to provide a library for the students of the University.

It is proper further to state, that although the most liberal and extensive system of medical and philosophical instruction has thus been provided, the expense of education to the candidate for medical honours is not increased beyond that of any other College in the union, as the courses are not made indispensably necessary for graduation, and the student is at liberty to attend any course or courses he may think expedient: the professors insist upon the attainments of the candidate, and not upon the number of courses, nor the number of years he may have attended at the University. The trustees confidently believe their plan of education satisfactory, and they indulge the hope that nothing will be wanting to fulfil the just expectations and liberal views of their patrons, the honourable the legislature, and the regents of the University of New-York.

By order,

SAMUEL BARD, M. D. *President.*

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. *Registrar.*

We understand that Mr. GEORGE FREDERIC BUSBY intends giving, in the course of the present month, in this city, a public Lecture on Poetical Literature. The

productions of Mr. Moore and Lord Byron will, we learn, constitute the subject-matter of the discourse, which will be accompanied by illustrative readings from the most admired effusions of those fascinating writers. Mr. Busby's recitative powers are, we are told, peculiarly vivid and discriminating; and we have no doubt that in the composition of the Lecture his literary talents will be displayed to advantage.

The third half-volume of Mr. Delaplaine's Repository is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will shortly be put to press. As the object of this work is to perpetuate the glory and virtues of those illustrious men who fought and counselled for the liberties of America, we cannot avoid recommending it warmly to the patronage of the public. Mr. Delaplaine has, we understand, been anxiously solicitous to render the present number worthy of the support we trust he will receive, and, by securing the assistance of the most eminent graphic and literary talents in the country, justified his claims to public approbation.

At the late annual commencement of Union College in this state, the degree of LL. D. was conferred on DAVID HOSACK, M. D. F. R. S.

Dr. Hosack's new System of *Nosology* is nearly printed, and will be published early in October next, in one volume, octavo.

The Board of Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of New-York, have recently adopted measures for the purpose of establishing a Medical and Philosophical Library for the more immediate advantage of students who resort to that school for instruction.

E. J. COALE, of Baltimore, has recently published a translation of Jacobsen's LAWS OF THE SEA. The following notice of the work is taken from the Hamburg Journal of Politics and Literature:

"We refer the attention of the public to a work of high interest, entitled, '*Laws of the Sea, in relation to Maritime Commerce during Peace and War, by Frederick J. Jacobsen, Advocate. Altona. 1815.*' Most of our readers will not fail to recollect the author's former treatise on the practical sea-laws of the English and French in relation to neutral property. The extensive importance of the contents, and the excellence of the execution of that work, were universally acknowledged. The author's present work, of equal excellence and merit, but of higher import, is presented at the favour-

able moment of a general pacification, and must excite the attention of all maritime powers, in proportion to the unexampled extent to which commercial rights were prostrated during the late eventful wars, and the desire of regenerating a system at once so perfect and universally in force as the *Consolato del Mare*. By the work before us, the author has acquired the praise of having attempted this system on the most solid foundation. Without doubt it is already in the hands of all our readers to whom the German language is familiar; and we indulge a hope ere long of seeing it at least in the English and French. Commercial Law has never before been treated with more perspicuity and system, and compiled from such a variety of authentic documents, and references to judicial authorities—no author before has enriched the subject with more just remarks drawn from extensive professional experience, and an universal acquaintance with the works of the later English and other European systems of legal jurisprudence—not only as it is at this day developed, but also as the principles of equity and justice, and the general interest of commercial nations require it to be established. We are assured we do not say too much, but merely anticipate what a more circumstantial review will confirm and support. Inestimable advantages must arise to maritime commerce, from an observance by all the maritime powers of the principles upon which the work is established; for the neglect and disregard of them has produced incalculable mischief. The intelligent author, in a general review of maritime law, has brought together with unwearied industry, with critical learning and profound judgment, all that might be deemed useful and applicable to the subject from practical jurists, among the Italians, French, English, Dutch and Germans, and particularly from his long professional experience, and a correspondence with men learned in the subject of maritime jurisprudence. The work merits the consideration of all commercial governments, and should be in the possession of every respectable merchant and mariner. Above all, the decisions of the great Admiralty Judge, *Sir William Scott*, are herein adverted to, and the grounds of his decisions estimated according to their high value. The author's own opinions and wishes, which are advanced with a commendable modesty, are as just as they are philanthropic. If, as we conceive, wars are inevitable, may his labours be

rewarded by contributing largely to the establishment of a correct deportment towards neutrals. We are only enabled to advert to the principal heads of the work. 1. Of the origin, the property, and the requisite documents of property in vessels. 2. Of the persons employed to navigate the ship, and the papers and contracts having relation thereto. 3. Of the contracts, in the use of vessels, and papers of lading. 4. Of the ship's disasters, and the responsibilities and papers therein.

"The index and table of contents will be found highly useful—not less so than the author's Introductory Reviews of the literature on the subject of Maritime Law."

FOREIGN.

In a communication from his friend and correspondent Dr. ALBERS, of Bremen, Dr. HOSACK has recently received several highly interesting specimens of the lithographic art. Among the most successful evidences of this kind of engraving may be mentioned a map of the Prussian provinces between the Weser and the Meuse, published at the Lithographic Institution, by Arney & Co. at Dusseldorf. In a letter of the 8th of June last, to Dr. Hosack, Dr. Albers states, that the distinguished Professor Soemmering has just published "distinct treatises on two animals no longer found, viz. the *Lacerta gigantea*, and the *Ornithorynchus brevirostris*; the engravings are in stone (stone prints), which art is brought in Germany, particularly in Munich, to great perfection."

Dr. Albers has also transmitted, through the same channel, for the Literary and

Philosophical Society of New-York, the first part of his *Icones ad illustrandam Anatomien comparatam*.

The third volume of the Journal published by professor Kuff, at Berlin, contains, in the German language, accounts of the late operations for femoral and carotid aneurisms performed in this country by Drs. Hosack, Post, and other American practitioners.

The late number of the Salsburg Medical and Chirurgical Journal contains ample analyses, in the German language, of several of the latest American scientific productions, viz. Dr. Currie's View of the Diseases most prevalent in the United States; Hosack's and Francis' American Medical and Philosophical Register; Drake's Picture of Cincinnati; the New-York edition of Thomas' Practice of Physic, as edited by Dr. Hosack, &c.

By letters from Edinburgh so late as the 22d June, it appears that the typhus fever which not long since prevailed in several of the manufacturing towns of England and in Ireland, has made its appearance in the capital of Scotland and its environs. The mortality with which it is accompanied is unusually great. Among the victims to its influence is the excellent JOHN GORDON, M. D. F. R. S. E. familiarly known as a successful teacher of anatomical and physiological science, and as the able opponent of the craneological theories of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. "The sensations of regret at his premature death, (says a letter to Dr. Francis) were deep and extensive, and every evidence of regard was paid his memory by the Royal, Medical and Physical Societies of his native city."

ART. 5. POETRY.

LINES

BY GEORGE FREDERIC BUSBY, ESQ.

OH! what are kindred's frowning looks
Against a lover's smile or sigh?
The heart that loves contented brooks
All ills but coldness in his eye.

Like streams that swiftly rush through rocks
That fain their gentler course would bar—
'Tis thus the enamoured bosom mocks
The malice that its hopes would mar.

Where dwells its gem of brightest beam,
Its idolizing idol where?
It dwells in Love's ethereal dream,
And search the loved one's heart—'tis there!

On hearing Mrs. B—e sing the *Arietta*, "Dolce Conento," at the late New-York Concerts.

BY THE SAME.

Is it the sweet-voiced seraphim,
Whose tones celestial around me swim,
Bathing the senses in dews of delight,
Till the spirit is panting to take its flight
To regions of rapture beyond the sky—
The bowers of bliss and of melody?

Ah, no!—from the lips of a mortal burst
Those trancing tones—the sweetest—the first—
(Save those of ONE who has prisoned my
soul)
That e'er chained me in music's delicious con-
trol.

A mortal whose form's wavy, glittering lightness
Seemed floating in streams of empyreal bright-
ness,

And shone on the dazzled and captive eye
Like a youthful angel just flown from the sky!

No—no—I knew and know but *one*
Who could bind the soul in links so fast—
And when all that prudence could do was done,
Still I cherished the thought that 'twas not the
last,
The last sweet hour those thrilling sounds
Would waft my soul through enchantment's
bounds.

Oh! such are the voices and charms that give
A glimpse of the joys that are blooming above,
And envelope us, e'en while on earth we grieve,
In a halo of music, and light, and love!

SONNET TO THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY THE SAME.

Fantastic toy! could but my fancy move
With colours lively and as fair as thine,
No foreign muses should awake my love,
But even Grecian graces yield to mine,
Gay as they used to shine.
So brightly fresh thy curious figures flow—
Now like a dew-wet garland loosely twine,
Now like a tiny rosebud glossy glow,
And softly shrink below.
So when the busy memory turns her glass,
Hours long gone by assume their forms
anew;
E'en scattered fragments mingle as they pass
In forms that wear as thine a lovely hue,
Fantastic toy! and ah! as transient too.

ART. 6. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN

LOOKING over a late European Magazine,
we found the following statement of the
revenues of the dignitaries in the English
Church.

Canterbury—The Duke of Rutland's cousin (Dr. C. Manners Sutton)	£ 20,000
York—Lord Vernon's and Lord Har- court's brother (Dr. Edward Vera- ble Vernon)	14,000
Durham—Lord Barrington's uncle (H. S. Barrington)	24,000
Winchester—Lord North's brother (Hon. B. North)	13,000
Ely—The Duke of Rutland's tutor (Dr. Sparke)	12,000
London—(Dr. Howley)	9,000
Bath and Wells—Duke of Gloucester's tutor (Dr. R. Beaden)	5,000
Chichester—Duke of Richmond's tutor (Dr. Buckner)	4,000
Litchfield and Coventry—Lord Corn- wallis's uncle (Dr. J. Cornwallis)	9,000
Worcester—(Dr. Cornwall)	4,000
Hereford—(Dr. Huntingford)	4,000
Bangor—The son of the Queen's En- glish master (Dr. J. W. Majendie)	5,000
St. Asaph—Duke of Beaufort's tutor (Dr. Luxmore)	6,000
Oxford—Brother of the Regent's tutor (Dr. Jackson)	3,000
Lincoln—Mr. Pitt's secretary (Dr. G. P. Tomlins)	5,000
Salisbury—Princess Charlotte's tutor (Dr. Fisher)	6,000
Norwich—(Dr. Bathurst)	4,000
Carlisle—Duke of Portland's tutor (Dr. Goodenough)	3,500
St. David's—(Dr. Burgess)	5,000
Rochester—Duke of Portland's secre- tary (Dr. King)	1,500
Exeter—Lord Chichester's brother (Hon. G. Pelham)	3,000
Peterborough—(Dr. J. Parsons)	1,00
Bristol—Mr. Percival's tutor (Dr. W. L. Mansel)	1,000
Llandaff—Mr. Marsh (late Dr. Wat- son)	900

Gloucester—(Hon. Dr. H. Ryder) 1,200
Chester—Lord Ellenborough's brother
(Dr. H. Law) 1,000

It appears from the Lord Steward's account,
laid before parliament, that the Prince Regent's
eight hour's cruise off Brighton, cost 1200*l*!!

It appears by returns from the Scotch presby-
teries, that there are in Scotland 3436 lunatics,
including the Northern Isles and Zetland, but
exclusive of 259 parishes from which no returns
have been received. Of the former number
2340 are at large; 649 are confined; 622 are
furious, and 2688 are fatuous; 965 are wholly
maintained by relations; 781 partly, 523 wholly
by parishes.

The cast iron bridge over the Irwell, from
Salford to Strangeways, is so nearly complete,
that the painters are employed upon it. It is
of one arch only, of 120 feet span.

A short time since, a parrot, belonging to a
gentleman at Corkickle, near Whitehaven, laid
eggs; one of which, being placed under a tame
pigeon, has produced a fine lively parrot.

Letters from Gibraltar, dated June 5, state,
that alarming accounts had been received of
the plague. It had reached Fez. Great ap-
prehensions were entertained that it would over-
spread the western coast of Africa.

To the astonishment of the oldest member of
parliament, the dissolution was announced *via*
voce by the *Prince Regent*, in the name and on
behalf of his *majesty*. This is the first oc-
currence of the kind since the reign of the
STUARTS. It was then the course when parlia-
ments dissatisfied the *king*, and was always con-
sidered as an *act of anger*.

It appears from English papers, that the
election has been unusually riotous. Mr. Max-
well, the ministerial candidate for Westminster,
was wounded in a riot. The opposition have in-
creased in number 35.

Sir S. Romilly and Sir F. Burdett are return-
ed from Westminster.—Hunt had only 73 votes.
Canning and Gascoigne are elected at Liver-
pool. Canning had 1654 votes—Lord Sefton
1280. Mr. Brougham has lost his election in
Westmoreland. Grattan has been grossly in-
sulted and wounded in an electioneering squab-
ble in Dublin. The borough of Southwark
sends two opposition members. We are told

that 500 of the electors of *Coventry* reside in *London*.

Parliament has, we are informed, granted a sum of money for erecting a chain bridge of 500 feet span, over the river *Medal*, at *Bangor* in *Wales*, to render the communication between this and the sister kingdom of *Ireland*, as complete as it is important.

James Rhodes has been tried, convicted, and fined 500 pounds sterling, for imitating tea by a preparation of the leaves of sloe, ash, elder, and other leaves. A very extensive business of this sort, as well as in the manufacture of many other articles (like money out of rags) has long been carried on in *England*, at the cost of, perhaps, thousands of lives.

FRANCE.

The most perfect tranquillity reigns throughout the dominions of the *Bourbon* monarch, and indeed over the whole continent.

The season in *France* and *Italy*, as in *America*, has been unusually fine, and a rich reward, in all probability, awaits the husbandman and vine dresser.

The heat in *France* and *Ireland* has been so excessive as to drive people from the streets in the middle of the day, unless employed upon the most important business.

Marshal Kellerman, duke of *Valmy*, aged 83 years, is about marrying a lady of 45 years.

At *Caen*, a child ten years old, has been condemned to twenty years imprisonment, for setting fire to two farms.

In *France* there have been struck since the return of *Louis* the 18th, 280 millions of francs bearing the image of the king.

The *Cossacks* very much admire the climate of *France*; several of them are employed in farming, and express their regret at the prospect of their leaving so fine a country, where they have experienced so much hospitality.

The arrest and imprisonment by the king of *Sardinia* of col. *Pionothouski*, supposed to have brought letters from *Napoleon* to his wife, has been noticed. The *Democratic Press* states that on a second application of the emperor of *Austria* to the king of *Sardinia*, for his release, the claim had been admitted, and it was expected that he would be liberated.

According to the *Bibliographie de la France*, there have been published within the year 1817 in that country, four thousand two hundred and thirty seven works; 1179 engravings; and 470 pieces of music. The first three weeks of the present year have produced 280 publications, 63 engravings, and 26 new tunes.

By the explosion of a powder mill at *St. Jean d'Angely*, upwards of 150 houses were destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable—16 persons killed, and 100 wounded.

It is understood in *Paris* that the army of occupation will evacuate the *French* territory in the beginning of *September*, and that the *English* troops, whose effectual strength is between 24 and 25,000 men, will embark successively in the ports of *Calais* and *Boulogne*, with their artillery, equipage, &c.

NETHERLANDS.

A gentleman of *Newburyport*, lately returned from *Europe*, took an opportunity last spring, of visiting the spot where the famous battle of *Waterloo* was fought in *June*, 1815, which terminated the great *European* conflict, and was succeeded by the final extinction of *Bonaparte's* military career. The person who

conducted him to the spot, was the same who attended *Bonaparte* and his staff, as topographical guide, on the memorable 18th of *June*. He informed that on the battle field (an extensive plain) was raised, the last year, an uncommonly luxuriant crop of wheat; and well it might, for it was fertilized by the blood of 80,000 soldiers, who fell in that sanguinary battle. The gentleman picked up an *Eagle*, such as were worn by the *French* infantry, and two musketballs, which are now in his possession. The surface of the ground over the pit in which were thrown many thousands of the slain, both men and beasts, in one undistinguished mass, is sunk considerably lower than the surrounding earth, and distinctly marks the extent of this vast cemetery.

GERMANY.

By the latest dates from the continent of *Europe*, it appears that *Austria* calculates the direct *German* population, forming the immediate states, as equal to 28,930,000 inhabitants.—*Austria* proposes in time of peace the army shall consist of 120,000 men, which would be at the rate of 4-10 per hundred inhabitants. In time of war she proposes 2 per 100, equal to 579,600 men: besides which, there is to be a corps de reserve of 1 per 100, which would add 289,300—making in all, 869,400. Five pieces of cannon are to be allowed to every 1000 men, making the whole number 4,340 pieces.

A dreadful fire has destroyed the town of *Creutzberg*. Of 231 houses, only 11 remain. Four hundred and seventy-five families, consisting of about 200 persons, are left without an asylum, and reduced to the greatest misery.

The consumption in *Vienna* of 1817, was bullocks 77,963, calves 66,636, flour 77,935 quintals, rye meal 365,390 quintals, oats 150,414 bushels; butter and lard 27,172 quintals, fish 3,032 quintals, eggs 13,312,965. Wine, the produce of *Austria* proper, 139,500 gallons.—Wine, the produce of *Hungary*, 165,035 gallons; beer 271,795 gallons, fire wood 408,335 cords.

There died in *Vienna* in 1817, 12,732 persons, of which only eight died in consequence of the small pox. There were born 11,223 and married 2,205 couple.

The kingdom of *Bavaria* contains 1406 *German* square miles, and 3,440,000 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Wurtemberg* 346 1-2 square miles, and 2,336,400 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Hanover* 682 square miles, 1,292,958 inhabitants.

The kingdom of *Saxony* 338 square miles, and 1,232,644 inhabitants.

The expenses of *Madame Krudener*, the celebrated *German* prophetess, must have amounted to 130,000 guilders [72,000 dollars] annually. This was indeed too much money for a religious comedy or tragedy. She now lives retired at *Riga*, in *Russia*, her native place; a relation of hers had to defray her expenses from *Memel* to *Riga*, her money having been expended, and her credit gone, and the *Prussian* government having interdicted her from preaching.

The *German* states afford fresh proofs of their attachment to the principles of liberty and independence. Among some recent demands addressed to the diet of *Frankfort*, are the establishment of an entire freedom of the press in *Germany*, and the security of commerce, not as hitherto, by the subsidiary aid of a foreign navy, but by vessels of their own, built in their ports and rivers.

RUSSIA.

In 1815 there were born in Russia, *belonging to the Greek Church*, 1,298,461, and died 890,938, giving an increase of 50 per cent. Of the deaths, we are informed there were of the age of 100 years 613; 105 years 209; 110 years 123; 115 years 72; 120 years 31; 125 years 13; 130 years 6; and one of 155 years. The same year there were married 332,703 couple.

The Russian brig *Rurie*, lieut. Kotzebue, is arrived at Portsmouth, from a voyage of discoveries in the North Pacific Ocean, on which she has been employed upwards of three years. She is come into harbour to refit, preparatory to returning to Russia. She left Behring's Straits in July, 1817, having proceeded as far as lat. 67, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope the latter end of March, and left it the 12th of April.

The emperor Alexander, by a decree, has extended the facilities of communicating by water, in every part of his empire, and has laid additional duties on various articles of commerce to cover the expenses.

The grand theatre of St. Petersburg, destroyed by fire in 1811, has been rebuilt. It was opened in February last, when the emperor Alexander was present. It is represented as a beautiful building, elegantly finished in the interior. The pit is furnished with 360 arm chairs, which are numbered according to the Russian custom. A Frenchman was the architect.

ASIA.

At a late Durbar, held by Runjeet Singn, at Lahore, to receive a Vakeel returned from Cashmere, with due honour, the following statement was received.—What might be the revenues of the state to meet the expenses of portioning off these descendants of royalty, must be left to the chancellor of the exchequer of that kingdom; certainly no European treasury would be able to meet them.

The Vakeel from Cashmere was introduced, and presented several presents—he expressed the anxiety his sovereign felt to continue on amicable terms with the king of the Sikhs, and on being questioned respecting the resources of the kingdom of Iran, he replied, that the king had a large revenue, *two hundred and fifty sons, and one thousand and eight wives*.

Among the India papers lately received by the editor of the Salem Gazette, is a "*Java Government Gazette*," of December, 1816, printed by A. H. Hubbard, from Norwich, (Con.) son of Mr. Hubbard, who formerly published a paper in that town. Mr. H. after one voyage to India, embarked again at this port, determined to pursue fortune in that region, where, from former observation, he was confident of that success he despaired of in America; and we are happy to hear he has not been disappointed.

AFRICA.

A French paper announces, as interesting, the publication of a voyage to Africa, by the Marquis Etourville, who was led by singular circumstances into the interior of that continent during the revolution. He mentions having discovered near the sources of the Nile, a new empire, its legislation similar to that of China, and he supposes its civilization anterior to that of the Egyptians.

SPANISH AMERICA.

It is stated that the two agents of the duke de Alagon, to whom all the unceded lands in East Florida were ceded, had arrived in St. Augustine and claimed the same, and that his excellency governor Coppinger had already placed them in possession of it! They had opened a land office and intended to sell to any purchasers offering; they had also the privilege of purchasing the Indian title to the celebrated Alochaway territory, and had already taken steps to effect the same.

The city of Caraccas, before the earthquake in 1812, contained about 45,000 inhabitants—by that calamity and the subsequent and yet desolating war, its population has been reduced to 7000 souls.

The population in many other parts of Venezuela is supposed to have suffered nearly in the same proportion, and from the latter cause.

The report of a duty being laid on vessels arriving at Havana, to support the *inquisition*, is denied—others say that the *Ferdinandish* thing exists.

The cavalry of Buenos-Ayreal troops are said to be excellent. Horses are very cheap there, the best never commanding over twenty dollars.

Admiral Brion has notified the governor of St. Thomas, that Cumana, Lagaira, and all the other ports of the Main, in possession of the royalists, are in a state of blockade.

The brig *Chatsworth*, lately arrived at Baltimore from Lisbon, in 33 days, reports that the day she sailed a letter was received from Cadiz, stating that there were seven insurgent privateers off that harbour, capturing every Spanish vessel they fell in with. A Portuguese ship arrived there a day before, with 100 Portuguese and Spanish prisoners, released from them.

BRITISH AMERICA.

The duke of Richmond, governor general of British North-America, and sir Peregrine Maitland, lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, have arrived at Quebec.

UNITED STATES.

In an old *Journal of Congress*, printed in 1774, is the following entry, recording one of the most important and interesting events of the revolution:—

"*Friday, June, 16, 1775.*

"The President informed col. WASHINGTON, that the congress had yesterday unanimously made choice of him to be general and commander in chief of the *American* forces, and requested he would accept of that employment; to which col. WASHINGTON, standing in his place, answered:—

"*Mr. President*—Though I am truly sensible of the high honour done me in this appointment, yet, I feel great distress from a consciousness, that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust: however, as the congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

"But lest some unlucky event should happen unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room,

that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with.

"As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

500 families from Wales and the northern and western parts of Scotland, arrived at the

ports of Greenock and Glasgow on the 1st of May, for the purpose of emigrating to America. They were compelled to form an encampment upon the banks of the Clyde, where the novelty of the sight attracted a number of spectators.

The emigrants to America from Germany and Switzerland continue. From the 29th of April to the end of May, there passed Mentz on their way to America, 294 persons. In this number there were 261 persons from Wurtemberg, 23 from Alsaco, and 10 from Switzerland and Baden.

ART. 3. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A TYPE Foundry has recently been established at Boston, by Mr. E. White, type founder at New-York, and placed under the superintendence of Mr. D. Manley. The types are said to be equal to those of any other foundry in the United States.

We learn from Gloucester that on Thursday an attack was made on the sea-serpent with harpoons. Capt. Webber and others in a boat succeeded in hitting him twice, but owing to the thickness of his scales or coat, the harpoon did not penetrate. On one occasion the serpent ran down for the boat, and when within a short distance sunk, so near, that the draught caused by his sinking came near drawing the boat under after him.

The serpent has been harpooned by some enterprising adventurers from Boston.

The following is capt. Rich's report of his proceedings:—

"Squam River, Thursday, 12 o'clock.

"After several unsuccessful attempts, we have at length fastened to this strange thing called the serpent. We struck him fairly, but the harpoon soon drew, and he has not been since seen; and I fear the wound he has received will make him more cautious how he approaches these shores. Since my letter of yesterday we have been constantly in pursuit of him; but a few hours since I thought we were sure of him; for I hove the harpoon into him as fairly as ever a whale was struck; he took from us about twenty fathoms of warp, before we could wind the boat, with as much swiftness as a whale could do. We had but a short ride, when we were all loose from him, to our sore mortification. Now I suppose you will like to know my opinion of him. Be assured it is what is called the serpent. In that opinion all my Cape-Ann men agree. It is the same that was in Cape-Ann harbour. Be assured that all has been done, and we shall still continue to do, all in our power; but he is a difficult thing to strike with a harpoon, as he can lay down as long as he pleases, and seldom shows himself, except in a calm."

CONNECTICUT.

The members of the convention have been elected, and report says that the democratic party have a majority.

VERMONT.

The soldiers of the 6th regiment, with the exception of one company, are employed on the fortifications at Rouse's point.—The troops were

ordered in May last to resume their labours on the military road; but, to comply with a requisition of col. Totten, an order was afterwards issued for sending to Rouse's point such a number of men as the superintendent of the military works should require—and for the residue to be employed on the road. After sending the requisite number to Rouse's point, only one company remained, which is required as a guard for the protection of the public property at this place.

NEW-YORK.

We are informed that contracts for the whole of the northern canal have been entered into, and that on most all of the sections the work is progressing. It is added, that should the season prove favourable, one half of the whole labour will be performed ere winter sets in.

We understand that a quarry of elegant Marble, beautifully variegated, of an excellent quality, and proof against fire, has lately been discovered on the banks of the Seneca Lake. It is owned by Samuel S. Seely, Esq. of Hector.

A valuable Mineral Spring has been discovered at Maxwell, on the shore of Lake Ontario, in the town of Sodus, about 2 miles west of Sodus Point or Troupville. It was found under some logs in clearing up the east bank of Doctor Lummis' mill creek, and near the doctor's dwelling. A basin was formed for it, and a few days after the ground over which the water passed to the creek was observed to be of a reddish cast. On throwing into the basin of water a small quantity of powdered galls, the whole instantly exhibited a fine purple colour. The powder added to water in a glass, produced a fine inky purple, with beads around the sides of the glass, which remained a long time. The water being left standing in the glass for some time, a purple oily flake covered the surface.

These experiments indicate the water to be a *Chalybeate*; the medicinal qualities of which are well established. About three gallons of water are discharged from the spring in a minute: it is cold and not unpleasant to the taste.

Mr. Buffington of Portland, of whom mention was made the last season as having penetrated to the uncommon depth of 530 feet into the solid rock on the shore of lake Erie in pursuit of salt water, has this summer resumed his laborious undertaking, and perforated 100 feet further into the rock—the whole amounting to the astonishing depth of *six hundred and thirty feet*, or something more than *thirty-eight rods*. This, it is believed, is nearly 100 feet lower

than the level of the tide waters of the Hudson at Albany, and about 300 feet lower than the greatest known depth of lake Erie. Mr. Buffington thus far, we are sorry to say, has been disappointed in obtaining his object; he intends, however, to continue boring if he can obtain more assistance. We cannot but hope that so much faith and perseverance in this novel enterprise, may be amply rewarded.

Thirty-five plates, for the manufacture of counterfeit bank notes on several banks in this and the neighbouring states, have lately come into the hands of the police at New-York. A fellow lately apprehended in that city gave information where the plates could be found, and Mr. Hays, high constable, was despatched to Canada, where he fortunately obtained them. We observe that among the number is a plate for a \$3 bill on the Mechanics and Farmers Bank in Albany.

The Telegraph, a newspaper recently commenced at Rochester, near the shore of lake Ontario, in New-York, says, there have been shipped from that port, since the 1st of April last,

21,567 barrels flour,

1,158 do. pot and pearl ashes,

569 do. pork,

156 casks whiskey,

120,000 double butt standard staves,

Together with considerable quantities of butter, lard, &c. &c.

And adds, that large quantities of the like articles are now lying in the ware-houses there, intended for shipment.

The State vs. the Utica Insurance Company.

This important cause was decided in the Supreme Court of this state, now sitting in Albany, on Tuesday last—by this decision the said company are prohibited from carrying on banking operations of any kind, and their charter is declared to give them no other powers than those of insurance against loss “by fire or otherwise.”

The Franklin bank in the city of New-York has commenced discounting.

Captains Dalano and Skinner, and an agent for the Spanish patriots, were brought before the Hon. B. Livingston, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, charged with the violation of the law passed at the late session of congress, entitled “an act, in addition to an act, for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States,” &c. The charge was, fitting out two vessels, calculated for ships of war, in the port of New-York, and intended to be employed in the patriot service in South-America. After hearing counsel, viz. Messrs. Emmett and Wells, on the part of the prosecution, and Messrs. Hoffman and D. B. Ogden for the defendants, the judge decided the mere building of vessels, calculated for ships of war, and preparing to send them out with the view of their being employed in the manner above mentioned, was not an offence against the laws of the United States, but in order to render the parties liable to the penalty, such ships must be actually armed and equipped.

The following is extracted from a report of the trustees of the village of Sackett's Harbour. The report is signed by Justin Butterfield, president.

“At the commencement of the peace, this village contained the accumulated filth and rubbish of a three year's war, its exhalations were as offensive as its general appearance was dis-

gusting; but, since that period it has undergone an entire revolution, its inhabitants have developed their resources, and exhibited a spirit for enterprise, liberality and improvements that it would challenge a rival with any village in the state. The streets have been cleaned and flagged, the roads improved; the chaunties built during the war demolished, and many convenient and elegant buildings erected in their stead. The gospel is supported, a church organized, and schools established.—Sackett's Harbour now exhibits a neat, thrifty and flourishing village—a military and naval post and depot—a port of entry and delivery;—adorned and rendered interesting by its military works and naval ships, it is now resorted to for the gratification of curiosity, and the enjoyment of pleasure;—a market for the farmer, and a metropolis for the transaction of commercial and mercantile business in this section of the country.”

DELAWARE.

The late heavy rains have laid waste all the mill dams, bridges, &c. in St. Georges Hundred. The owners of Marsh and Cripple in that neighbourhood, have met with severe losses—it is said \$50,000 would not repair the damages.

MARYLAND.

The steam-boat *Surprise* has been entirely consumed at Baltimore. It is suspected she was set on fire intentionally.

The *Surprise* arrived about eight o'clock last evening, from Annapolis, and, as usual, every thing on board was properly secured, and remained safe when the captain left her. We sincerely regret to state further, that the loss of the owners is estimated to be at least *twenty-five thousand dollars*.

A race, of sufficient importance to occupy a column of one of the largest London newspapers, for \$500, was run near Baltimore on Tuesday last—a Marylander against an Englishman;—the latter, as it should be in every case, was fairly beaten. The distance, 100 yards, was run in *eight seconds*, by the stop watch—so say eye witnesses. A large sum was depending on its issue.

The city of Washington is represented as progressing rapidly in improvements. One hundred new buildings are now erecting, and many more would have been commenced if mechanics and materials could have been procured.

A vessel foundered in the Potomac on Saturday last in a sudden and destructive squall, near Quantico Creek. Eight persons, women and children, are said to have perished. The men on board saved themselves.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The following extract of a letter from the vicinity of Fayetteville, detailing the wonderful cures effected by a newly discovered mineral spring near that place, is copied from a late Raleigh Star:

Extract of a letter, dated July 6, 1818.

“At present I am at the Bladen Springs, much on the recovery; I have seen and heard more than I could wish to tell to a stranger. I have recovered more in one week than I had any idea of in three months; the cures are incredible: amongst many instances was a child of four years old, who had fits from its birth until he had neither sense nor feeling, cured perfectly

in fourteen days. I have seen the gout, dropsy, rheumatism, consumption in its last stage, wounds and old sores, twenty years standing, cured in from ten to twenty days. The town of Fayetteville alone can convince the world of its good effects."

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The whole sea-board of South-Carolina, it is stated, as well as the waters which bound and intersect it, is strewn with carcasses of fish, of various species. The appearances thus presented are at once interesting and mournful. Although the fish are, in general, when met with, perfectly dead, this is not the case; and when those which still retain signs of life, are, from motives of curiosity, thrown again from the shore in deep water, the only use they appear to make of their remaining powers of muscular action, is to escape from the element for which nature has designed them, and to regain the beach from which they have been cast. About three weeks ago five or six large fish of the whale species were discovered dead upon the beach, within a few miles of the entrance of that harbour. This unusual occurrence excited much surprise at the time, and it is more than probable that it was produced by the same cause which is now operating so fatally upon the lesser fish. With regard to what this cause is, much difference of opinion will doubtless exist. It is remarked that the surface of the sea is frequently coated over with an extraneous substance of a dark and oily appearance. The substance of this phenomena at the same time forms the belief that they are in some way connected with each other.

GEORGIA.

The President has issued orders for the arrest of captain Obed Wright, which the marshal of the district will execute forthwith. A special court has also been ordered for the trial of Wright, to be held in September next, in Savannah or Milledgeville, at which two of the judges of the supreme court are to preside. Wright is charged with having committed murder at the destruction of the Chehaw town.

The gospel of St. Mark has been translated into the Mohawk language by the celebrated late Indian chief Brandt.

INDIANA.

The Harmony Society have, within a very few years, made extensive purchases of public lands in Indiana, on the east bank of the Wabash, about thirty miles above its confluence with the Ohio. It is stated that from a field of one hundred and fifty acres, they had reaped, this year, six thousand bushels of wheat, being at the rate of forty bushels an acre. The land cost them *two dollars* an acre. In England, land is worth *twenty or thirty years' purchase*!! In Indiana, a single crop pays about twenty times the price of the land.

TENNESSEE.

A short time since a cellar was dug in the town of Fayetteville, on Elk river, in this state, not far from the lines of one of those ancient fortifications so common in the western states, and in the dirt was found, corroded with a kind of rust, a small piece of metal, which being disrobed of its covering, was ascertained to be a Roman silver coin, issued about 150 years after Christ, and in a good state of preservation. It is in the possession of a merchant of Nashville, and has been seen by hundreds, many of whom are antiquarians, and they are all satisfied it is a genuine coin, and one gentleman, who was lately in Italy, and saw the busts of the persons represented on the coin, declares the heads to be very good likenesses.

On one side around the edge these letters are seen,

ANTONINVS AGV PIVS P P III COS

on the other side

AVRELIVS CAESAR AGV P III COS

which is construed to read thus,

Antoninus Augustus Pius, princip. pontifex, tertio consule.

and

Aurelius Caesar Augustus, pontifex, tertio consule.

The marks, letters, &c. exactly agree, in every particular, with the probable state of the arts and the history of the times; but how the coin was brought to Tennessee we leave others to ascertain.

Some few miles above Columbia, on Duck river, are a number of fortifications and mounds, into one of which some young men dug a small distance, and found several well burnt bricks, about nine inches square and three inches thick, also several fragments of earthen ware, also a sword about two feet long, differently shaped from any in use since the whites visited the continent, apparently once highly polished, but now much eat with rust. We learn from a respectable source that a gentleman passing over one of the fields of ancient slaughter on the bank of the Caney fork, his eye caught some rude letters on a flat stone, he examined it and made out—*we are all cut off*. Who were the sufferers we have yet to learn, and hope that some fortunate discovery will one day satisfy the cravings of the curious.

LOUISIANA.

The New-Orleans Chronicle gives us a list of *twenty steam boats*, carrying near 4,000 tons, which trade to that port from the upper and adjacent country.

ALABAMA.

There is to be a town somewhere in the Alabama territory, to be called "Florence"—fifty-two lots in it were lately sold for *eighty-two thousand dollars*.

ART. 9. *History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Abridged. By a Member of the Parent Society, and Citizen of the State of New-York.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE following compendium of the History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been principally extracted from the valuable performance of Mr. Owen. The circumstances in which an institution so remarkable originated, the counsels by which it has been fostered and directed, with the causes which have contributed to its extension over the greatest part of the civilized world, are subjects of the deepest interest, and worthy the pen of an historian who has himself borne a conspicuous part in the transactions he records. Whilst, however, we pay a just tribute of praise to those who have been instrumental in this important work, it will be no derogation from their judgment and practical ability to consider them as pure emanations from the doctrines of our religion, and receiving their principal support from causes which will derive strength from the increasing and successful operation of the institution itself. The further we carry our views, the more we shall find reason to admire the developement of the mysterious dispensations of Providence in the direction of human affairs. Several remote and conspiring causes, which no human mind could anticipate or direct, have produced a condition of the world in the highest degree favourable to the Gospel of Christ; and all that has been foretold of its transcendent efficacy and extension, from the facts which will be detailed in the subsequent pages, seems hastening to a rapid accomplishment. In the midst of a contest, by which all the civil and political institutions of the civilized world have been menaced with disorder, this extraordinary phenomenon, like the irradiation of a sunbeam in the midst of a tempest, assured us, that notwithstanding the scene of desolation beneath, in the higher region of the moral atmosphere an influence had been generated which would counteract its baneful effects.

Previous to the manifestation of this light, a combination of powerful causes had laid the broadest foundations for the future exertions of the human intellect, in advancing the scheme of supreme wisdom. If we advert to the literary history of the last ages, we may perceive the preparatory steps to the great advancement of the Christian system which has ensued. Although in the science of

divinity, in the last century, less may have been added to the actual stock of knowledge, yet we are eminently indebted to that classical genius and refinement which has successfully polished and wrought up the raw materials abundantly supplied by the industry and intellectual energy of the former. At the same time in the abstract sciences, and those which furnish the most rigorous discipline to the mind, and were ultimately destined to afford demonstration to truth, the most extraordinary progress was made, and we may ascribe to it a species of reasoning which, possessing much of the quality of mathematical certainty, has produced a degree of conviction on the thinking part of mankind previously unknown. To these causes we may attribute that powerful co-operation of secular influence, and that combination of rank, talents, and property, which have so irresistibly recommended and advanced the great cause of divine truth in general, and particularly the extension of this society over so large a portion of the globe. Should the progress of religious sentiment, during the next twelve years, keep pace with the last, it will be impossible to form a just conception of the glorious result. If we consider that the best feeling and present disposition of the British nation in its meridian, with all its mighty energies and perseverance, accompanied by so considerable a portion of Europe, and that noble co-operation of its great auxiliaries in the eastern and western hemispheres, we must be convinced that human means are now operating which no human power can resist; and that we need await only the appointed season and the maturing hand of time to bring forth an abundant harvest from the seed which has now been so successfully sown.

It is, however, far, very far, from our intention, whilst anticipating such stupendous effects from the progress of religious knowledge, to ascribe peculiar honour to this society. May all similar institutions equally prosper in their spheres, and lose every consideration of individuality in the success of their simultaneous efforts, and the effulgence of the divine object to which they approximate.

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In the summer of 1802, a project was conceived to furnish a competent number of Bibles for sale at reduced prices, or where necessary, for gratuitous distribution amongst the poor, through the medium of a private subscription; and the step in consequence taken, suggested the idea of a general dispersion of the Holy Scriptures, which led to the formation of this great society. The Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A. of Bala, an ordained minister of the church, but officiating in conjunction with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and by his habit of itinerating and promoting Sunday schools familiar with the wants of his countrymen, now prevailed on Mr. Joseph Tarn, the present assistant secretary and accountant of the society, to introduce the subject amongst his friends, at a meeting in London of the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and thus afford him an opportunity of preferring his claim on behalf of his countrymen, and urging the propriety of an appeal to individual benevolence. It being suggested, in the course of conversation, that Wales was not *peculiarly* situated in this respect, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, a Baptist minister, and since one

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British North-America, the Bahamas, Coast of Africa, New South-Wales, and Norfolk Island. The missionaries are supplied with books for their own use and distribution. Both the preceding societies are directed entirely by members of the established Church.

3d. *A Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge*, founded in 1709, the operations of which are similar to those of the last, extending over the Highlands of Scotland, contiguous islands and North-America. The parent Board is established at Edinburgh, but a considerable accession of strength accrues from a corresponding one in London, before which annual sermons are preached by ministers of different denominations.

4th. *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge among the Poor*, founded in 1750, distributes the Holy Scriptures and Religious Tracts. A subscriber of one guinea annually is entitled every two years to books of the value of 40s. and subscribers of a larger sum in proportion. The public in general is allowed to purchase at the estimated prices of the society.

5th. *The Bible Society*, instituted in 1780, for the sole use of the army and navy.

6th. *The Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools*, founded in 1785, provides Bibles, Testaments and Spelling-books for schools in England and Wales.

Besides the Societies enumerated, Mr. Hughes probably would have been apprised of a *French Bible Society* set on foot in 1792, for the purpose of distributing French Bibles amongst the Roman Catholics in France had it continued in existence. But the war, which shortly after took place, having put a stop to all communication with that country, the association was dissolved, and it was agreed that the money collected should be applied to the purchase of English Bibles for distribution amongst "poor Catholics and others in the United Kingdom." It will be interesting to the reader to glance at a prospectus issued by that society soon after its formation, in which it suggests an intention to supply with the Divine Treasure, in their mother tongue, all those persons at that time destitute of it in the French nation. It was represented that large contracts would be entered into to supply the poor gratis, and that quantities would be lodged with ministers and proper persons in the different provinces, who might supply the wealthy and benevolent for

distribution at reduced prices, and those who might wish to purchase at the usual rates. And it was stated further, that a committee of the society had entered into a correspondence with some gentlemen in Paris, friends to the scheme, who had expressed an intention of forming in that city a similar society, to which would be confided the superintendence of the press in printing the editions on the spot, and also the distributing of books, and the establishing and conducting a correspondence with different parts of the kingdom.*

The exact views of the following passage in Mr. Hughes' Essay, to which we recur, so prophetically describing subsequent events, render them peculiarly worthy of selection. "Let us, (says he), cast a friendly eye over distant countries and be the parents of the first institution that ever emanated from one of the nations of Europe for the express purpose of doing good to all the rest." The proposed society, he then suggests, would bespeak much attention which was never yet brought to bear on a subject so truly grand and important. "*Religion would occupy a larger space in the public mind, and the advocates of Religion enjoy a new opportunity of expressing the strength of their conviction and the fervor of their zeal.*" A new impulse would be given to kindred institutions, and measures hitherto unthought of, would be added to those which have long displayed their beneficent effects. We have specified Europe, at the same time we would allow ample scope. Correspondence might more or less include every quarter of the globe." This inimitable production concludes nearly as follows: "But God puts honour upon mortals by employing their agency in the fulfilment of his promises, and the promotion of his glory: and if those of his designs may be considered as indicating an approach towards maturity, which most unite and engage his servants, is it not probable that knowledge and salvation will follow close in the train of those labours to which with respectful deference we now call the attention of the Christian world? We leave our exhortation with the consciences of men, and our prayers in the bosom of God."

Copies of this Essay having been circulated, a plan was prepared by Samuel Mills, Esq. for a society designated at

* In a note to a second edition of this pamphlet the Dublin Association is mentioned with encomium as having distributed 10,000 Bibles and 12,000 Testaments. Its original object was to supply every house and cabin in Ireland.

the suggestion of Mr. Hughes, "The British and Foreign Bible Society." It being then determined to convene a public meeting, the principal topics of discussion in Mr. Hughes' Essay, designating the object of the proposed society, and sphere of its activity. In the combination of its views, it was considered as distinguishable from all others, and presenting nothing but the inspired volume, would be sure to circulate truth, avoid controversy, and unite all descriptions of Christians in its support. The 7th of March was appointed as the day of the meeting. The following gentlemen's names were subscribed to the address: Granville Sharpe, William Alers, Joseph Burwell, Henry Boase, Robert Cowie, Samuel Foyster, Joseph Smith Gosse, Richard Lea, Alexander Maitland, Samuel Mills, Joseph Reyner, Herman Schroeder, Christopher Sundius, George Walff.

On the day appointed, about 300 persons, of different religious denominations, attended the meeting at the London Tavern, at which Mr. Granville Sharp presided, and which terminated in the formation of the present society. The business was opened and discussed by Robert Cowie, Esq. succeeded by William Alers, Esq. and the following gentlemen, Samuel Mills, Esq. and the Rev. Messrs. Hughes, Steinkopff and Owen. The last named gentleman seems at first to have considered the project of an universal circulation of the Scriptures, and the union of different sects in promoting such a scheme, as altogether chimerical. But the good sense, temperate zeal and perspicuous information of the preceding speakers, particularly Mr. Steinkopff, and the representation he gave of the scarcity he had himself observed of the Scriptures in foreign parts, and the unaffected simplicity with which he described the wants of his German fellow countrymen, completely won his assent to an institution of which he has since become one of the most distinguished advocates, and the historian, from whose valuable work the principal part of this compendium is extracted.

At this memorable meeting it was in substance, resolved, 1. That *The British and Foreign Bible Society* should be formed, with the sole object to encourage a wider dispersion of the Scriptures. 2dly, That it should co-operate with other societies for circulating the Scriptures through the British dominions, and according to its ability should extend its influence to other countries, whether Chris-

tian, Mahometan or Pagan, 3dly, 4thly, and 5thly, Each subscriber of one guinea annually, should be a member; that a subscriber of 20*l.* at once, should be a member for life—of 50*l.* a governor, and of a greater sum a governor for life; governors to be entitled to attend and vote at all the meetings of the committee—an executor paying a bequest of 50*l.* to be a member for life, or if paying 100*l.* or more, a governor for life. 6thly. Members to be entitled, under the direction of the committee, to purchase Bibles and Testaments, for the purpose of gratuitous distribution at the society's prices, which should be as low as possible, but no English Bibles or Testaments should be given away in Great Britain, by the society itself. 7thly, The annual meeting of the society to be held in the month of May, when the treasurer and committee should be chosen, the accounts audited, and the proceedings of the foregoing year reported. 8thly, The committee to consist of 36 members, who shall conduct the business of the society, and have power to call an extraordinary general meeting; 24 of the committee, who should have most frequently attended, to be eligible to re-election the ensuing year. 9thly, The committee might recommend honorary members.

The resolutions were adopted with much cordiality and joy; a committee appointed to carry them into effect; 700*l.* were immediately subscribed. Never, perhaps before, were 36 persons (the number of the committee, the proceedings of which will be next detailed) brought together to promote a common object, whose habits and prejudices exhibited a greater and more unpromising variety: nothing but the *Bible* could have effected their approximation to a common standard. But the utmost candour, harmony, and impartiality marked every proceeding of the society's agents. The first important business was to appoint proper officers and designate their duties. Henry Thornton, Esq. allowed his respectable name to stand at first, and it was continued, as treasurer. With a view to represent the church establishment and dissenting interest, the Rev. Jos. Hughes, and the Rev. Josiah Pratt were appointed joint secretaries of the home department, and the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff foreign secretary. Mr. Pratt was shortly afterwards succeeded by Mr. Owen, who had been nominated in the first instance, but from motives of delicacy, had declined to fill the office. It being the intention of the committee to unite the occupations of

assistant secretary and collector, and Messrs. Joseph Tarn and Thomas Smith with recommendations equally strong having been nominated, in that wise and accommodating spirit which distinguished their earliest as well as latest proceedings the committee determined to avail themselves of the services of both, and their respective departments were afterwards assigned to a sub-committee.

The next step taken, after a free discussion conducted in a truly Christian spirit, was to new model the committee. In the first instance it had been chosen indiscriminately, with little reference to any other personal qualification than a general attachment to religion, and regard for the object and success of the institution. But according to the new plan it was determined that it should consist exclusively of laymen, of whom, six should be foreigners, and of the remaining thirty, one half members of the established church, and the other half of other Christian denominations. In order, however, to secure the services of the clergy, and of ministers generally, provision was made for their admission to a seat and vote in the committee, on the terms which admitted of their becoming members of the society. So considerable an innovation requiring the sanction of a general meeting, and indeed, such a meeting appearing desirable, to consolidate the establishment and extend the reputation of the society, it was resolved, That the whole of its regulations should be revised and submitted to the body of the subscribers.

A meeting was in consequence convened on the 2d of May, 1804, at which the Rt. Hon. Lord Teignmouth, whose name had appeared amongst the earliest contributors, was solicited by his friend Zachary Macaulay, Esq. to preside. His lordship, though he had promptly acceded to the request, having been compelled through ill health to retract his engagement, Granville Sharpe, Esq. a second time performed the office with his characteristic urbanity and attention. Upon this occasion Mr. Wilberforce addressed the meeting, in a speech replete with judgment and animation. The amended plan of regulations was unanimously adopted, and the meeting separated with an increased conviction of the excellence of their cause, and a resolution to support it.

A prospectus was shortly afterwards published, stating the reasons on which were founded the claims of such an institution to the public patronage, viz. the prevalence of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry over so large a portion of the

world; the limited nature of the societies in existence, and their acknowledged insufficiency to supply the demands, as well the recent attempts which had been made to discredit the Christian religion. It then stated the exclusive object of the society to be the printing and circulating of the Scriptures, both at home and, as far as its funds might permit, abroad; and, after adverting to the comprehensive principle on which it was conducted, and would embrace the indiscriminating support of all Christians, concluded by observing, "that in consequence of the enlarged means of instruction enjoyed of late years by the lower orders in this country, a desire to peruse the Scriptures has considerably increased; and, that in Wales, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, and other places, they were considerably wanted, and in some places, eagerly sought after."

Before, however, this prospectus had been carried through the press, lord Teignmouth, of whom we have just spoken, a nobleman of the most distinguished reputation, piety, and liberality of sentiment, had consented to accept of the office of president. In this choice, the society was influenced by the suggestion of that great and excellent prelate, Bishop Porteus, who, through the information of the Rev. Mr. Owen, then his domestic chaplain, had taken a warm interest in its concerns. "He saw instantly," says an eloquent observer,* "that a design of such magnitude as the dispersion of the Bible over every accessible part of the world, could be accomplished only by the association of men of all religious persuasions. He justly looked forward to great results from such a combination of effort, and entertained a hope, that it might operate as a bond of union amongst Christians. Whilst, therefore, he remained firmly attached to the old society, he gave the sanction of his name to the new one; and the more he considered its object, and the longer experience he had of the spirit and principles on which it was conducted, the more deeply he was convinced that it merited all the support which the Church of England could give it." As nothing seemed wanting to the success of the society but the patronage of the established church, that consummation was now happily effected. Within a few weeks from lord Teignmouth's nomination to the presidency, with the bishop of London, the bishops of Durham, Exeter (now Sarum), and St. David's, sent in their names as subscribers. These, and other

* Rev. Archdeacon Hodgson.

valuable accessions about the same time to the list, determined the character and fixed the respectability of the institution. In order, however, to perfect the system, some further revision of its regulations seemed yet necessary, and more especially in the designation of the sacred volume. Accordingly, at the suggestion of the bishop of London, it was agreed, that the only copies to be circulated in the language of the united kingdoms, should be of the authorized version, without note or comment. A deference was shown, in every respect, to the established church. The modest author of the first suggestion of the institution, and those who were concerned with him in framing the original draught of it, avoided every thing which could be construed into an exhibition of themselves; and on all occasions, resigned the foreground to those who appeared most likely to advance its general interests. When the president proposed to those members of the committee who were not of the established church, to add two names from their own religious connexion to the list of vice-presidents, they severally declined the distinction.

The business of the society was first transacted by weekly, but afterwards monthly and adjourned meetings of the committee, at the London Tavern; and exacted a large portion of time and attention, which was cheerfully and even zealously bestowed. Different sub-committees were also appointed for the several departments of practical business. Amongst these, the care of the funds of the society was confided to Samuel Mills, Robert Howard, and Joseph Rayner, Esquires, who managed that important trust, by annual re-election, to the great security and advantage of the institution. The improvement of the society's general interests, and the prosecution of inquiries with reference to the circulation of the Scriptures, devolved upon other respective sub-committees; and in the latter department, the services of the secretaries, at this period, were particularly called into action.

The most ready and effectual means were sought to obtain a supply of the Scriptures in the English, Welsh, and Irish languages.

A foreign correspondence was also instituted by two of the secretaries, assisted by a Swedish merchant (Christopher Semdius, Esq.) of good connexions and warm attachment to the institution.

As early as the month of April, Dr. Antonio Montucci, who had published an

account of a Chinese manuscript of the New Testament in the British museum, (No. 3599, of the Sloanian collection,) offered his services as editor, if the society should think proper to print it. At this moment an impression favourable to such an undertaking had been made by a memoir on the state of religion in China, just published by the Rev. William Mosely. The committee were disposed to listen to the proposal, and were gratified to find, from the testimony of Sir George Staunton and Mr. Chaumont, two accomplished Chinese scholars, that the translation was in the highest degree satisfactory. Dr. Hagar, extremely well acquainted with that language, then at Paris, and Mr. Hollingsworth, a gentleman conversant with China from frequent visits, were also consulted on this occasion. Mr. Hollingsworth, while he recommended a degree of caution in the introduction of the sacred volume into the country, appeared to anticipate the most important effects, if the ruling powers should be convinced that Christianity had no connexion with politics. The train of inquiry thus favourably opened was studiously followed up; but as the probable expense of printing 1000 copies of the manuscript, was estimated at 2000 guineas, and the issue of the experiment uncertain, it was deemed expedient at that moment to decline the further prosecution of the matter. But the design was suspended, rather than dismissed, by the committee.

The agitation of the subject, however, was fraught with a most important consequence. It had induced the appointment of a committee, at first denominated the China, and afterwards more generally, the Oriental sub-committee, which was naturally, and indeed from the purposes of its formation, led to direct its attention to some other portion of the Oriental field. British India, on every account appeared the most inviting; and the known disposition of some of the company's servants at Calcutta, and of the Baptist missionaries at Serampore,* afforded a sufficient encouragement to set on foot the operations of the society, and led to the interesting results which will hereafter be detailed.

* Not being permitted to reside in the company's territories, these valuable missionaries had fixed their residence, for more than ten years past, in the Danish settlements at Serampore. To this mission, according to Dr. Buchanan, (*Asiatic Researches*, p. 85.) belongs the honour of reviving the spirit for promoting Christian knowledge by translations of the Holy Scriptures.

The only circumstance at present to be noticed in the order of time, is a request made by the secretary, Mr. Owen, to George Udny, Esq. member of the council of Bengal, and the Rev. Messrs. Brown, Buchanan, Carey, Ward, and Marshman, to engage them, and such other gentlemen as they might associate with themselves in any part of India, as a committee of correspondence.

Similar measures were taken on the continent of Europe; and for the purpose of obtaining precise information as to the extent of the want of Bibles in Switzerland, Germany, and Denmark, the following individuals were selected as channels of communication, viz. Mr. Tobias Kiesling, of Nuremberg, Dr. Knapp, director of the Orphan House and Canstein Bible Institution, at Halle in Saxony, professor Druck, librarian to

the then elector of Wurtemberg, the Rev. Dr. Hertzog, first professor of divinity and librarian at Basle in Switzerland; the Right Rev. Bishop Ball, Copenhagen, the Rev. J. J. Hesse, antistes (or superior) of the Zurich clergy, and the Rev. Messrs. Wyttenback, Falkheisen, and Hüber, clergymen of distinguished character in some of the principal towns in Switzerland. £100 was transmitted to Mr. Kiesling, at Nuremberg, to supply the want of the Scriptures represented to exist in Austria; and the judicious expedient was at the same time suggested, of promoting the formation of a similar society in Germany. This suggestion, like almost every thing that is wise in the practical part of the institution, arose from accidental and extemporaneous discussion.

ART. 10. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE IN MALTA IN THE YEAR 1813.

ABOUT the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of La Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or lazaretto, he too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till all at once the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town, and

Suspended pleasure in the dread of pain,
While desolation urged his woful reign!

Amusements ceased—places of public worship were shut up:—for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thither, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conducted to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined with the want of sea breezes, rendered La Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior

of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain; for it was immediately retorted—*Go yourself!* One might as well ask them to rouse a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave. The time was critical, as the burning sun would soon putrefy the body, and thereby infect the air. In this dilemma it was suggested to

Haste to the cell where Misery holds the gate,
And lingering hours in gloomy horrors wait.
Present the felon with a just reward,
And promise liberty, so long debarr'd.—
Behold! he starts—expression lights his eyes—
And hopes tumultuous in his bosom rise!
His friends partake the fervour of his flame,
And rush to freedom from the vale of shame!

They went, indeed, but their devotion only exchanged a prison for a grave—they all expired!

Prohibitory orders were now issued, commanding all persons from appearing in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the governor, or the Board of Health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably.

and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly re-appeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of merciless individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave!

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were woefully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common place medicine—and herbs—to the use and application of which old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who, having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession; but I am sorry to add, that he fell a sacrifice to his humanity in the behalf of his countrymen.

About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree—from fifty to seventy-five daily—the number falling sick was equal—indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the Board of Health:—but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague hospitals, whither every person was carried along with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These

were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shadow of that heart rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first the scene is far removed; and were it present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house, the beholder, the sickening, and the dying: to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed, the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil, which

Subdued the proud—the humble heart distress—

and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest in a short time none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but

Grecians came—a death-determined band,
Hell in their face—and horror in their hand!

Clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lightning in the morn!

They did not all escape the evil:—but I have seen some of them, when duty led them near the prison where their friends were confined, climb up to the chimney top of the infected house, and, being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wave to their friends in openness of joy!

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague doctors from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—That the

promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil! for wherever a corse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head and feet of the body, and hurried with it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home: for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions, and defied their skill:—

Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!

The *casals* or villages of *Birchicarra*, *Zebbuga*, and *Carmi*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all; and black covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. In these vehicles the dead were huddled together—

Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the scene,
Till morning chase their bearers from the green.

Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from carts. They fled the approach of morning, lest the frequency of their visits should fill the inhabitants with more alarming apprehensions. The *silence* of day was not less dreary than the *dark parade* of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the "*Dead!*" as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbour, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but, though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague, they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to

the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but, on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the *Moors* generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food which, a moment before, they craved to eat.

In autumn, the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The plague returned a third time, from a more melancholy cause than formerly: two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poorstarving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavour to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. The street of Pozzi was entirely depopulated, with the exception of one solitary girl, who remained about the house of her misery like one of those spirits that are supposed to haunt mortality in the stillness of the grave!

A thousand anecdotes might be related from what fell under my own observation, but they are all so touchingly sad, that I must omit them to spare the soft breast of sympathy.

Fancy may conjecture up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building, in the vicinity of Fort Angelo: thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued "as even imagination fears to trace." The catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this: there it was suffocation—here, it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium, mingled in one groan of

horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature!

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood:—his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return: the priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and, calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death!

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abscess formed under each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abscesses grew of a livid colour, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

The rains of December, and the cool breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La Valette: but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely taken by the former, and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces, the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. There friends and lovers used to enjoy the pleasure of beholding each other at a distance, while

Retracing long those walks with weary feet,
They cursed the fate which warned them not to meet!

When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory!

NATURAL HISTORY OF ALGIERS.

(From Pananti's Narrative.)

A happy combination of warmth and humidity gives a great degree both of vigour and magnificence to the vegetable productions of Barbary. Although the lower class subsist principally on barley, yet wheat and Indian corn are extremely abundant. There is also a species of chick-peas, which is roasted in a pan, and thus forms an important article of consumption amongst the people. The prickly pear abounds all over this country, and what it wants in picturesque beauty, is made up by its utility; for, while the tree forms an impenetrable hedge, the fruit is excessively nutritive and wholesome. Vines grow to a prodigious height, and passing naturally from one tree to another, form beautiful arbours: their size is equally remarkable, being sometimes as large at the root as a tolerably proportioned olive-tree. The latter is also a very favourite production of northern Africa; and besides the immense quantity of trees, wild and cultivated, the Algerine territory produces a small thorny tree, which bears a fruit equal in size and flavour to the large olive of Spain. Their pomegranates are at least three times larger than those of Italy, and the pumpkins grow to an enormous magnitude. In addition to all those fruits common to Europe, the oranges and figs of this country are of the most exquisite flavour; the chesnut-tree does not grow to a very large size in Barbary, but the nut, though small, is very sweet. The oaks are in some places, particularly on the sea coast, of an immense size, and extremely lofty: of these the *quercus ballota* of naturalists also abounds, its acorn being very nourishing to several animals, and not unlike the wild chesnut. This important tree, so well known in Spain, would also be a great acquisition to Italy, into which it has not hitherto been introduced. Amongst different species of the cypress, there is one seen in the vicinity of Algiers, remarkable for its unusual loftiness and pyramidical form; the almond and mulberry tree are also found in great plenty. The *indigo fera glauca* yields a valuable dye; and there is a highly esteemed medicinal plant found in this part of Africa, vulgarly called *cineraria*, which is considered by the natives as a sovereign remedy in several diseases. Another herb, the *xenna*, furnishes the inhabitants with the celebrated juice with which their nails are tinged. Amongst botanical plants is the *scilla maritima*, the *bulbosa radicata*, and dwarf palm, which yields an exceedingly small date, also the *saccharum celendricum*, and *agrostis pungens*. In the more arid vallies are to be found the *reseda odorata*, *erica arborea*, and superb cactus, all of which afford excellent pasture for lambs, while they perfume the air with grateful odours; also the laurel rose, which cheers and vivifies the country, when all other

flowers are dried up by autumnal heat. The hills are covered with thyme and rosemary, which at once purify the atmosphere, and supply in many places the deficiencies of fuel. The traveller's sight is also continually regaled with extensive tracts thickly planted with roses of every hue, for the distillation of the famous essence or otto of roses so well known in Europe. This fine climate has at all times been highly favourable to the culture of sugar cane; that of *Soliman* being considered the largest and most prolific of any in the world. Indeed this plant is thought by many to be indigenous to Barbary, from whence, together with Sicily, it was originally supplied to the West India islands. But the most celebrated tree in Africa is the lotus, equally renowned by poets and naturalists.

The natives frequently amuse themselves by a curious kind of warfare, which is created by shutting up a scorpion and a rat together in a close cage, when a terrible contest ensues. I have seen this continue sometimes for above an hour: it generally ends by the death of the scorpion; but in a little time after the rat begins to swell, and, in violent convulsions, soon shares the fate of his vanquished enemy. It is also a favourite diversion with the Moors, to surround one of these reptiles with a circle of straw, to which fire is applied; after making several attempts to pass the flames, it turns on itself, and thus becomes its own executioner.

The most destructive part of the insect tribe, and which is justly considered as the greatest scourge in Africa, remains to be noticed: this is the locust: it is much larger than the horse-fly of Italy; some have the wings marked with brown spots, while the body is of a bright yellow. They are dry and vigorous, like other insects inhabiting the desert. What is called the red skipper of this tribe, does by far the most injury to vegetation. They generally begin to appear early in May, spreading themselves over the plains and vallies to deposit their eggs; which, in another month, send forth the young, when they immediately associate in prodigious numbers, often forming a compact phalanx, which covers several acres of ground. In this order they continue a direct course, and with amazing rapidity consume every particle of fruit, vegetables, and corn, that may lie in their way; thus destroying all the hopes of the husbandman and farmer. On these occasions the whole population of the district through which the insect army passes, is occupied in devising the best means of getting rid of such unprofitable visitors: for this purpose ditches are dug and filled with water; at other times, recourse is had to large bonfires, but all is to no purpose with these devastators, whose chiefs seem to direct them with the precision of regular troops, constantly stimulating them to the *parade charge*, and from their unremitting

progress, appear as if they were continually repeating *en avant*.

Without ever stopping, or turning aside, they rush with impetuosity into the flames, until they are fairly extinguished by their numbers. They also fill the ditches: and when these obstacles are removed, the rear advance over their bodies, rendering it impossible for any part of those before to retreat, if ever so well inclined: they are thus left no alternative between death and victory: the living passing with perfect indifference over the suffocated bodies of their companions, the journey is pursued without any intermission.

Two or three days after the first passage, other bodies, equally large, and prompted by the same destructive intrepidity, follow in their steps, devouring the bark and branches of those very trees which their predecessors had already stript of leaves and fruit. "For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."—Exod. x. 15.

Having continued this predatory warfare for nearly a month, and laid waste the whole country, they reach their natural growth: this is the signal for their undergoing a partial metamorphosis, by changing their coat; an operation which is effected by fixing themselves on bushes or rocks, and it does not require more than ten minutes before they are enabled to appear in their new dress; lying for a short interval after this in a state of languor, the heat of the sun soon gives fresh vigour to their wings, by removing the humidity, and they are once more restored to their original activity. Taking a higher flight their numbers darken the air, while the sound of their wings is heard for several miles. The unchangeable steadiness with which this singular tribe act in concert during their irruption, seems to imply a regular direction, rather than its being the mere effect of instinct.

Whenever a country is condemned to the above terrible visitation, nothing can exceed the alarm created amongst the inhabitants, and with good reason, for woe to the district over which they pass! All is destroyed in little more than the space of an hour: they do not suffer even a leaf or blade of grass to remain, destroying every appearance of vegetation. During their short stay, they have all the inquietude and instability of hunger: wild as the country they inhabit, it is impossible for any one to get near them. Often, while following their dilatory course, they push on too far, and are precipitated into the sea; at other times, a sudden north wind destroys them by millions, when the country is immediately covered for many miles by their putrid bodies, which is frequently the

source of pestilential diseases. They have also upon more than one occasion, when highly favoured by the weather, found their way to the coast of France, Spain, and Italy.

If the Moors were less indolent, or less blinded by superstition, much might be done towards the total destruction of these voracious insects, when their eggs are first laid; but, in addition to their favourite doctrine of predestination, which accelerates many a serious calamity, the Arabs and negroes firmly believe in the existence of a bird, called the *samarmog*, which destroys the locust, as storks do serpents and other reptiles: with this fabulous notion, the boys who happen to take up one in their hand, cry out *samarmog*, and on its trembling, or making any effort to escape, they immediately fancy it must be produced from hearing the name of their implacable enemy pronounced.

It is also related that the Arabs go to Korazan, the country of the *samarmog*, and bring a pitcher of water back to their own dwellings; it attracts the bird, who is thus induced to come and make war on the locust.

Whenever any district is attacked, as already observed, the whole population unite in every possible effort to dislodge the enemy: but seeing the inutility of these efforts, they not only cease any longer to torment themselves at the disappointment, but very wisely endeavour to turn their misfortune into a source of some advantage; this is effected by beating the bushes and trees on which the locusts settle, and on their falling off, putting them into sacks prepared for the purpose; they are then boiled, and after being dried on the terrace, are considered as very good eating. I have tasted some that were fried in a pan, and broiled; they are by no means unpalatable, and something like sprats, though not very wholesome: the natives seem to swallow them with a particular zest. This insect, is, I believe, the acribes of the ancients; and, according to some historians, ministered to the wants of the Anchorites in the Thebaid.

PRESENT STATE OF BARBARY.

(From the same.)

Having endeavoured to give an idea of the productions, soil, and climate, we now advert to the population of Barbary, which consists of Negroes, Turks, Moors, Bedouin Arabs, Chiloulis, Jews, and Christians. Towards the sea-shore the Moors are white, and of an olive tinge near Mount Atlas. In the cities, such as Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, they are born with an excessively fair complexion; this, by constant exposure to an ardent sun, becomes brown, though it is said, that in one of the remote valleys near the Atlas, a race of men, lineally de-

scended from the Vandals, still exist with the blue eyes, light hair, and fair skins of their northern ancestors. Nearly all the blacks are in a state of unequivocal slavery. The barbarians are not only pirates on the water, but robbers on land. While the corsairs scour the sea, parties of licensed banditti are despatched towards the desert in pursuit of human beings: arriving undiscovered in the peaceful villages at night, they surprise and carry off the inoffensive inhabitants, who are quietly occupied in looking after their flocks and harvest. These depredators are seconded by the descendants of many Moorish families, who fled from Barbary during the reign of the Caliphs, and afterwards established themselves in Soudan and other countries of the interior. There is also a great number of slaves bought from the *Shafrees*, or Moorish dealers, and the *Slatees*, native merchants, who bring them in large droves to Vergela, in the country of the *Beni Mezzaab*. Besides those who die on the road from fatigue and ill usage, it is supposed that there are at least 12,000 annually sold in the different regencies. The march often exceeds a hundred days; and the survivors are exposed to sale in the bazars.

Judging of the negroes I saw in Barbary, they appeared to possess a natural gayety and steadiness of character, which formed a striking contrast to the gloomy taciturnity of the Moors. When in their own countries, dancing and singing is said to form their chief delight and greatest source of amusement; they never salute a *booti*, or head of a tribe, nor return thanks for any favours which may have been conferred on them, without adding a song in praise of their generous benefactor. All the African villages, undisturbed by war, resound with song; and, after sun-set, this great continent may be compared to one universal ball-room, without its superfluous ceremonies. As these demonstrations of happiness generally take place at the same hour, and the nights are beautifully serene, the nearest villagers alternately reply to each other in the national song, while the more susceptible listen with eager curiosity to catch the voice of their ebon dulcinea. The black slaves in Algiers also dance occasionally; but it is the dance of slavery, in which chains echo a terrible response to the music. Theirs is no longer the song of tenderness and peace; it is slow, monotonous, and sorrowful, the expression of deep and settled melancholy.

Of Jews, there is an immense number scattered all over the coast of Barbary. The city of Algiers contains about 8,000, most of whom have swerved considerably from the belief of their ancestors, following the Talmud and Kabbala, with the exception of those called free, who generally come from Leghorn to this place, and are allowed entire liberty in their movements. The unhappy sons of Israel, so badly treated

in other countries, can expect little indulgence from the barbarians.

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It is the business of Jews to execute all criminals, and afterwards bury their bodies. They are also employed to carry the Moors on their shoulders, when disembarking in shoal water. They feed the animals of the seraglio, and are incessantly exposed to the scoffs and derisions of the young Moors, without the possibility of resenting it. Frequently beaten by their persecutors, if they lift a hand in their own defence, agreeably to the *lex talionis* of the Moors, it is taken off. But that which is still more irksome, is the never ending contributions levied on them: the weekly sum of 2000 dollars is exacted as a general tax upon the whole tribe, besides various other individual assessments, particularly whenever any Moorish festival takes place. The Turks insist on borrowing money even by force; and, contrary to the European maxim, it is not he who forgets to pay that is incarcerated, but the man who refuses to lend!

A Jew cannot leave the regency without giving security to a large amount for his return. If any of the sect become bankrupts, and there happens to be a Turkish creditor, he is almost invariably accused of fraudulency, and hung.

The number of renegades at Algiers is by no means great, nor are they much favoured. The slaves who embrace Mahomedanism are not consequently emancipated, but their labours are less severe, and their liberty greater. The Jew desirous of embracing Islamism must first become a Christian, in order, as the Moors say, to follow the course of different religions, and finally pass through those gradations which lead to perfection. Of the Turks who domineer over this wretched country, it is stated,

This lawless force is kept up by sending ships and commissaries to the Levant annually to procure new recruits, in order to fill up those vacancies occasioned by war, death, or punishments. These are collected from the very lowest dregs of the people in Smyrna and Constantinople, nor are the vilest malefactors rejected. The Barbary recruits are looked upon with so much contempt, that even the women refuse to accompany them in their new calling.

No sooner, however, are they landed in Algiers, and formed into an insolent and domineering militia, than a high air of importance is put on, and, giving themselves the title of Effendis, they possess all the arrogance and pride which generally belong to the upstart favourites of fortune. Notwithstanding their vanity, they are by no means ashamed of their base origin; on the contrary, they seem to feel a peculiar pleasure in publishing from what low degrees they have been enabled to arrive at the highest offices. A Dey, while disput-

ing with one of the European consuls, once said, "My father salted tongues at Pera, and my mother sold them in Constantinople; but I never knew a worse tongue than yours." Although the militia seldom exceed ten or twelve thousand, they are enabled to keep five millions of people in fear and subjection, by all of whom they are naturally held in the greatest abhorrence, notwithstanding the hard necessity of obeying such monsters.

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The distrustful policy of the Algerine government takes all possible care to prevent too close a union between the Turkish soldiery and Moorish population, so as to render them at once the instruments and accomplices of its tyranny; consequently intermarriage with the Moorish women is not encouraged. It was not long since that a rich Moor, Sy Di Cadour, lost his head for having given his daughter in marriage to an Aga.

But the empire of love is the most powerful of all, so that many Turks, influenced by the ardour of passion, unite themselves to natives, and they are generally preferred by the parents, who are thus enabled to anticipate support in the hour of revolution. Weakness looks to power for protection, and beauty likes to become the reward of valour. The children who spring from these marriages may in some measure be compared to the Creoles of the West-Indies, and are called *Chiloulis*. At Tunis they become soldiers, and receive pay almost as soon as they are able to walk; but in Algiers they are not enrolled until a more advanced age. Viewed with great jealousy by the Turks, the *Chiloulis* seldom rise to situations of trust or dignity. Many are employed as accountants and agents in mercantile houses, in which situation their intelligence and fidelity have become almost proverbial. Although partaking of Turk and Moor, they are decidedly most attached to the latter. Numerous, strong and united, many think that in the future revolutions of this place, a Chilouli will reign, as Petion, or Christophe, at St. Domingo.

The Berberi, or Berrebres, are the indigenous people of Barbary, to which they have given this name. They are the descendants of the Carthaginians, Getuli, and Libyans, mixed with the Saracen invaders who entered Africa under the inhuman Kaled el Valid, surnamed the Sword of God. They inhabit the whole chain of the Atlas, near the Isthmus of Suez, and are the same race as the Berebras, a people of Upper Egypt, as also the *Guanches* of the Canary Islands, speaking nearly the same language. They are of a very athletic form, and extremely brave; and are also remarkable for fine teeth and eyes, the pupils of which are generally of a bright brown, not unlike the gloss of antique bronze. Neither fat nor very fleshy, they are chiefly formed of nerve and muscle. Although wrinkled

in early life, their vigorous and active habits keep off the feeling of old age, which is only discovered by the whiteness of their beard and hair: they never speak of it, or seem to know of such an evil; and whenever, at the age of seventy, it happens that they are unable scrupulously to perform all the offices of the Sabbath, as enjoined by the Koran, they do not accuse weight of years, but incantation and sorcery. Their dress is composed of a shirt without sleeves, and short pantaloons; the head is shaved in front, leaving the hair behind; they do not let their beard grow, having merely a little tuft on the chin and mustachios. They inhabit small cabins on the highest mountains, and some find shelter in caves, like the ancient Troglodites. Their houses are built of stone or wood, and surrounded by a wall, which is pierced with loop-holes, for defence all round. Proud and audacious, they are implacable in their hatred. They are excellent swimmers, and delight in the chase. Passionately fond of their musket, they frequently expend seventy or eighty dollars to ornament it with ivory and silver. They generally hang the paw of a lion, or other ferocious beast of prey, round their children's necks, to inspire force and courage; and the young brides present their husbands with similar amulets. Their fields are well cultivated. Warmly attached to their native mountains, they prefer the higher grounds, and very rarely change their place of abode.

The most numerous tribe of the Berberi, known by the name of *Schulla*, are found in Morocco. In Algiers they are called *Kabiles*, or *Cubail*; those who inhabit the Sahara, are styled *Towarichs*. The Cubail are the poorest and most filthy. They regard foreigners, and travellers of every kind, with great jealousy. It is on this account necessary to make them believe you are looking for medicinal herbs; for like all savage nations, they cannot conceive that any one travels for instruction or amusement. The Kabiles of Algiers are by far the most discontented and rebellious of all Barbary. The Turks watch them with the utmost jealousy and suspicion, often retaining the sons of their chiefs, as hostages for the good conduct and fidelity of the parents. I saw two of these at Algiers in chains, and treated with as much severity as the Christian slaves. The Berberi obey foreign domination with disdain, while their hatred fomented with the ardent heat of a burning sun.

MECHANICS: PERPETUAL MOTION.

John Spence, an ingenious individual, residing at Linnlithgow, in Scotland, has applied the magnetic power to the production of a perpetual motion. This person was in early life apprenticed to a shoemaker, but the natural bent of his genius for mechanics overcame every obstacle; he got to

be keeper of a steam-engine in a spinning-factory at Glasgow, and after two years' study in this school, retired to his native place to pursue the shoemaking for bread, and wheels, levers, &c. for the gratification of his own taste. The perpetual motion was an object worthy of such a devotee, and we find that he has invented a piece of mechanism which is doubly curious, from its own powers, and from the extraordinary difficulties in whose despite it has been accomplished. It is not easy to convey an idea of it without plates.

"A wooden beam, poised by the centre, has a piece of steel attached to one end of it, which is alternately drawn up by a piece of magnet placed above it, and down by another placed below it: as the end of the beam approaches the magnet, either above or below, the machine interjects a non-conducting substance, which suspends the attraction of the magnet approached, and allows the other to exert its powers. Thus the end of the beam continually ascends and descends betwixt the two magnets, without ever coming into contact with either; the attractive power of each being suspended precisely at the moment of nearest approach. And as the magnetic attraction is a permanently operating power, there appears to be no limit to the continuance of the motion, but the endurance of the materials of the machine."

The first machine made by Mr. Spence, is very rude, and fashioned by his own hands; but he intends applying the principle to the motion of a time-piece. We trust this ingenious man will meet the encouragement he deserves—if not as the reward of his talents and perseverance, at least for the benefit of the community, for it is from such sources that great national improvements are often derived.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Witches.—Professor Böhmer, at Göttingen, has published a very interesting and valuable work, under the title of "*Manuel of the Literature of Criminal Law*." In this work we find the following proof of the superstition and cruelty which prevailed in Hungary, with respect to Witches, in the first half of the last century.

In a report from the Segedin, of the 26th of July, 1728, it is said, "As several persons of both sexes have been lately thrown into prison here, they have not only been very strictly examined, but also . . . sentenced to be burned. But before this sentence was executed on them, they were first, according to the custom of this place, put to the proof; that is to say, they were let down into the water, with their hands bound, and a long rope fastened round their bodies; but, according to the manner of witches, they floated on the water like a piece of dry wood. After this, they were immediately put to the second proof, name-

ly, laid in the scales, to see how heavy each was, upon which it was astonishing to behold that a tall and robust woman weighed no more than three drams, and her husband, who was not of the smallest, only five drams, and the rest on an average only half an ounce, three drams, and even less. On the 20th of this month the sentence was executed on thirteen persons, namely, six sorcerers and seven witches, who were all burned alive. Among them the last year's justice of the town, a man otherwise highly esteemed by every body, 82 years old, adorned the funeral pile!!! It is not to be described how dreadful this spectacle was to behold; three wood piles were erected a league from the town, with a great stake fixed in the middle of each; to this stake four malefactors were bound with ropes upon each pile, and then a woman, who was not yet burned, was beheaded . . . thereupon all the piles were kindled, and set in full flames at once. . . . There are eight more still in prison: these have already been swam and weighed, sustain the ordeal for witches," &c.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The *Isabella* and *Alexander* left *Yell Sound*, in *Shetland*, on the 3d of May, for *Davis' Strait*, with a fair wind; and the *Dorothea* and *Trent* the same place, on the 7th, for *Behring's Strait*, by the *North Pole*, all in high spirits.

All the ships that the Expedition met on their course to *Shetland*, cheered them with every kind expression, wishing them a happy voyage, and safe return. The inhabitants of *Shetland* were much affected at the departure of the *Isabella*. The officers went on shore there to shoot, but they had bad sport, so they were induced to fire at the gulls, making a great slaughter of those poor screaming animals. The sailors were not permitted to go ashore, for fear of their deserting. They have a fiddler and a drummer on board, and are very cheerful. The crew were in high spirits, and anxious to bend their course towards the object of their research.

HAIL.

It is a singular fact, that in the district of the *Mysore*, hail falls only in the hottest season, and then in pieces of the weight of half an ounce. Masses of immense size are said to have fallen from the clouds at different periods; but there is one instance upon record, and is besides confirmed by the testimony of a gentleman of the greatest respectability, and high in the civil service of the *Hon. East India Company*, of a piece, that in the latter part of *Tippoo Sultan's* reign fell near *Seringapatam*, of the size of an elephant. The report given of it by *Tippoo's* officers was, that it had the effect of fire on the skin of

those who touched it,—a comparison naturally made by persons ignorant of the sensation of extreme cold, and that two days elapsed before it was entirely dissolved, during which time it exhaled such a stench as to prevent persons approaching it.—*Heyne*, 29.

A well known learned Platonist, *Thomas Taylor*, the translator of *Aristotle*, *Proclus*, &c. was asked a few days ago—"If he should succeed in restoring the *Platonic Philosophy*, what was to be done with *Bacon*, *Newton*, *Locke*, and *Boyle*?" "Why then," said he, "you must make *Bacon* boil, and lock *Newton*."

As the son of a venerable Clergyman was passing, or endeavouring to pass, from *Ludgate-street* into *St. Paul's Church-yard*, hurrying on business of consequence into the city, he was stopped for some time by carts, coaches, &c. and foiled in every attempt to thread their mazes. "Pray," said he to a mercer standing at a shop door, "what is all this bustle and stoppage for?" "For the benefit of the sons of the clergy," replied the cockney. "That is impossible," said the inquirer, "I am a clergyman's son, and I never in my life felt a greater inconvenience!"

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

St. Andrew's cross is, as is well known, always represented in the shape of the letter *X*. That this is an error, ecclesiastical historians prove, by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, and which *St. Stephen of Burgundy* gave to the convent of *St. Victor*, near *Marseilles*, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error may be thus explained: when the apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was made fast to it, his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determining that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the *Royal Chapel*, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the *Royal Chapel* was crowded to excess. The

king arrived at the end of the prayers, and, on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein: he did not however, in so critical a moment, lose his presence of mind; but, turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.—*Bramsen's Letters of a Prussian Traveller.*

MEMORY AND RECOLLECTION.

Beasts and babies remember, i. e. recognize; man alone recollects. This distinction was made by Aristotle.—*Ethics of Aristotle.*

LORD CHATHAM.

His eloquence was of every kind, tranquil, vehement, argumentative, or moralizing, as best suited the occasion. In 1764, he maintained the illegality of general warrants with great energy in the House of Commons. "By the British Constitution," said he, "every man's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements, for it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may blow around it, all the elements of nature may enter in, but the king cannot, the king dares not."—*Parliamentary Debates.*

FENELON.

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it, in opposition to the arguments of the archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

HEYLIN.

This celebrated man, soon after publishing his "Geography of the World," accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a gentleman who lived on the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman's servant, they struck off into the thick of the forest, and after riding for a considerable time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road; and to his great astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket, and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the "Geography of the World," that such a road could not have been unknown to him.

PETER THE GREAT

Having directed the translation of "Puffendorff's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe" into the Russian language, a monk, to whom this translation was committed, presented it to the emperor when finished, who turning over the leaves, exclaimed with an indignant air, "Fool! what did I order you to do? is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he showed him a paragraph in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, but the translator had omitted it. "Go instantly," said the Czar, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

HOGARTH.

Soon after the celebrated Hogarth set up a carriage, he had occasion to visit the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he entered the Mansion-house, the weather was fine, but being detained some time, it rained heavy when he came out; and leaving the house by a different door to which he entered, he quite forgot his carriage, and immediately began to call for a hackney coach, but finding none on the neighbouring stands, he sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on the comforts of having a vehicle of his own, until Mrs. Hogarth, surprised to see him so wet and splashed, asked him where he had left it.

ORME.

When this intelligent historian presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, one day at breakfast, being asked by Mr. Orme of what profession his father was? Davidson replied, that he was a saddler. And pray, said he, why did he not make you a saddler? I was always whimsical, said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East-India Company's service. But pray, sir, continued he, what profession was your father? My father, answered the historian, rather sharply, was a gentleman. And why, retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, did he not breed you up a gentleman?

ANECDOTE.

Doctor Garth, who was a great frequenter of the Wits' Coffee-House (the Cocoa-Tree, in St. James-street,) sitting there one morning conversing with two persons of rank, when Rowe, the poet, (who was seldom very attentive to his dress and appearance, but still insufferably vain of being noticed by persons of consequence,) entered, and placing himself in a box nearly opposite to that in which the doctor sat, looked constantly round with a view of catching his

eye; but not succeeding, he desired the waiter to ask him for his snuff-box, which he knew to be a valuable one, set with diamonds, and the present of some foreign prince: this he returned, and asked for so repeatedly, that Garth, who knew him well, perceived the drift, and accordingly took from his pocket a pencil, and wrote on the lid the two Greek characters *phi, rho*, which so mortified the poet that he quitted the room.

There are a number of modern Greeks pursuing their studies at Munich, Wurtzburg, Göttingen, Jena, and other German Universities. At Wurtzburg, one of the students is son to a prince of Epirus. They purchase many books to take with them to their native country; and great effects may, we think, be anticipated from this importation of enlightening literature, as well as from the acquisition of knowledge in the politics and science of Europe.

SPARTAN OATH.

The following is a curious specimen of the laconic manner in which state business was

dispatched amongst the Spartans, (translated from the Latin:)—We that are as good as you do constitute you our king, and if you defend our liberties we will defend you; if not, not.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bedside a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at? he answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones!" He was 84 years of age, and very thin.

A man who had had a severe fall, was asked by the surgeon, "Have you sprained yourself near the *fibula*?"—"No sir," answered he, "near the *market-place*."

The University of Upsal in Sweden contains at present 1267 students, fifty of whom are from 30 to 35 years of age. The majority of the professors are paid in corn.

ART. 11. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of July, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 5; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 6; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 22; Febris Ephemera, (*Ephemeral Fever*), 3; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 14; Phlegmone, 3; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 5; Otitis, (*Inflammation of the Ear*), 2; Cynanche Tonsillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*), 3; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 14; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 1; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 8; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 1; Icterus, (*Jaundice*), 3; Rheumatismus, (*Rheumatism*), 4; Cholera, 18; Dysentery, 4; Hæmorrhagia Uteri, 1; Convulsio, 1; Dentitio, 3; Erysipelas, (*St. Anthony's Fire*), 3; Urticaria febrilis, 1; Vaccinia, (*Kine Pock*), 9; *Effects of Drinking Cold Water*, 6.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthenia, (*Debility*), 6; Vertigo, 6; Cephalalgia, (*Head-Ach*), 5; Dyspepsia et Hypochondriasis, 10; Hysteria, 1; Colica et Obstipatio, 17; Colica Pictonum, 2; Paralysis, (*Palsy*), 1; Palpitatio, 1; Asthma et Dyspnœa, 9; Bronchitis Chronica, 2; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (*Pulmonary Consumption*), 3; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 8; Pleurodyne, 3; Lumbago, 4; Nephralgia, (*Pain in the Kidneys*), 1; Epistaxis, 1; Hæmorrhoids, 1;

Menorrhagia, 5; Dysmenorrhœa, 1; Diarrhœa, 13; Leucorrhœa, 1; Amenorrhœa, 16; Cessatio Mensium, 2; Conceptio, 4; Prolapsus Ani, 1; Plethora, 3; Hydrops, (*Dropsy*), 2; Ascites, (*Dropsy of the Abdomen*), 1; Vermes, 3; Tabes Mesenterica, 1; Scrophula, (*King's Evil*), 1; Syphilis, 3; Urethritis Virulenta, 5; Phymosis, 1; Tumor, 1; Fungus, 1; Contusio, (*Bruise*), 8; Stremma, (*Sprain*), 1; Luxatio, (*Dislocation*), 1; Vulnus, (*Wound*), 3; Abscessus, (*Abscess*), 2; Ulcus, (*Ulcer*), 5; Ustio, (*Burn*), 2; Strophulus, 1; Lichen, 4; Erythema, 1; Impetigo, 1; Porrigo, 3; Scabies et Prurigo, 2; Herpes, 1; Aphtha, 2; Eruptiones Variæ, 3.

July has been in general clear and dry, and accompanied almost daily by remarkable heats, such as have not often been experienced in this place. The highest temperature of the mornings, at 7 o'clock, was 84°, lowest 64°, mean 72°; highest at 2 o'clock P. M. 95°, lowest 66°, mean 82° 1-2; highest at sunset 88°, lowest 65°, mean 78°. Greatest diurnal variation 18°. Mean temperature of the whole month a little more than 77°.—A heat the most ardent prevailed from the 8th to the 17th inclusive. There have been but four days on which the thermometer did not indicate summer temperature, and these were either overcast or rainy; twice it was at 76°; three times it stood at 79°; on 21 days it ranged between 80° and 92°; and on the 12th, between 3 and

4 o'clock P. M. it attained to the height of 98°, in the shade, in a northern aspect, or, according to the observations of some, to 100°. To this excessive heat on the afternoon of the 12th, there succeeded, in the evening, the most brilliant and incessant lightning in the south and south-west, accompanied at intervals by the loud roar of distant thunder, but without rain. So copious was the electric fluid, and its coruscations so unceasing, that the clouds were in a state of constant illumination. Its arrowy and zigzag lines were longer, broader, and more dazzling than the writer recollects to have ever before seen. Much lightning, with some thunder, and a moderate shower, occurred also on the evening of the 13th. We had likewise a small quantity of rain on the 3d, 4th and 7th, a shower on the 9th, a considerable rain on the 21st and 22d, and a refreshing shower on the night of the 27th. The whole quantity of water that has fallen may be estimated at a little more than 2 1-2 inches on a level.—The wind has blown two-thirds of the time from the S. and S.W.:—the other third was about equally divided between the N.E. and S.E., and winds from the W., N.W. and N. The barometrical range has been from 29.70 to 30.17 inches. Although this month has been rather dry, vegetation has not languished; the crops of grain are in general good, the hay harvest is fine, and the fields of maize or Indian corn have seldom, if ever, had a better appearance at this season of the year.

Notwithstanding the general heat experienced, the public health continues favourable. No unusual or malignant disease has made its appearance: nor if we except *Hoping Cough*, which is still prevalent among children, is there any disease that can be said to be epidemical. The numerical increase which has taken place in the bills of mortality is to be attributed, partly to the influx of foreigners and strangers; partly to the greater fatality among children under two years of age; and partly to sudden deaths, among the labouring class of the community, in consequence of exposure to the solar rays, and the imprudent use of *cold water* when the body was *preternaturally* heated. This month appears also to have been more than usually fatal to the *consumptive*; but for the origin or commencement of their complaint we must refer to a period more remote than that embraced in this report. From the stimulating and exhausting effects of a heated atmosphere, or from some other cause, an extreme high temperature appears, in this climate at least, to be scarcely less detrimental to those whose lungs are delicate and diseased, than extremes of cold. The integrity of health is best preserved in a moderate and uniform temperature, which is always productive of an amelioration and diminution of disease.

On referring to the list of morbid affections treated during this interval, it will be found

that *Continued Fever* has again taken the lead of every other acute disorder. Of the cases of *typhus* which have occurred, many doubtless owed their *origin* to contagion, since they could easily be traced to exposure to the infection; and others, which could not be referred to any specific contagion, afforded ample proof of their infectious nature by communicating the disease to persons exposed to its influence. This fever has continued to preserve, in most instances, the form of *Typhus Miliior*; but in a few cases it has been seen assuming the more aggravated symptoms or characteristic features of *Typhus Gravior*.

The cases of *Intermittent* and *Remittent Fever* which were observed, have offered nothing remarkable or unusual. In most instances they showed nothing untoward in their symptoms, but readily yielded to the ordinary methods of treatment. The *Infantile Remittent* has been common. The symptoms and characteristic features of this fever have been described in former reports, and by the treatment which was there recommended, the disease has been brought to a favourable termination.

Disorders of the stomach and bowels under the different forms of *Vomitus*, *Cholera*, *Dysenteria*, and *Diarrhœa*, have prevailed rather prematurely. These diseases seldom spread extensively, in this climate, until August or towards the beginning of the autumnal season. When severe and frequent vomiting of acrid bilious matter is connected with much intestinal relaxation and irritability, it constitutes, in combination with them, one of the most formidable diseases to which the human body is subject, and which, without the seasonable employment of efficacious remedies, to check its advancement or moderate the violence of its symptoms, often rushes with alarming rapidity through its different stages, suddenly prostrating the energies of the system, and reducing it to a state of irrecoverable exhaustion. It is not very uncommon for a severe *cholera* to destroy a patient in twenty-four, and sometimes in twelve or even six hours, particularly in hot, sultry climates.

The cases of *Amenorrhœa* have been unusually numerous, and, in a few instances, extremely obstinate.

The present season has afforded many instances of the pernicious effects of free and sudden draughts of *Cold Water* when the body is much heated, as well as fatigued by labour and exercise. It would be tedious to enumerate all the evil consequences *immediate* and *remote*, which flow from this cause. In very hot summers, when the thermometer rises above 85°, it destroys many in the very streets, who sink down at once into a state of irrecoverable ruin, and the more certainly if with the morbid effects of the pernicious draught there be combined the violence of spirituous liquors.

and that of the sun. The danger to be apprehended is generally in proportion to the *preternaturally heated and excited state* of the body, the *degree of coldness* in the water, and the *quantity* that is suddenly taken. When these circumstances concur in a high degree, the patient within a few moments after swallowing the water "is affected by a dimness of sight; he staggers in attempting to walk, and unless supported, falls to the ground; he breathes with difficulty; a rattling is heard in his throat; his nostrils and cheeks expand and contract in every act of respiration; his face appears suffused with blood, and of a livid colour; his extremities become cold, and his pulse imperceptible; and, unless relief be speedily obtained, the disease terminates in death in four or five minutes." (Rush.) This description includes only the less common, but more violent and rapidly tragical effects produced by a large and sudden draught of cold water, when the body is greatly heated. In ordinary cases the patient is seized with acute spasms in the stomach and chest, attended with great oppression and inexpressible anguish. The spasms are seldom permanent, but occur only at intervals, and sometimes with pains so excruciating as to be productive of syncope, or even asphyxia. In the intervals between the spasms, he is much relieved, and to appearance is sometimes quite well.

Liquid laudanum has been considered the only certain remedy for this disease. This given, as in other cases of spasm, in doses proportioned to the violence of the symptoms; spirituous fomentations to the chest, abdomen and extremities, or the warm bath, if it can be readily obtained; clysters of spirits and water, or warm milk and water; and rubbing the body with spirits of ammonia, or other stimulating embrocations, constitute the means commonly resorted to in the treatment of this complaint. Where the vital powers appear to be suddenly suspended, the same remedies are directed to be used which have been found so successful in cases of persons apparently dead from drowning.

For the purpose of allaying excitement and irregular action, as well as to prevent local congestions, or to guard against their effects where they have already taken place, it is frequently necessary, in addition to the above remedies, to employ the lancet, and sometimes very freely, particularly in robust and plethoric habits. The head is very apt to be affected in this complaint, and in consequence of a determination of blood to that part, the brain becomes oppressed, and there is reason to believe that a mortal apoplexy has not unfrequently been the

result. After bleeding, the *Semicupium*, or half bath of warm water, has sometimes been attended with immediate relief. Stimulating cataplasms of mustard applied to the region of the stomach are also highly beneficial. On account of the febrile excitement that generally takes place very soon in this disease, we cannot approve of the promiscuous administration of ardent spirits and other heating remedies, except, perhaps, where they are given at the very commencement. Occasional draughts of warm water, to which a little whey may be added, would in general be found more useful, together with clysters of the same, or of warm milk and water.

Quinsies, peripneumonies, obstructions and inflammations of the liver, and other parts of the abdomen, are some of the more remote and less immediately dangerous consequences which flow from the free use of cold water, when the body is much heated by exercise, labour, or exposure to the sun.

In the general bill of mortality for the month of July, 330 deaths are recorded: from

Abscess, 1; Apoplexy, 5; Cancer, 3; Casualty, 5; Child-bed, 1; Cholera Morbus, 12; Consumption, 58; Convulsions, 29; Contusion, 1; Cramp in the Stomach, 1; Diarrhœa, 13; Drinking Cold Water, 9; Dropsy, 3; Dropsy in the Head, 10; Dropsy in the Chest, 1; Drowned, 0; Dysentery, 8; Epilepsy, 1; Fever, 1; Fever, bilious, 1; Fever, Hectic, 1; Fever, Inflammatory, 3; Fever, Typhous, 41; Gravel, 1; Hæmoptysis, 1; Hæmorrhage, 1; Hives, 2; Hooping Cough, 14; Inflammation of the Brain, 3; Inflammation of the Chest, 5; Inflammation of the Stomach, 1; Inflammation of the Liver, 7; Inflammation of the Bowels, 3; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 3; Jaundice, 2; Killed or Murdered, 2; Locked Jaw, 1; Marasmus, 2; Measels, 1; Mortification, 3; Old Age, 14; Palsy, 3; Pneumonia Typhodes, 2; Scrophula, 3; Sore-Throat, 1; Spasms, 1; Sprue, 1; Still-born, 3; Sudden Death, 3; Suicide, 1; Syphilis, 4; Tabes Mesenterica, 7; Teething, 7; Unknown, 4; Worms, 4.—Total 330.

Of this number there died 69 of and under the age of 1 year; 31 between 1 and 2 years; 16 between 2 and 5; 11 between 5 and 10; 11 between 10 and 20; 37 between 20 and 30; 47 between 30 and 40; 48 between 40 and 50; 25 between 50 and 60; 13 between 60 and 70; 14 between 70 and 80; 7 between 80 and 90; and 1 between 90 and 100 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

New-York, July 31st, 1818.